Mid-Summer – Fiction Number

August Harpers MAGAZINE

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☛ **Four weeks' advance notice, and the old address as well as the new, are necessary for change of subscriber's address.**

AMONG THE NEW BOOKS

By HARRY HANSEN

Literary Editor of the New York World

THE *Life and Mind of Emily Dickinson* by Genevieve Taggard is superior to many recent books of biography. Like the recent work of Josephine Pollitt, *Emily Dickinson: The Human Background of Her Poetry*, it explores the mind and life of that enigmatic New England woman who is now regarded by many as the foremost woman poet ever produced in the United States. But poetry aside, this book is an adventure. Its explorations count for more, with me, than attempts to reach the Poles. Here we have not only a hidden personality, but a woman typical of the best of New England, and characteristic of its reticences and restraints, yet building a superstructure of real poetry, developed from introspective contemplation. In other words, Emily Dickinson was a phenomenon—perhaps even a genius.

Miss Taggard's writing is in the form of an adventure. She describes Emily's retiring nature, her conservatism, her strength of character. She links her poems with her life. Her approaches to love, her renunciations, the effects of these on her spirit, are the subject-matter of this biography. Primarily, this is a study of a woman's mind, the mind of a woman who thought things through, had the leisure in which to do it, and maintained an unconquerable spirit. "Her earnestness about her poetry had met with many rebuffs, had met with casual comment, misunderstanding, and indifference. But she fortified herself by believing that a poet was 'exterior to time.'" It is in the analysis of Emily Dickinson's character that she is most successful; most likely she comes closer to the truth than any earlier commentator. Her contribution to the search for "the man" in Emily's life—the poet is supposed to have renounced her lover at the request of her father—is the identification of the Rev. George H. Gould as the lover; this on the basis of the testimony of living persons in Amherst who shared the confidences of members of the Dickinson household. The renunciation turned Emily into herself, but it did not develop a bitter strain in her writing, as is so often the case with sensitive poets. Altogether I should consider *The Life and Mind of Emily Dickinson* valuable both for its analysis and for its revelations. It is the work of a poet about a poet, which, in this instance, seems a decided advantage. (Alfred A. Knopf.)

"SATURDAY TO MONDAY"

Newman Levy's *Saturday to Monday* is another of those pocket-size books, handy for traveling, especially designed for those embarking to-morrow for Westport, New Canaan, and Plainfield, N. J. Excellent as a bedside book, although likely to make the guest self-conscious, since some of the verses are at his expense. In fact, I am half convinced that Newman Levy has been putting into print convictions that have burdened his subconscious, although it may be that he has become the spokesman for the suppressed summer husband whose wife invites everybody out for week-ends when he is looking forward to a rest. *Saturday to Monday* is a series of verses about your week-end trips, your departure, your arrival, the intricacies of getting adjusted to the peace of the countryside, the joys of the guest towel, and other

domestic hilarities. Illustrated by John Held, Jr. (who now lives in a pent house), published by Alfred A. Knopf, and printed in Garamont, a type designed by Claude Garamont in the sixteenth century. Garamont was a pupil of Geoffroi Tory, and it is believed that he based his letters on Venetian models. But don't let that keep you from the main text of the book, which has some happy observations and wise saws, including this appropriate paraphrase of Coleridge:

O host, take pity on the guest
Who bears his fate without complaining,
Know well, he entertaineth best
Who isn't always entertaining.

"THE DEVIL'S SPOON"

One of the lighter novels which ought to provide good summer reading is *The Devil's Spoon*, by Theodora Du Bois. The reincarnation theme has always fascinated authors, and its possibilities are endless. In this instance a touch of the mysterious is added, when Haroot, one of the fallen angels of the *Koran*, who is usually suspended in a rocky pit by the feet for his sins, is sent forth to inhabit the human frame of Benjamin Bingham, an American business man who doesn't get along with his wife. Haroot has a leaning toward amorous adventure; in fact, having been sent earthward by Eblis, the devil of the *Koran*, Haroot had himself chosen his earthly abode after viewing the tempting contours of Bingham's wife, a woman more friendly to the eye than to the heart. It becomes the author's task to picture Haroot's adventures as he wakes up in a body that is not exactly handsome, with a wife who has drawn into herself because of her husband's lapses. What these were both Haroot and the reader learn only gradually, and the thawing out process by which the lady is won back to emotion takes the rest of the story that has some amusingly ironical situations. The author's difficulty is to make Haroot plausible as Benjamin Bingham and, save for the interposition of a rather unsatisfactory Valkyrie episode, she does this with success. In spite of the reincarnation there is nothing outlandish about the story; the predicament of the spurious Benjamin becomes a very real one, and the book affords some interesting sidelights on modern matrimony as an endurance contest. (Stokes.)

Photo by Maurice Goldberg
DOROTHY PARKER
Author of "Laments for the Living"

"SAINT AUGUSTINE"

Giovanni Papini turns to one of the Fathers of the Church for his newest book, *Saint Augustine*, the hero of which, like himself, was a convert. (Harcourt, Brace & Co.) Papini read the *Confessions* for what they were and "naturally enjoyed what was human in them more than what was divine," but later he found St. Augustine of great help in his religious groping. This is a straightforward biography—not a life romanticized or treated disproportionately. Papini discusses the Manichaeans, to whom Augustine belonged, and the conversion of the saint from rationalism and materialism. "Augustine was made up of sex and a brain," writes the author, "both at white heat and each at war with the other. He would never be saved until both had been vanquished by the power of the soul." An eagle in his own right, he was sacrificed to the fowls—for thirty-five years he was in charge of a fourth-rate diocese, struggling with an ignorant, troublesome, and vulgar flock, practically an exile at Hippo, having little intercourse with Rome, and being practically ignored by Jerome. Yet Papini says of him: "We see him from a distance, hallowed by the centuries, through canonization, through his disciples and a throng of commentators, and he impresses us as the intellectual sovereign of his age, the fire upon the heights, the Father of the Church, standing enveloped in his episcopal robes. But if we draw near to him and read between the lines of his sermons

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and epistles, we discover beside his greatness, which looms ever greater, his spiritual solitude and also his sadness."

"CRUCIBLES"

Crucibles: The Lives and Achievements of the Great Chemists, a book intended to popularize the work of chemists, is a series of biographical chapters written by Bernard Jaffe, instructor in chemistry in the high school at Jamaica, N. Y. It gains distinction because it was awarded the Francis Bacon prize for the humanizing of knowledge, $7,500, offered by the *Forum Magazine* and Simon & Schuster. The committee of award included the late Edwin E. Slosson, Will Durant, Henry Goddard Leach, and Count Keyserling. In addition, Prof. John Dewey presented a gold medal to Mr. Jaffe. The author had in mind a survey of chemistry through its great personalities. He has taken us back to its earliest beginnings in alchemy, when men were sometimes deluded and sometimes charlatans; they tried to discover ways of making gold and of finding the elixir of life, and suffered as a consequence. Trevisan, Paracelsus, Becher—amazing egotists. Joseph Priestley, dissenting minister, turns to the tubes and discovers the properties of oxygen and other gases. Muriatic acid was his. Cavendish, taciturn and morose, analyzes water. Lavoisier, who died on the guillotine during the French Revolution, found the nature of chemical change in burning. John Dalton, father of the atomic theory; Avogadro, discoverer of molecules; Woehler, discoverer of aluminum; Pierre and Marie Curie, who gave radium to the world; Thomson, Moseley, Mendeleeff, Arhennius, Langmuir—all these are described in Mr. Jaffe's book. The writing has not the dramatic style of Paul de Kruif's *Microbe Hunters*, but tells in simple prose just what these men and women did, and what were their rewards. The confusion of modern days is indicated at the end, for scientists to-day, for all their theories, are not agreed on what their science has done to solve the eternal riddle of the universe.

JAMES TRUSLOW ADAMS
Author of "The Adams Family"

"EXPLORING FOR PLANTS"

This richly illustrated book, *Exploring for Plants*, describes a practical side of exploration—hunting for plants and trees that can be grown in the United States for their fruit and timber. Dr. David Fairchild, long associated with the Department of Agriculture, and active in plant activities, tells of his trips to many strange countries and of his delight in finding fruits that can be grown profitably in the United States. Such adventures are apt to be overlooked by the superficial traveler who is vociferous about glamorous nights and romantic sunsets. To me Doctor Fairchild's book is no less valuable because he identifies every tree specifically and recognizes the uses to which every fruit may be put. His exploration is scientific, and although he does not write with the felicity of William Beebe, who is a wizard in words as well as in deep-sea diving, he tells how foreign plants have been successfully grown in Florida and California and how these products reach the American table. He visited Algeria, Morocco, the Balearic Islands, Ceylon, Java, Sumatra, Palma, Liberia, Majorca, and many other countries where the sun is hot and the vegetation is tall and luxuriant, and he found uses for jack-fruit, jaggery sugar, edible bamboo shoots, uniform tomatoes that are grown for tomato-paste, edible acorns, etc. Many of our most valuable plants have come from other lands, such as beet sugar, which was developed by a Frenchman, and which to-day supplies a great share of the sugar we use. Doctor Fairchild makes many interesting observations as he goes, as when he describes the rubber activities in Sumatra, where the native rubber tapper who taps 400

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we do not recommend these books to you, simply because they are best-sellers or because everyone is talking about them. We do feel, however, that, according to your taste, you, too, will find in these books that "indefinable something" which has made thousands of others read them with so much enjoyment.

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trees a day in four hours of continuous work, earns seven dollars a month, without food being supplied. Doctor Fairchild's book is recommended especially to travelers whose eyes are on mountains and sunsets and who may not recognize the extraordinary plant life round about them. (The Macmillan Company.)

MUSIC IN PICTURES

A History of Music in Pictures is a remarkable book. At first glance it would seem to be an easy task to collect pictures of instruments, composers, musical fêtes, manuscripts, and historical localities dealing with music—much easier than writing about them. But after examining this book I can believe the authors when they say that "those who have brought out an illustrated book on any musical subject can tell a tale of research and labor compared with which the writing of the text itself was a holiday task." The book was prepared abroad under the editorial direction of Georg Kinsky in Cologne, Germany, with the co-operation of Robert Haas, Hans Schnoor, Gerald Cooper, and many others interested in writing about music. The introduction is by Eric Blom. He points to the relation of music to the whole cultural setting and atmosphere and bespeaks for pictures a greater truthfulness and accuracy than the written word, which may be "warped by sentimentality and embroidered by too exuberant an imagination or enthusiasm." The numerous illustrations of this large and well-printed book—they must run well over 1,000—are scrupulously annotated so that identification is complete. I hope that libraries will recognize the value of this book as a reference work and by their support make possible the publication of other works of this character. (E. P. Dutton & Co.)

ANSWERS TO INQUIRIES

There are only two books listed by Ralph Borsodi, neither of these called *New Republic Articles*. The titles which we found are: *The Distribution Age*, which was published several years ago, and *This Ugly Civilization*, which came out in the fall of last year. Both sell for $3.00 and are published by Simon & Schuster, 37 West 57th St., New York City. This information was requested by a correspondent from Macon, Ga., whose name is withheld by request. . . . Our next writer is interested in two very widely divergent writers, one a poet and the other

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the author of stories in negro dialect. William Alexander Percy has published four books, all put out by the Yale University Press, New Haven, Conn. The titles are: *Enzio's Kingdom and Other Poems, Sappho in Levkas and Other Poems, In April Once*, and recently, *Selected Poems*. Reviews on this latter book will be sent to her if Mrs. Laura Short Jones, Franklin, Ky., writes direct to the publisher. The first three volumes named sell for $1.50 each, and the last for $3.00. In answer to her questions about Roark Bradford we can only say that his native state is Tennessee and at present he is in Santa Fe, New Mexico, engaged in writing. We do not know the name of the new book, but imagine that it may be the same kind of writing which has made him famous. This author has three books to his credit, all published by the House of Harper. These are: *Ol' Man Adam an' His Chillun, This Side of Jordan*, and *Ol' King David and the Philistine Boys*, priced $2.50 each. . . . We suggest that Mrs. Napoleon S. Johnson, Clanton, Ala., get in touch with the *Publishers Weekly*, 62 West 45th St., New York City, for information about the new publications as they come out. . . . Three letters have come in answer to our call for aid in locating the English translation of *Faust* by Hayward. All of the American editions given by these writers are out of print. We can only suggest that our correspondent, Melvin Ahlert, Chicago, Ill., whose was the original request, write to the English publishers to learn if their editions can still be obtained. In 1892 Bell and Sons, London, made an inexpensive edition, and in 1908 Hutchinson and Co., also of London, put out an edition illustrated in color by Willy Pogany. The original edition was made by Moxon in 1833. Our three correspondents to whom we now wish to extend our thanks are: L. V. T. Simmons, State College, Pa., Jennie E. Baker, Lake City, Minn., and the Rev. Joseph H. Earp, New Castle, Del. . . . *Prince Bantam* by Lynd Ward and May McNeer is published by The Macmillan Co., 60 Fifth Ave., New York City, priced $3.00. This was requested by H. B. Gorman, Detroit, Mich.

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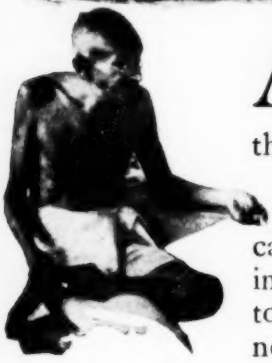

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PRESIDENTIAL PROSPERITY

BY JAMES TRUSLOW ADAMS

IT HAS been said that if Machiavelli were alive to-day and were writing a book on the governing of men he would study not "The Prince" but the leaders of the Standard Oil and other great companies—that these are the real lords and barons of our twentieth century. It is true that power and influence to-day are more closely allied with industrial than with political leadership; and many causes and conditions have combined to make it appear plausible that almost the chief concern of the State should now be economic. For one thing, the leaders of a State have always been concerned with the dominant forces of their time; and just as some centuries ago they were forced to concern themselves with religion, so to-day they seem forced to concern themselves with economics. We have passed out of the former stage for the most part, and religion has become a matter of individual belief and practice rather than a great social force which must be controlled and directed by the political leaders for personal and social preservation. Now that business has passed from the individualistic to the national plane, has become a force of national magnitude, it has, like religion of old, grown something to be reckoned with by the political powers.

In some respects the relation of the State to business bears an interesting resemblance to the relation formerly existing between the State and religion. Had religious beliefs remained solely matters of concern to the individual citizens, there would have been no irresistible tendency to merge Church and State. In the same way, had business remained on the small individualistic scale of two centuries ago, there would not now be the strong tendency to merge Business and the State. The period of the Church-State has passed. The period of the Business-State appears to be beginning. Our ancestors experienced the statesman as controller of religious belief. If we are to experience in due course the statesman as controller of our economic practices and prosperity it may be well to reflect somewhat on what may be in store.

The attempt of a government to con-

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trol the economic welfare and life of a people is not an American invention. We have now been engaged in such an experiment in novel form—for America—for the past four years or more, but it has been tried elsewhere in other forms. We may mention, for examples, the efforts of Germany on a small scale before the War, and on a great one after it, to deal with unemployment; and what is promising to be a classic example in Russia of an effort to regulate the entire economic life by government control. Our own experiment, however, holds unique interest for us partly because it is our own and partly because, although only four years old, the stages through which it has already passed illuminate many phases of the problem. In the Coolidge-Mellon regime there was merely an extraordinary extension of the old American relation between Republican politics and prosperity. Under the new Hoover-Mellon one we are asked to envisage and experiment with a wholly new conception of the Business-State, a Business-State under Capitalism much as the Soviet government is a Business-State under Communism.

Three leading personalities have been involved in our experiment thus far, Mr. Coolidge, Mr. Mellon, and Mr. Hoover. Their interest in economic problems and their relation to them have been widely different. Mr. Coolidge cared little, and perhaps knew less, of the great economic forces and new ideas with which he had to deal. He carried to the White House the ideals and outlook of a hard-scrabble Vermont farm. He held fast to the old ideals, perhaps less outworn than many believe, of hard work, thrift—a getting ahead, either personal or national, by carefully adjusting one's expenses to a point well below one's income. For him the national income was the affair of the one hundred and twenty million citizens. His affair was to see to it that the nation spent less than it earned.

Mr. Mellon is the type of the great modern financier, the man whose vast wealth is in stocks, and whose indices of prosperity are stock prices, hidden assets, and dividends. In a few months of the great bull market his family was reported by the *New York Times* to have made three hundred million dollars by the rise in prices of two of their stocks alone. In carrying out his gigantic public task of reducing the war debt ten billion dollars in a little over ten years, his chief considerations have perforce been low money rates and high security prices.

Mr. Hoover is of a third type. He is typical of the latest stage so far reached in the evolution of the great modern industrialist, that of the efficiency expert on a super-scale, the man to whom the vastness and intricacy of the modern industrial organization offer problems of absorbing interest.

During the years of the American experiment, until the past few months, Mr. Mellon's influence has been dominant; but for obvious reasons, stemming from our old political training, it is the presidents who have been held responsible in the public mind. We have had the "Coolidge prosperity," the "Coolidge market," and were promised the "Hoover market." Before we enter upon larger considerations let us rehearse briefly the relation of these three statesmen to the new theory of economic statesmanship.

II

To understand the conditions surrounding the initiation of the experiment we must first glance for a moment at some of the factors which had operated to make the America of Coolidge so utterly different from the America of McKinley, thirty years before. Speaking broadly, the wealth of the citizens up to that earlier time had been obtained by the exploitation of our vast natural resources combined with individualistic business methods and the old-fashioned Coolidge virtues. New factors in altering the situation, however, quickly succeeded one another. The invention of

the modern elevator, for example, which made the skyscraper possible, and the multiplying of rentals from the same plot of ground tenfold added untold billions to the prices of city real estate. With the formation of the United States Steel Corporation in 1901, the era of mergers, billion-dollar companies, and illimitable opportunities to win profits by juggling stocks began. The development of the motor-car industry not only created hundreds of millions of new profits but, owing to its so far unique influence on other industries and the opening up of entirely new ways of making a living (employing to-day, all told, nearly four millions of workers), it largely neutralized for many years the progressive unemployment caused by improved methods of production and operation in many other industries. Owing to constant new ideas and inventions, these improved methods advanced rapidly, adding to the profits of many of the more far-seeing and wealthy corporations. The Great War raised wages to unheard of levels and brought enormous increases in earnings. The new theory of mass production acted in a similar way, raising both wages and profits, and making spectacular fortunes possible in the stock market. National advertising, to the tune of a billion dollars a year, created new wants. The higher scale of living created new industrial activity. The extension of installment buying to almost every line acted like a forced draft in a furnace. There had been the panic of 1907, the crisis at the opening of the War, and the deflation of 1920; but all the factors mentioned above, and others, proved sufficiently strong to carry the nation by 1926 to a pitch of "prosperity" hitherto undreamed of.

Successively, however, the first great impetus of many of these factors tended to weaken. The strain was becoming great. But what had come to be considered in 1926 as "normal" in business and prosperity for all classes was almost unthinkably higher than that of less than a generation before. In every quarter the great business leaders of the country, realizing that a slackening of consumption would spell disaster on a correspondingly great scale, had assured the people at large that we were in a new era, and that they could buy recklessly without fear that any of the old economic laws would bring ruin to them. The stock market was watched by everyone as the index of prosperity. On December 31, 1926 the average price of twenty leading industrial stocks had risen from $67 to $177 in little more than five years. There were, however, many signs recognized by the more thoughtful business men and business journals that there was a break in sight for this hectic prosperity. Up to this point the prosperity had been non-governmental. From this point onward, it became "presidential."

In January, 1927 the *Commercial and Financial Chronicle*, and certain business leaders, stated that there could no longer be a doubt that a business reaction was well under way. On the other hand, Mr. Coolidge predicted continued prosperity, and Mr. Mellon advised the American people that all was well. The stock market continued to fall, brokers' loans rose, and there was fear of high interest rates. In other words, sanity was beginning to prevail and economic laws were beginning to operate. In March Mr. Mellon gave out a statement, practically implying that interest rates would not rise for at least ten months. The market immediately turned upward, although in about three weeks it again began to sag. Mr. Mellon then issued a much stronger statement, in which he again predicted low interest rates, claimed that brokers' loans were not too high, and predicted general prosperity. The market at once began to climb again. With one recession the twenty industrial stocks had risen to 217 by June, when the advance began to weaken. Business in many lines was distinctly on the downgrade, yet Mr. Coolidge issued a state-

ment giving to the people an optimistic view of conditions and again predicting "satisfactory" business for the rest of the year. The market at once started on a wild climb, rising 26 points in a month.

By this time prosperity had become so "presidential" in the minds of the people that Coolidge's decision not to run again was a severe blow. The market fell on the announcement. However, in spite of such facts as a decrease of 11 per cent in railway earnings, and a marked recession in general, the President stated that the business outlook was better than it had ever been and, after a momentary hesitation, the market resumed its advance.

Nevertheless, by the beginning of January, 1928, conservative bankers and business men had become genuinely alarmed. During the preceding month brokers' loans had increased over $341,000,000 to a new unheard of total of over $4,400,000,000. When the figures were published, the market broke with great violence. In the *Journal of Commerce*, Parker T. Willis, one of the wisest of American business observers, had written that "there is a great deal of unrest in the banking system and with regard to banking conditions in general." At a meeting in Dallas more than one hundred bankers joined in a protest against the management of the Reserve Banks and the vast expansion of Stock Exchange loans. Thomas R. Preston, president of the American Bankers Association, called attention to the great danger of the situation and noted the over-expansion of credit as one of the great problems to be solved in 1928.

However, on the afternoon when the figures of the loans were given out and the market had broken heavily, Mr. Coolidge issued a statement at the White House in which he said that he did not consider the loans too high and that there was nothing unfavorable in the figure to which they had attained. There is good reason to believe that the opinion thus expressed, to the amazement of the country, was Mr. Mellon's rather than Mr. Coolidge's; but prosperity had become wholly presidential. The statement was published January 7th, and, as the *New York Times* noted, "appeared to cause as much surprise to speculative Wall Street as reassurance." The experiment, started in the preceding year, of creating prosperity by governmental control was now well under way. "Old-timers in Wall Street tried without much success," said the *Times*, "to recall any precedent for Mr. Coolidge's remark," and in the leading editorial on the 11th added that the giving out of such an interview was neither wise nor prudent. The whole question, it said, was in many respects highly technical, and "was partly bound up with the dispute as to whether stock speculation had or had not been carried to excess. These are not matters which a Chief Executive should feel called upon to discuss." The Chief Executive, however, had in the past year voluntarily assumed the job of acting as wet nurse to a wild and unjustifiable speculation and had led the American people to take colossal risks. He had the bear, or perhaps we should say the bull, by the tail and could not let go. Sooner or later a crash was inevitable, but with Coolidge luck it might be staved off for his successor to deal with.

On January 9th, Mr. Willis in the *Journal of Commerce* wrote that the President's statement by no means satisfied those who had been worrying, and who "think it queer that the investment market should be so richly endowed with funds when stagnant commercial loans indicate that current business activity is not experiencing a parallel expansion. If new capital for permanent investment is being provided by the public at the rate of over $8,000,000,000 per year, whence is it coming?" The president of the Federal Reserve Bank at Richmond wrote an article asking "Are we living in a Fool's Paradise?" and concluded that we were, sanely handling the whole problem, so easily

disposed of by Mr. Coolidge (possibly as a "ghost writer" for Mr. Mellon), of loans, credits, and interest rates.

During January and February trade reaction continued, gold was exported in large volume, brokers' loans fell somewhat, and the markets were moderately quiet and declining. The situation was again tending to right itself in a normal way. On February 29th Mr. Coolidge announced that he could see no such falling off in business as to indicate a lack of prosperity. The market again started to rise, and in the next month brokers' loans increased over $317,000,000, the second largest rise in the history of the Exchange. In April the market was wildly excited, rising in face of advancing money rates and gold exports. On the last day of the month an uncontradicted despatch from Baltimore in the *Times* stated that Mellon interests were reported to be heavy buyers of Consolidated Gas, Electric Light and Power of Baltimore, and of Pennsylvania Water and Power, which had risen to record prices.

May witnessed another excited rise in prices and an increase of $366,000,000 in brokers' loans with continued gold exports. On June 4th the National City Bank of New York declared business was good but added that "the chief jarring note has been the huge amount of speculation in the stock market. Regardless of what may be the long-time trend of investment values, speculation on the scale current during recent weeks can only be deplored as unsound and hurtful to the best interests of the country. Visions of easily made riches are tending to destroy the usual habits of saving, and millions of dollars are being put into the market by many who can ill afford the risks they are taking. Never before has stock speculation involved so many people of all classes, and one hears the frequent complaint that one trouble with business is that business men are paying too much attention to the market and not enough to the conduct of their own establishments. All this can only mean storing up of trouble for some future day, and the danger is that with so widespread a public participation in the market, a decline, which is always a possibility after so prolonged an advance, would affect general consumer purchasing power and so slow up the distribution of commodities." Warning was issued of higher interest rates to come.

The following day the Federal Reserve Board also issued a warning of danger, stating that unless there were a reversal of gold movements or in the policy of the Federal Reserve system the only remedy would be a reduction in the loan accounts of the banks. The care with which the newspapers were warned against premature publication of this statement showed its importance in the eyes of the Board; but when Mr. Mellon, the ex officio head of the Board, was asked to comment, he put off questioners with the mere remark that he had not seen the statement. Brokers' loans had passed five and a quarter billions. The market broke badly. On the 14th Mellon stated that the break was without significance, and that he could not say that stocks were too high or that speculation had assumed undue proportions. The day before Hoover had been nominated for the presidency at Kansas City, and the papers at once began to talk of a "Hoover market" to begin in September.

General business improved during the summer, and by September the public participation in the stock market had become unprecedented, brokers' loans rising over $462,000,000 in the month. On the 13th the *Times* noted that "in a market so wild and excited as yesterday's, Wall Street was ready to believe almost any fantastic yarn . . . is in a mood to take its tips where and as it finds them," and that in spite of denials made as to the values of certain stocks they continued to forge ahead. The public had gone so mad that a steadying word might have been useful, but Mellon chose the next day to make a report that the country was prosperous and

that he saw no indication of a slump or depression.

The next month was characterized by "violent and constantly increasing speculation for the rise." John J. Raskob announced that stocks were too high, and the American Bankers Association, at their annual meeting, took a strong stand against the danger of the speculation. Stocks broke sharply on October 26th but rallied next day. On the 31st Mr. Coolidge announced that the foundations of business were very strong.

The presidential campaign was now on. In his speeches Hoover stressed the issue of good business, saying on November 2nd at Louisville that "the policies of the government bear an increasing responsibility for continued national prosperity." He thus assumed the obligation of "presidential prosperity."

The new year, 1929, began with a continued advance in stocks; and so insatiable had become the demands for credit to support the market, that nearly every European country was now being drained of gold in a reversal of the exchanges. The steady advance in quotations—17 points for January—gave everyone the impression of unprecedented prosperity, and industrial operations had advanced to a new high level. In the two months of December and January more than $2,240,000,000 of new securities were issued, $256,000,000 of investment trust issues being put out in the latter month. Money ranged from 7 to 12 per cent. The world situation was becoming deranged and at the beginning of February, Norman, head of the Bank of England, was in conference in Washington with the Federal Reserve Board, which, on the 6th, issued a formal warning against the increased use of credit for stock market purposes. Three days later the Treasury Department (Mr. Mellon) "explained informally" that this was not intended to "bring about a sudden slump in stocks." A week later the Federal Advisory Council unexpectedly announced that it approved the tight-money policy of the Reserve Board. Mr. Mellon refused to issue any statement, but on the 15th announced that he thought it an opportune time to buy bonds. "This does not mean," he added, "that many stocks are not good investments. Some, however, are too high in price to be good buys." A week later the Secretary of Commerce, Lamont, stated that business was progressing favorably, only one branch—building—showing a decline.

The tremendous excitement in the market continued through the next few months, nervous and heavy declines alternating with great advances, such as that of over 20 points in June. On May 22nd the public appetite had been whetted by a Pittsburgh despatch to the *Times* estimating the profits of the Mellon family in Aluminium and Gulf Oils alone, on the basis of shares owned, as over $300,000,000. By the middle of September the stock averages showed an advance since the first of the year of 82 points. The end, however, was in sight. In the annual review of the *Times* on December 31st we read "a Stock Exchange panic of unexampled violence broke out in the last week of October, after several weeks of falling prices. . . . A long list of high-grade stocks fell 25 to 40 points in one day. The crisis of the panic came on Tuesday, October 29, when the outside public's huge speculative account was mostly closed out because of exhausted margins, with disastrous, nation-wide losses." Presidential prosperity had crashed and the nation was lying dead or wounded under the ruins.

III

Hoover, as we have said, is of a different type of mind from either Coolidge or Mellon. The old-fashioned views of the former interested him about as much as an old blacksmith's shop would interest the president of the United States Steel Corporation. Nor did he care about finance, which he had left to

Mellon. The President had been paying but the scantiest—if any—attention to Wall Street. He was absorbed in the larger problems of production and consumption, and with vast plans for "stabilizing" business cycles. The crash gave him his opportunity. His calling of the great business heads to Washington for conference and the methods pursued to rebuild the fallen structure of credit and confidence are current history, fresh in all minds, and we need not dwell on them. One of the great heads called was Mr. Henry Ford and, in view of the news steadily given out by the administration on business conditions, the comment made by that gentleman was illuminating. "The first thing to do," he said, rather unkindly, "is to correct the impression that the present state of affairs is due to the stock market. . . . The real explanation of the present situation is not to be found in recent stock-market history but in recent business history. . . . In this country the purchasing power of the people has been practically used up."

Psychologically, and for a time, the calling of the great modern Barons into conference and the promise that they would without delay set Humpty Dumpty up again may have had a reassuring effect and prevented large failures and further demoralization. As to the long-run results to be obtained by scientific stabilizing of business by government the issue is more doubtful. Something more is needed than mere desire for a new economic order, as Russia can convince us. The problems are of enormous intricacy, and the curious may find some of them touched upon in the *Papers and Proceedings* of the American Economic Association read at their meeting last December. What would seem essential are extraordinary wisdom and power of forecasting on the part of those responsible for the process. It is not unfair to judge somewhat of these attributes in the light of recent predictions by Mr. Hoover and his advisers.

On December 5th Mr. Raskob announced that "by early spring business ought to be going ahead at its regular rate. The whole economic situation would seem to indicate that." On December 14th Mr. Hoover thought that the volume of Christmas shopping indicated that the business of the country was back to normal.

On January 1st the ever-hopeful Mr. Mellon announced that "I see nothing in the present situation that is either menacing or warrants pessimism. During the winter months there *may be* [italics mine] some slackness or unemployment, but hardly more than at this season each year. I have every confidence that there will be a revival of activity in the spring."

On the 22nd Hoover said the trend of employment had changed in the right direction, and Secretary Davis announced that every major industry was showing increases and that "we can expect a great deal of business in 1930." The following day Miss Perkins sharply disputed the Secretary's statistics of unemployment for the State of New York.

On February 11th Secretary Lamont, of the Department of Commerce, stated that "there is nothing in the situation to be disturbed about. . . . There are grounds for assuming that this is about a normal year," and added that the steel plants making steel shapes for automobiles were "filled up" for months ahead. A week later he announced, after a White House conference, that there was every reason to hope that business would soon pick up.

On March 3rd, speaking for the Administration, he said business would be normal in two months [May 3rd] and that "it is amazing how well off we are considering what we went through." It had all, however, amounted to very little in the mind of Mr. Hoover's assistant. "We were going ahead a little too fast," he said, "and got winded. In another month or two [April 3rd or May 3rd] we will catch our breath for a fresh start." On March 8th Hoover predicted that unemployment would be

ended in sixty days [May 8th], and in general gave out an optimistic statement.

On March 16th, Mr. Julius H. Barnes, chairman of Mr. Hoover's National Business Survey Conference, announced that "the spring of 1930 marks the end of a period of grave concern. . . . American business is steadily coming back to a normal level of prosperity. . . . On the whole a note of optimism is apparent among the vast majority of industries." A fortnight later the monthly *Survey* of the Guaranty Trust Company of New York stated that "in spite of the considerable improvement in business sentiment and the definite establishment of some of the fundamentals of recovery, industrial revival has made only very moderate progress." Speaking of the hopeful feeling that recovery may not be long delayed, it made the more than suggestive remark that the "consistently cheerful comment from Washington in the issuance of trade figures has probably helped to create this sentiment, although there has become evident an increasing disposition to discount such views as inspired by a desire to aid business recovery rather than to examine the situation in the cold light of truth."

On April 19th Mr. Barnes spoke of the Business Survey Conference as "a really novel social experiment," and was optimistic about unemployment.

On the 28th the Guaranty Trust Company again introduced a death's head at the feast in its monthly *Survey* when it stated that "aside from the usual seasonal expansion of some branches of industry, little tangible progress in business recovery has thus far been reported." On the same day Mr. Barnes presented facts, not forecasts, to the meeting of the U. S. Chamber of Commerce, and the market started downward, after its three months' wild upward whirl of this year, based on misleading governmental predictions.

On May 2nd Mr. Hoover in a long address said "we have been passing through one of those great economic storms [not merely getting winded, as his Secretary of Commerce had phrased it] which periodically bring hardship and suffering on our people. While the crisis took place *only six months ago* [italics mine] I am convinced we have now passed the worst and with continued unity of effort we shall rapidly recover. . . . I believe I can say with assurance that our joint undertaking has succeeded to a remarkable degree." Poor Mr. Hoover! Had he not told the American people in his campaign speeches that "the victory of the [Republican] party will ensure stability of business and employment"?

The optimistic utterances quoted above had misled the American people into staging a remarkable "come-back" in stock speculation. The soberer element had been amazed at the rapid rise since the beginning of the year. But, as the Guaranty Trust Company noted at the end of March, people were beginning to suspect the horse sense and the reliability of presidential predictions. The last utterance of Mr. Hoover was the signal for the biggest crash in the market since the panic of last autumn. As the ordinary old-fashioned business man, not indulging in new social experiments but merely trying to see where he stands, looks about him, he reads of rapidly declining railway earnings, of lowering steel prices, of smashed copper markets, of big decreases in foreign trade, and so on through the rest of our statistics. In the *Times* of May 11th—a date subsequent to all those which the government had set as a return to "normal" prosperity—I read that "it may be that industrial production is now on an upward trend and that unemployment is showing noticeable improvement; but tangible evidence to that effect is unfortunately difficult to obtain."

On the 28th Mr. Hoover was reported to have said that business would be normal by fall. The same day the excellent survey issued by the Union Trust Company of Cleveland, after pointing out that "a very decided im-

provement in business would be required during the second quarter to bring the general volume of business back to a satisfactory level," added that "no such swift revival is in evidence. Business is therefore resigning itself to the realization that it may have to face a 'long, hard pull' in order to get back to normal." Meanwhile, as pointed out in the financial editorials of the *New York Times* of May 28th and 29th, the exports of wheat for April were the smallest for that month in any year except 1928 since the War; the decrease in railway net earnings for the northwestern regions for April 1930 as compared with 1928 ran from an average of 60 per cent to 80 per cent for some carriers; seventy railroads throughout the entire country showed losses of 33 per cent in net; and the drop in the price of steel billets to $31 in May brought the price of steel to the lowest since 1922, when it touched $28.

Perhaps our ordinary business man sympathizes with Will Rogers who cried out, when Mr. Hoover's last speech on prosperity was followed by a first-class smash, "the whole thing shows there is none of them knows any more about it than Texas Guinan. If we could just persuade our prominent men to stop predicting! If they must predict, let 'em predict on the weather." On May 8th the last touch was given to what would be roaring farce if it were not stark tragedy, when Governor Young of the Federal Reserve Bank declared that there was "food for serious thought" in the fact that even with our excellent banking system we had come to "the brink of collapse" and were now in "what appears to be a business depression." If we were not also in a Republican administration there would be less doubt among our present leaders as to whether we were in "what *appears* to be a business depression"!

IV

I do not pretend that without exception every time the market has given a shiver to the bulls the White House or the Treasury has immediately come to the rescue. The synchronism, however, is clearly too marked to be accidental, although I am not here making a mere attack upon any men or any party. I agree with Mr. Hoover that such crises are "periodic" not political. Nor do I blame, as false prophets, any one of the three men with whom I have been chiefly concerned. In that I agree with Will Rogers. None of them knows any more about it than does Texas Guinan. The professors of economics in the colleges, such as Irving Fisher, and the business prognosticators, such as Babson, were all as wrong as our political leaders. Coolidge certainly knew nothing whatever about it all. His autobiography has given us the stature of his mind. In financial matters he could not fail to be deeply influenced by Mr. Mellon. Under the circumstances for him to have opposed his own mind to Mellon's would have been to take a colossal responsibility. As for Mellon, I believe him absolutely honest, even if his own profits were as colossal as Mr. Coolidge's responsibility would have been. He told the people when to get into the stock market and, somewhat cryptically, when to get out. It was the novelty of having a Secretary of the Treasury encourage the market for our benefit that probably lost so many people their money. The trouble with Mr. Mellon has been that he was a stock-market-minded financier, and not a statesman. As for Hoover, he inherited a mess left him by Mellon and Coolidge and had had to make rash promises, giving blank checks for prosperity drawn only on the bank of Republican tradition, when his predecessor had largely, though innocently, gutted the institution. The problems raised by the experiment of presidential prosperity are larger than any personalities. We can only glance at them here.

One is, what is to become of the stability of government in its time-honored functions if it is to become a business-efficiency or a tipster's bureau? In the

winning of men's respect, the maintenance of civil order, the dispensing of justice, the waging of war, the handling of foreign relations and other problems of the older statesmanship is it likely to be helped by undertaking to create prosperity and guide people in their stock speculations? That "big business" has raised big questions must be allowed. That *all* questions are now tinged with economics must also be allowed. That some experiments in stabilizing business may be needful and eventually useful may also be allowed. But in the present state of our abysmal ignorance about economics is there not danger in handing over the economic lives and welfare of our people to the government, already tottering under the load of the older functions which it is performing none too well, such as maintaining order and dispensing justice? Is there not danger in a government to which we are taught to look for stock-market tips and which is expected to make rightly the hardest of all predictions?

Moreover, it may well be asked, how many different sorts of loads can a president carry? In addition to the burden already on his shoulders, can we expect him to be the super-business man who will manage all our prosperity for us? I doubt if we could have a better man than Hoover as a business engineer; but is he proving a great success? Already prosperity overshadows all other questions in an election; but if the government is made constitutionally, so to say, responsible for prosperity and stock booms, will any other question stand a show at elections? And will not the already natural desire to bend every other activity of government to creating prosperity or the appearance of it warp every other thought in the minds of those anxious for re-election? Is not the comment of the Guaranty Trust Company on the unreliability of the government's pronouncements indicative of what we might expect? Are they likely to give us the facts in the cold light of truth, or will every government department be bent solely on creating a favorable atmosphere?

Again, to what sort of men are we to commit our prosperity? Has our experience with boards in America been so reassuring that we wish to build up new ones, in the government service, to run our business? Is there not danger that if business becomes political it will be run too much as most of our political life is already run? It is true that our best brains have long been drawn away from politics into business, because the real power now lies there, and that if the running of our entire business machinery should come to be controlled by government, the new access of power to politics might make that profession again attractive. That, however, is problematic, and so far our experience has been against such a fond hope. Can we unite, as yet at least, the tremendous power of running business with our present methods of electing public officials? Are we not likely, in the long run, to find we have committed the power either to politicians or to a bureaucracy?

We may look at the question from another angle. Part of the possibility of the government's maintaining order is the willingness of the individual to forego private revenge and to seek justice for himself and to acquiesce in the acts of the government through the police and courts. And so to a greater or lesser extent is it with other governmental functions. If government becomes responsible for prosperity, for stabilizing business or what you will, will it not become increasingly necessary to forego private judgment and initiative in deference to the policy of a Coolidge, a Mellon, or a Hoover? If a Mr. Mellon, as a government official charged with the creation of a bull market, insists that stocks are going up, would we become bad citizens, "conscientious objectors," if we chose to sell out on him?

If the maintenance of prosperity becomes a governmental function and duty it will inevitably overshadow all others.

The maintenance of peace and order, the administering of justice, the following of a wise foreign policy, the dozen other things government does or should do, would count for far less in the mind of the average voter than its ability to guess right on the stock market or so manipulate it and business as to bring him ever increasing "prosperity." The pressure on officials, who may know no more than Texas Guinan, or who may be faced by an inevitably bad business situation, may become impossible.

Moreover, would not the chief desideratum in a president at an election become—as it already has to a great extent, thanks to the fetish of Republican prosperity—the mere ability to bring good business? What of the type of leader that such a situation would be likely to create in our public life? As I have pointed out elsewhere, the business mind has its excellent qualities. It also has its very marked limitations. Would not making the government responsible for prosperity reduce our choice of leaders to the ranks of super-business men, captains of industry, stock-market manipulators; and is that the type which the great American people desire for their future Chief Executives? Is statesmanship to become wholly subordinate to big business, and government merely a branch of economics?

These, among other questions, suggest themselves to the lover of his country as he watches the "really novel social experiment" now being tried. Might it not be better for a while to work through outside organizations in the effort—a noble one—to try to find some method of stabilizing modern industry and employment? Let the government give every help in a crisis. Let it look benevolently on every effort of the people to grow in economic wisdom and self-control; but is it wise to make our Chief Executive solely responsible in the eyes of the governed for maintenance of our business welfare at all times? I realize the problems inherent in modern economic development and also that the government must exercise more and more a regulating function, but I see grave danger in a "Coolidge market" and a Secretary of the Treasury guiding the destinies of a frenzied speculation to the very last point before he tells the people to "buy bonds." We have tried the experiment. We are at the parting of the ways. Is there not as much chance of the new theory leading to an abuse of the functions of government and a decline in our national character as to renewed and continuous "presidential prosperity"?

THE ELECTRIC KING

A STORY

BY LORD DUNSANY

THIS is a story Jorkens told me one day. It goes to prove that he does not talk always of himself, as some of the members of our club have chosen to assert and, since there is no personal motive to be served by any inaccuracy, I see no reason for doubting it. And if this story of his be true, why not his other ones? That is the way I look at it, without any wish whatever to interfere with the judgment of others.

He had fallen asleep after a somewhat heavy meal, and all the other members but I had left: some had business to attend to, while others were irritated by Jorkens' snoring, though I couldn't see what harm his snores were doing, or what good their business did, if you come to that. And presently one of Jorkens' snores turned to a gurgle, which seemed for a moment to be going to choke him, and that woke him up; and, being all alone with him, I made the remark, "I suppose you have seen some pretty queer things in your time."

"And people," said Jorkens. And very soon he was well started, wonderfully refreshed by his sleep and by whatever he may have had with his lunch. And this is the tale. He was in America, knocking about in New England, and chancing to be somewhat out of funds. And he had taken up reporting for a paper and interviewing, whenever he could get a scrap of work to do, in order to get onto what he called a financial footing; which I expect meant money enough to go back to England third class. And one day they had sent him to see Makins, the millionaire, who had been having a good deal of publicity lately, and to get an interview from him. In case the name of Makins conveys little, he was better known as the Electric King; and his publicity had come from the interest that had been taken in the case to prove that he was capable of administering his own affairs. That he was so capable had been triumphantly proved by his lawyer, chiefly by full details of the organizing, the working, the tending, even the very oiling of the giant dynamos that were watched and directed personally by Makins himself for fourteen hours out of every twenty-four, the whole year round, year after year. What the dynamos were used for was a point that was brushed aside with such consummate brilliance that unless my reader be thoroughly trained in the law he would never be able to appreciate it. These were the dynamos that Jorkens saw when he went to interview Makins.

Jorkens would never have had the job if it had been an easy one, and yet he got the man's whole story. There was something about him that Makins had liked, even if it was only that "he took his wine like a man," to use Makins' own words, and so he had got his story. Jorkens had congratulated him on the news with which the world was ringing, that he had just been proved capable of controlling his own affairs, and Makins had said, "Isn't it just marvellous?" And then he had been silent for a quarter of an hour, sitting, sometimes shaking

his head, in a large carved chair, till he suddenly muttered, and soon his voice gained strength, and he told Jorkens this story.

"I had the idea of busting the whole electric light of America and then gathering it all up again into my own hands: one company to illuminate every city of the United States. We should have been a power, at the lowest computation, equal to the full moon. I had it all clear in my head, and I could have done it—I can't give you the details. It isn't clear now, but it was in those days—clear to the last cent. You might have asked me any question about the minutest part of the scheme, and I could have answered at once in those days.

"I should have controlled all that light; think of it—as much as the full moon sheds on the North American continent. Then my leisure went. I suddenly lost my leisure. A slight attack, the doctor called it. But it wasn't an attack: I was perfectly well in body. And it certainly wasn't my mind: that was clearer than ever, too clear in fact; my thoughts were crystal-clear, but too many of them. I simply lost my leisure. It takes a good deal of work, a good deal of thought, for one man to control big business; and when I stopped to breathe at the summit of my career, on a pinnacle higher than I had ever dreamed of, my thoughts ran on. They would not stop, and so I lost my leisure. Well, I didn't mind at first: they all went into the business. But when I found that the most trivial thoughts began to run through my head, like a mob of dirty children in a great ballroom, thoughts too trivial and silly and irrelevant even to mention, and no keeping them out, why then I began to panic, and went to a doctor and said to him, 'What about it?' And he said, 'Sea voyage.' And I sailed from New York for Bombay.

"Well, I found the sea voyage was not doing me any good, and I did some thinking then. I was always thinking; and I figured it out then that what I wanted was not a doctor, but one who dealt with the terrors of the soul. Yes, I don't exaggerate: I was pretty well frightened by then. I began to see that those thoughts were hunting my reason. Noses down, tails up, ears flapping, that's what they were after, as surely as hounds a long way behind a fox. Well, there were one or two priests on board, of various denominations, and I talked to them a good deal, walking round the decks in the evening with one or other of them, and putting my case to him as soon as he began to listen. But they mostly talked to me about going to Heaven, and I figured that their advice was too like my doctor's, who had sent me to Bombay; not that Bombay's like Heaven, in the hot weather not at all. And besides, I knew their talk pretty well already; and my thoughts went racing on.

"And then I remembered that I had heard that there were a good many religions in India, some with idols and some without; it was all one to me; I was being hunted over a precipice and was anxious to clutch at anything. I mean any prejudice I may have had against idols seemed now merely absurd: you mayn't like brambles, but you'd grab them going over an edge and to such a drop as I saw. Yes, sir, my wits were tottering. And that thought went on hunting them.

"It had come down chiefly to one thought now. It was something about a rat that I had once thrown a stone at. That was the nearest one, the leading one of the pack: night and day you know, and of course no sleep to speak of.

"I got to know a man on board who had been in India a good deal. I guessed it by his face and began to talk to him. And in a day or two I had put my whole case before him, as near as I dared, for I daren't speak of the rat in those days. Ebblit his name was, and he told me about the Ganges. Our acquaintance began in the Mediterranean; we used to play chess at first and sit and talk when the game was over. But he never

really spoke out, never told me all he felt, or half he knew, till we turned that corner where de Lesseps stands, with one bronze hand held out to the eastern gate of the world; and the corrupt city of Port Said drops astern, a cluster of white domes in the evening, the sort of thing an angel might dream on waking, just leaving it behind him, you know, as we were. And Ebblit soon after that began to talk of the East, as though it were really there, and there were nothing odd about it; while the West and its ways seemed to drop farther and farther away from him, till he seemed no longer intimidated by its prejudices and customs. And then he spoke of the beauty of that river. He did not seem to know whether the calm of its beauty molded the thoughts of those people, soothing and lulling them to an undreamed content, or whether it was the thoughts of generations of people that had given the river that surpassing sanctity. But I began to see there was ease to be found on the Ganges, and rest, as I dared to hope, for my hunted wits. And I asked him what part of the river was best to go to; and he thought for a little while and answered, 'Benares.'

"I had a long way yet to go, and that rat with its wounded tail was terribly close. I forgot to tell you that its tail was broken. Gosh, I'm a tough man. I've known hundreds of men right through, their little minds clear as glass to me, and I don't know one of them, not one, that would have held out against that rat through the Red Sea.

"They had a large tank on board rigged up as a swimming bath, and I used to get some coolness there after sunset, floating on the water and looking up at the stars and thinking of the rat.

"And then I used to go and talk to Ebblit. Every bit of information I could get from him I used to collect like a stamp collector—the name of the best hotel, the best part of the river to sit at, the priests, the temples, the legends—everything I could get from him while we walked up and down in the heat. And one day I very nearly mentioned the rat to him. Not quite, but I think he saw it coming. After that I found it more difficult to get him to have a talk with me, especially when alone.

"I was practically all alone with the rat after that.

"And at last we reached Bombay.

"Of course there are things to see in India between Bombay and Benares, quite a lot in fact. The eighth wonder of the world is at Agra, and the earthly paradise in the old palace at Delhi, not to mention the marvels of history which are the equal of legends in other lands. There's a lot to look at beyond the pinnacles of the Western Ghats. But by now I could see nothing but the slow blood oozing from the battered bruise in the tail. So I hurried on to Benares.

"There was a man outside the Cow Temple who would help me, Ebblit had told me, at the right-hand side of the door. He was there three years ago, Ebblit had said, and would probably still be there. And I mustn't mind him being rather dirty, very dirty in fact. I would have laughed at the idea if I'd been able to laugh in those days. Dirty, indeed! What was dirt to that rat?

"I went to that temple in terror. What if the man had gone? Three years seemed a long time to me. But it wasn't long to him, just as Ebblit had said. He was there right enough, at the right-hand side of the door that leads to the Cow Temple, loin-cloth, bare skin, and dirt, sitting upon the ground with a bowl beside him. So I found an interpreter and went back to the dirty man and put my case to him at once, before I had ever gone to my hotel. Of course I didn't tell him about the rat. Perhaps I might have done so had be been cleaner; but I said that I was a business man much troubled by business worries, and that other thoughts intruded themselves on me too. He seemed to pay little attention, and when my interpreter and I had done, he replied, 'Speak openly.'

"You may guess that I didn't like

being spoken to in such a way by a man like that, and I was silent a moment. And then in my utter despair I mentioned the rat. And the instant I mentioned it the whole thing poured out; I had never spoken of it before. Its eyes, its whiskers, its fur, I described it all to him from its eager nose to the mangled bend in its tail.

"And he said to me, if the interpreter got it right, 'The River Ganges is beautiful beyond the conception of man, and beyond the capacity of any mind to estimate. In the contemplation of this beauty is complete fulfilment of all desire. No ambition transcends it. Nothing even hoped for can surpass it. It is the fitting occupation of any lifetime. Go, and sit by it until the picture of the river dwells in your innermost mind, as it does with me, more near than the hands and feet. Sit by it, if needs be, all your days. The reward hereafter is infinite; and for the seekers like yourself, for immediate gain, even for these it is adequate.'

"It's odd, but it seemed to me that the man was talking sense. The rat was still there, but a ray of faint hope had shone from beyond the sound of his voice. I felt like some wayfarer lost and terribly hunted who suddenly hears in the darkness a music of bells, and beyond the bells at last some cottager's light. That was no mad fancy, but only came from the stress of weeks without sleep.

"Well, I went to the Ganges. Boys, it's a jewel! I went down to it about sunset, and it lay there like a vast piece of a semiprecious stone, one of those very pale beryls or aquamarines. I realized at once it was no use just looking at it; I wasn't a sightseer now, but a fugitive from a terror greater than any of those that ever hunt the body: I would cheerfully have sat and played with a tiger, to get away from that rat.

"Suicide may be suggesting itself to you as an obvious remedy. But I wouldn't do that, because I felt that the rat was after my reason, and I wanted to save it from him with all its power, not to throw it away. So I had gone to the Ganges, not to gaze at it, but to let it sink into my soul, to contemplate its beauty as I had been told, till it became more to me than my hands and feet, and nothing else should matter, not even the rat.

"It seemed the world's end, that river; so many steps led down to it. It was not like tracks that run down to a ford and go onward the other side, or paths that lead to a ferry, to wait a while; these steps thronged down to the water's edge and ceased, the end of the journeys of pilgrims living or dead. I sat down on one of the steps near a tiny temple and watched the day fading, and the more it faded the more easy I found it to take my first lesson in the lore that should save me from the rat. And the beauty of the river began sinking into me, as easily as if I'd been there for years and years. Pilgrims came down the steps by twos and threes; pigeons came to the little temple beside me, dropping down to their rest among the tiny domes, and the color went out of things with the loss of the sun, all but the river, which seemed to keep a light of its own. Now for the first time I noticed the fires of death, flickering up from the burning ghats. Sometimes a ship with great sails stole down the river, with never a ripple upon that wondrous calm, so that it seemed that the ship was a ship of ghosts or the river something from dreamland, something far out among dreams, a long, long way from waking. Now I saw vividly a slanting moon, young in the west like a horn, over the little temple. And, as the moon brightened and the fires of death grew stronger, the color that had faded out of the sky with sunset began to return with the afterglow, coming back more gorgeous than it had been before, like a traveler returning to some rural home clad in the silks and splendors of wonderful lands. It increased and increased, till the luminous river seemed dark beside the astonishing glow of it."

As Makins spoke of the Ganges he talked very fast, gazing straight in front of him over Jorkens' head, without a thought of his scurrying pencil. Jorkens was writing shorthand and even then scarcely kept up. It wasn't so much the beauty of the Ganges that was entrancing him, Jorkens thinks, as the first escape, of a kind, that he had ever had from the rat; though he hadn't really got away from it. As he put it himself, "Masses of twilight seemed to be descending rapidly, draping the holy city with all their glory: you know how pieces of evening, slabs of light, seem to fall between you and buildings at this enchanted hour, buildings on solid earth, and sky between you and them. It was like that with me and the rat. There was something at last, at last, between me and him. The beauty of the Ganges. It could not overcome him, the thing was too strong for that. But the rat was now on the far side of the river.

"A most intense beauty filled the sky with the deep colors of India, a hush hung heavily at the brink of the river, a hush as though the world had ceased its spinning to watch for the first star: the door of the little temple opened noiselessly, showing all dark within, and the hush deepened over all the river. And suddenly bells at the very water's edge sent up a melody clanging across the hush; wide windows opened in the dark far up above me, from which poured sudden music of instruments utterly strange to us; drums beat unseen from the little temple near; the rapidly darkening air throbbed to a strange rhythm that boomed and resounded among the walls of Benares—that was their way of worship; they were giving praise to the river. You'll excuse me a moment, won't you?" And Makins rose and went to a little shutter, a sliding panel in the library where they were sitting, and moved the panel aside. And at once a great purr filled the room, the voice of a hundred dynamos. Jorkens had heard the murmur of them before, all the time that Makins was talking about the Ganges, but now the roar of their purring filled all the room, and he could see the rows of them, like a vast stable of elephants. What stupendous energies that iron multitude was unloosing Jorkens did not then know, only that a vast power was going invisibly forth. They were looking down on the hall of the dynamos from the height of one story, and men were going about amongst the dark rounded shapes, oiling machinery. "My dynamos are being fed," said Makins. Jorkens said nothing; the hugeness of the power so near to him, the humble service these monsters were giving to man, and the incompatibility between the organized might of science and the devoted worship of an Indian river seem to have taken his breath away. And Makins continued:

"I stayed there for three days. The rat was now, as I said, on the far side of the river; but it went no farther away. In the gloom of thought I could see its whiskers twitching whenever it sniffed, and I knew whom it was sniffing for. So I went back to the dirty man and told him all about it. And he said, 'The Ganges flows from a hill too high for our feet. And on that hill is a city of pure gold. Everything there is gold, pavement and houses: even the shops are gold. And all the people that dwell in it are Hindus.' When he spoke of the beauty of the river he had me beat; that was a thing he understood; but when it came to a definite fact of geography that set me arguing. 'How did he know,' I asked, 'that the golden city was there?' 'I have seen it,' he said. 'I walked for months up the river, walking in my youth great distances every day; and I came to the hill, and it was all white, and there was no city there. I was young and had not the faith. And I stayed there looking at it for seven days, fasting and sometimes praying to those to whom prayer is due. And at the end of the seventh day I thought I noticed a change. And the sun set, and there was no change. And all the hill grew dull.

And I was faint with fasting. And all of a sudden the golden city came, street upon street of it straggling along the hill; and domes and walls and towers all twinkling and shining—a city of purest gold, as the Brahmins teach.'

"'Should I see it?' I asked.

"'Not yet,' he said.

"'When should I see it?' I asked nim.

"'Stay for three months upon the bank in Benares,' he told me. Well, it seemed a long time, but I did as the dirty man said. And the rat stayed all that time on the far side of the river, and I got some sleep at nights, yet things got no better than that; I could still see the country of madness too near to my borders, the edges of my imagination almost touched it.

"One day at the very end of the three months, as I sat watching the pilgrims, it suddenly occurred to me that it was not my river; that I should never believe the story of the golden city, and its gods could never be my gods. I made up my mind suddenly. I never even told the dirty man. I suppose he is sitting there now by the door of the Cow Temple, with the cows and the peacocks strolling about inside, and the worshippers tolling a bell whenever they pray so that their god shall hear them. I left at once. I suppose I valued too lightly the rest I had had from the rat, or thought that the respite would last. The moment I left the Ganges he crossed the river and was back again as close as ever he was. He might have driven me back to Benares, but I knew by now that the Ganges could never get rid of him: the holy river was only a palliation, and I had a hope of shaking him off altogether. You see from the first I thought religion could do it. I am pretty shrewd as men go and make up my mind quickly, and from the very first I had spotted that that rat was one of the terrors of the soul. So that spiritual help was what I needed, if I could only find a religion that had a priest that was ready to fight the rat. And I had not given up hope. The greatest religions, I said, have always come out of deserts. And it must be so; for before a man can even look at the verities, let alone ponder and value them, he must clear off the dust of all the things that don't matter, like to-day's news, to-day's opinions, to-day's fashions, yesterday's customs, and to-morrow's fears. So I left the opalescent city of Benares, traveling in search of a desert. And the rat traveled with me.

"I took a train for Delhi to begin with. There I intended to inquire my way to a desert, and in the desert I hoped to find some holy man who might have found enough wisdom, out of the way of cities, to be able to solve the terrific problem I brought him. Well, I was sitting in my railway carriage towards evening, thinking of the rat, when all of a sudden, pale and clear on my right, I saw a range of mountains that I did not know was there.

"While we waited at the next station I asked the station-master about them, and he told me they were the Himalayas. The Himalayas! Imagine seeing a waterfall and asking its name, and being told that it was Niagara; or entering a church by chance, and finding it was Westminster Abbey. So I came to the Himalayas.

"The station-master told me the names of the peaks, pale mauve a long way off. I've always found you English very obliging. And then I asked him the name of a white one, all alone over the rest, and he answered as though it were not there at all, or at any rate need not be bothered about. 'Oh, that's in Thibet,' he said. Isn't that like you? You're nearly all like that. It was outside the British empire, and so it didn't count."

Of course Jorkens said that that wasn't so at all. That we thought rather more of a foreign country if anything than of our own, and would do anything rather than show we thought it was foreign. So a few moments passed over international courtesies, meaningless and polite, while the dynamos purred on faintly the other side of the

shutter. And then Makins continued, "I hadn't been looking at them for long when I said to myself, 'Mountains. Mountains,' I said; 'they're every bit as good as deserts; and I've heard strange tales of Thibet. On a mountain a man may do as much thinking as he could down on the sand, provided he goes high enough; all the silly little phrases that buzz round thought and obscure it wouldn't get far up a mountain. I'll go there,' I said, and I decided at once. At the next stop from that I got out. And the rat hopped out with me.

"I hired a motor in course of time—you can do anything in time in the East—and we started straight for those mountains. I was getting no sleep now at all and I made the chauffeur do sixty. We startled the little tree-rats as we shot past. Wonderful little animals. How I wished it were one of them that was after my reason, instead of the foul brute that I knew. Or even a monkey. But I suppose a man can't choose what terror will hunt his soul. And looking at it reasonably, as one always should at anything, I suppose one curse is as bad as another; only I couldn't think so then.

"Well, we motored on towards the mountains in the afternoon, the afternoon of the day following my talk with the station-master, until what had been patches of blue laid upon lilac began to be great ravines rent in the slope of the mountain. Thibet by now no longer peered down on one, but was hidden by this huge wall, shutting it off from the world.

"We did a lot of mileage that day, till we came to a place where the chauffeur said that the car could go no farther. Not that I bothered about that, for I had had from him the rumor of a monastery fifty miles or so farther on, the very thing I was looking for; and I would gladly have walked without food or rest with that ahead of me and the rat behind.

"As it turned out I didn't have to walk, and as it turned out it was a lot more than fifty miles; but we got hold of a bullock cart at a village, a thing they call a tonga: two bullocks drag it, and they can go anywhere. I don't say it was comfortable, but comfort had gone from me since the coming of the rat, and I found bodily discomfort rather pleasant than otherwise. I had come to that pass long ago. We were traveling in the bed of a great river, the man that was driving the oxen, and I, and of course the rat. Our wheels were going over white sand and boulders, everything perfectly dry except for long narrow pools of shallow water lying like shreds torn out from a mountain-oread's dress. The sambhur came out of the forest to gaze at us, not the least afraid of the bullock-cart. So thick was the forest all along the dry river that we seldom saw the mountains; when we did see them their imminence was tremendous; we were all among them now, as though we had strayed unannounced into the assembly of giants, ancient ones of the earth, deputed by Nature to deliberate on her plans. Now night began to fall, and the man halted his oxen and built a little circle of fires for the night, to keep away tigers. I kicked one of his little fires all golden into the darkness. 'Will that keep it off do you think?' I blurted out at him. But he was thinking only of tigers.

"I regretted my violence almost immediately. 'You must forgive me,' I said, 'I can't sleep.' But he understood never a word, and it mattered not what I said to him.

"One tiger came very near; I heard his whispering footfall above the thought of the rat. The night passed, like all sleepless nights, in about a year; and dawn came suddenly. We made some tea, and the man ate some food he had brought, and we pushed on for Thibet. We went on all that day, our wheels climbing over the boulders and dropping down with a crash on the other side. But none of these jolts could shake the rat away.

"We made our little bivouac that

night far up the slope in the cold with only one fire, above the fear of tigers. Not that I feared tigers. I had only one fear now, and my reason was tottering before it. Another sleepless night dragged by like a long chapter of history; and in the golden morning my driver pointed, and there, far enough off, but shining bright as the morning, there on a mountain was the monastery I sought. By noon we were as far as the bullocks could go; the rest of the way was sheer mountain. We had already changed bullocks twice, and done over sixty of the fifty miles that they had said it was to the monastery. I found that distances in India were often like that. But here was the monastery at last in sight. I was able to get more men to carry my kit from the tonga, and I pushed on ahead of them up the mountain. A tiny little path went winding away over what was otherwise nearly precipice: by the look of it they didn't often go from that monastery, whoever they were, and few seemed to go to them. A bell sounded as I climbed up to them, but there was hardly a welcome in the sound as you might expect in this voice from the lonely mountain; it was too unearthly for that, too little concerned, so it seemed, with any cares we know. The way to the door seemed almost quite untrodden. By the door a bell-handle in bronze, shaped like a dragon, hung from a light chain. I went up and pulled the handle, and an astonishing din reverberated through the monastery. By some system of pulleys the chain that I pulled so easily must have swung a bell weighing little under a ton. And out came a wizened man in a monkish robe, and to him I tried to explain what I wanted without an interpreter, and without knowing a word of his language, or he knowing any of mine. But I think he must have guessed from some look of fear in my eyes, for he led me in; and presently the men came up with my baggage, and it was easier to explain more about myself by pointing to that. Had I come with less kit, and perhaps barefooted, they might have sent me on sooner. As it was, I sent one of the men who brought my baggage to go and get an interpreter, and it took him a week to find one. And all that time they housed me and gave me their queer food and a small stone cell to sleep in. And when the interpreter came I had a talk with a younger monk, telling him all my case; and he told me to ask the interpreter to come back in a year; and that at the end of that time I should have prepared myself by suitable meditation to have speech with their Lama.

"That was an unthinkable year. The rat gnawing through my thoughts and working into my reason, and they would not even let me ask for the cure. A year of horror. A year of the pit. I will not speak of it. They kept the rat from doing its worst, I will say that for them; they knew of exercises, exorcisms and spells, fastings and meditations that kept up the walls of the soul and kept the powers of night from actually taking the citadel; but I was beleaguered by terrors all that year, and they would not even let me ask for help. A ghastly, unspeakable year, and the rat so close that were it not for their bell, were it not for their bell, I don't know what would have happened.

"It came to an end at last. At last they sent for me and said that their Lama would see me; and they had the interpreter all ready.

"I was shown into his cell—a man in a yellow robe, with a flat-topped head, sitting calmly at a table, and eyes like the scrutiny of the entire night, like the whole night solving a riddle, unraveling the mystery of courses of worlds that were older than ours. I spoke to him through my interpreter, but he did not speak to me. When I had spoken he merely pointed upwards, not to the sky but up the slope of the mountain, then he sat motionless with his gaze before him and his hands stretched out on the table. I saw that it was time to go, and I bowed to him and left the room, and

soon afterwards left the monastery, and started, where he had pointed, up the mountain, where as I was told by one of the younger monks I should find another monastery before nightfall. Something in the reverence with which he spoke of it, something in the awe with which they watched me set forth, gave a fresh hope to my hard-hunted soul. It was in the early morning, and I climbed all day. No track whatever led up from the monastery I left; late in the afternoon I met a track arising out of nowhere and winding upwards. They didn't seem to call on each other much. I could not see the monastery to which I was going, but they had pointed out the direction, and I had no doubt that this insufficient track was the road of the people I looked for. The heat and fatigue were nothing to me, for without the protection, such as it was, that I had had from the monks of the lower monastery, the rat was hunting me sorely. And before the sun set I heard a bell above me; but so faint it sounded, lonely and lost on the mountain, and so very strange were its notes, so aloof from our joys or troubles, that it hardly seemed to ring from a habitation of men.

"I had brought my interpreter with me, a Hindu from near Naini Tal; that is to say he had left the lower monastery with me; but I had let him follow at leisure, not being driven, as I was, over the rocks by the pursuit of the rat. But besides the interpreter I brought nobody; nobody to carry my kit, and no kit to carry. I had an idea that it might be better to arrive like that this time. They don't set store by the things that we set store by.

"Over a rise the track I was following rambled, leading down to a little valley, and on the far side of the valley the upper monastery stood, with the little rocky valley to look out on, and the mountain going up like a sheer wall behind it. The sun set then, and a queer glow over everything added a mystery to the house I approached. By the door hung a bell-handle of silver, obviously shaped as a symbol, but a symbol of something of which I was utterly ignorant. I pulled the bell-handle, and a gentle note turned all the air of the monastery to music. And presently I heard monkish feet coming slowly down a passage, and the door opened. I had picked up some words of their language in the year at the other monastery, but not enough in which to speak of the terrors of the soul, the soul's affairs being so far more intricate than are those of the body. So I asked him for lodging, trusting to these people's hospitality, and told him that I had come from the lower monastery, and that my interpreter would soon arrive. When I spoke of the lower monastery, looking in his face, I might have been speaking of another world, so little it seemed to mean to him. I hoped from that. I hoped that they had some wisdom here of which they knew nothing below.

"To their hospitality I had not trusted in vain; he took me in at once; and as soon as the interpreter arrived I went with him to the cell of one of the monks and told over in all its terror my old story. Well, they certainly had spells: they used to chant them round my bed at evening, spells in no language I knew, not even the language that they usually spoke on this mountain and of which I had picked up scraps. They were only like reinforcements on tottering ramparts: they kept the rat away while I got some sleep; but I was nearing my end now, and palliatives like this could not postpone it much longer—the end was near, and the rat would get my reason. They occupied my day by reading runes to me that were all of them greater than curses if you could get the right rune against the right curse. But I had a feeling that the rat was winning. And you'd think that when he was winning he'd be all the neater and sleeker; you'd think that his fur would be smooth and shiny, and the rat in fine condition. It was just the other way about. His fur was like dead fur; his lower jaw was drooping, his lips were shrunken, his

sides were sinking in, and the wound in his tail was rawer and more revolting. Everything was shabby and mildewed about him except his eyes, and they were as keen and penetrating as ever.

"About a month went by. And then one day their Lama sent for me. I went in terror, for it seemed like my last chance. But all the monks smiled at me, and seemed to be telling me that all would be well. We were shown in, the interpreter and I, to the dim room in which the Lama was sitting, in a yellow robe, at a table of red lacquer. Nothing spoke but his eyes when we came in. And then I told my story. The interpreter knew the grim details of that tale of mine now, and told every terrible sentence after me rapidly. At the end, in the silence, the Lama spoke one word. I could not believe it. One word to my interpreter, and then that empty look upon his face that shows one that the interview is over.

"I looked at the interpreter, but he rose to go. And so I left in despair, having only got one word.

"'What did he say?' I asked, as much out of curiosity as anything.

"'Prayer,' said the interpreter.

"But prayer? What prayer? Did he think I hadn't prayed? As well advise a hunted fox to run. What did it mean, this one word that he spoke to me, I asked monk after monk. And they all of them said the same, they did not know; I must go farther up the mountain.

"'Another monastery?' I asked.

"Yes, one more, they said; a monastery at the top of the mountain. I calculated that that was another two thousand feet, and pretty steep; but I could not miss my way, it was right at the top of the peak. And so I started, though it was late in the afternoon, and soon night fell on my climbing. But I didn't mind that; it was better than lying awake on sleepless beds, with the sly rat in the dark, gnawing and gnawing its way through thought to my reason. I climbed all night, letting the interpreter come on when he would, and in the heat of the day I dropped at their door and rested. Here at least they could send me no higher. And after a while I got up and pulled a plain iron bell-handle, and a bell like a cow-bell clanged in the monastery, and a smiling Buddhist with a friendly face opened the door for me, and I staggered in. And for a while I said nothing. And then I said, 'Prayer. Prayer,' using the word that the Lama had said to me, and stumbled through some words of their language, trying to tell of my stress and the near approach of the rat; but I did not know enough of the language for that, yet he seemed to understand, and took me in and fed me. Then he took me to a cool room, where there was a bed, and gave me a pitcher of water, and there I slept for some hours. When I awoke the interpreter had arrived, and I wanted to tell my terrible story at once; but some of the monks quieted me, and I rested for some while longer. And when I woke again in the cool evening they seemed to know my story already; I suppose the interpreter had told them.

"And an older monk came in, and gave me a small square of paper with red writing upon it; and smiled, and said, 'The prayer.'

"I grasped it, and he went out of the room. But it was all in Thibetan. What was I to do?

"They did not leave me in perplexity long. The monk who had taken me in at the door came back with a tiny wheel, which he gave to me. Then he slipped the prayer into a catch in the wheel and showed me how to turn it. One did not pray orally, but turned the wheel.

"He went away and left me with my prayer, and I began to turn it. Oh, man, it was the right prayer!

"It was the right prayer at last. Imagine a man cold, weary, bitterly cold, taken instantly from the uphill road he is trudging to a soft chair by a fire in a warm room, instantly, without troubling to walk to it; or a man lost in a desert without water suddenly finding

it is not true, suddenly finding himself safe at home; even so the rat faded.

"Well, I needn't tell you that I turned that wheel all day and far into the night. It was the first real rest I'd had for what seemed ages and ages. The only trouble was that the moment I tried to get to sleep, and stopped turning the wheel, the rat came back. Not that I minded that much at the time: it was such a relief to be able to keep that rat away that I turned the wheel till morning and troubled no more about sleep.

"Bright morning poured into my room, and I rose and looked from the window on a land more full of mountain-tops than any field is of ant heaps, always turning my wheel. A bell tolled, I did not know whether for breakfast or prayer, but it showed that the monks were about, so I went down and met them walking in one of the wide corridors. They greeted me and asked me if I had slept well, and then I explained my difficulty.

"A cheery laugh went up when I came to the difficulty about sleeping, as soon as I made myself clear. There was no difficulty in that, they said; and they sent for the interpreter, and when he had come they explained that they had little water-wheels all along a mountain-stream for several yards that turned prayers night and day, and they said they would put one of these at my disposal. A kinder act I never knew; it meant rest by day, sleep by night; it meant at last a safe retreat from the rat.

"So two or three of them came down to the stream with me, and it was my turn to laugh when I saw their little wheels. Very crude compared to anything we can do over here. And one thing I didn't quite like about them was that they went slower than the one that you turned by hand. Too slow won't do, you know. It gives the rat time to slip in between thoughts. However, I said nothing of that at the time. I was too grateful to them to risk hurting their feelings. And they showed me the wheel I might use, and I slid my prayer into it. And though thoughts of the rat slipped in at the far end of the revolutions, just before the prayer got round to its starting point, they were gone too soon to be able to keep me from sleep.

"A few days in that bright crystalline air, with regular sleep every night, and my prayer-wheel turning, and the company of these men, keen as pioneers, giving all their days to extend the limits of human thought, did wonders for me. I put on weight rapidly, and my face began to get some likeness again to the face that my friends would have recognized. And as my health came back my keenness came with it, my old capacity began to return, my grip of business and industry. And one day I went to one of those monks and said to him, 'See here. You want to let me move those prayer-wheels fifty yards lower down. It will give you a fall of another fifty feet. Or let me move them a hundred yards, and you'll have another twenty feet onto that, seventy feet in all, which will about double your power. And what's more, you've another stream, just as good, quite close, and a hundred men could dig a connecting trench in a day, or say ten days, working as the people you're likely to get will work; and that will double your power again. See?'

"I was speaking as much by signs as by the interpreter. The thing was such obvious sense there was nothing to argue about. But would they do it? They wouldn't even think about it. They wouldn't turn it over in their minds. Instead of thinking, they said it had always been like that. Instead of improving it, they said it was good enough for their fathers.

"I grant you the wisdom of the East: it had saved my reason. But when it comes to organization, you have to go a long way west for it. God's own country every time. And back to it I returned very soon after that. It wasn't that I was ungrateful, I owed them more than ever I can repay, but I couldn't stand their lack of horse sense.

You know, a man may have the wisdom of the ages and yet be unable to put gasoline into his car if his chauffeur isn't with him. It was the same with these people. I did all I could to teach them, but in the end I had to leave them alone to go their own way. It wasn't that I was ungrateful, and it wasn't that I was not happy there, but those absurd little prayer-wheels were more than I could stand. Why, they had the water-power for ten times the speed they were doing, and I could have quadrupled it in a day or two. But I told you that. And, mind you, all the time the rat was gaining on the wheel. Very slowly, but gaining. And they stood helpless, and letting nobody help them, because it had been good enough for their fathers. So that, even if I had been able to stand their obsolete way of doing things, the rat would have got me in the end, slipping in between thoughts a little bit quicker than the wheel, just before it completed its lazy revolution. So I came home to these dynamos. I took the little prayer-wheel with me and left them. I tried to get the monk that gave it me to come out here, to see what these dynamos could do. I wanted to pay his way across the world. But he wouldn't come, and so we parted forever; some slight regret on his part, as I always like to think; and I in tears.

"In three days I was out of the mountains, and in a few more down to the coast, twiddling my prayer-wheel day and night all the way. You'll wonder how I slept all the way from Bombay to London. That was a very small piece of inventiveness for a man who has controlled the businesses I have controlled. I fixed my prayer to the electric fan in my stateroom.

"And now you see these dynamos. All of them work to turn one wheel. And it's doing nine thousand revolutions a minute. My prayer is on that wheel.

"Not much chance for the rat. Not much chance for him to slip in a thought between one turn and the next. My prayer is down on him before he can dodge it.

"He may try to slip in sometimes. If I have been talking too much of him, as I have to-night, or remembering my time in India; then when my thoughts are all leaning his way he may make a grab at one of them before the wheel comes round, but he has to be mighty quick. And on just such a night as this, with all that talk about him, and calling to mind those days on the jewel-like Ganges and with the monks in the mountains, he might well be likely to try. But I take no chances. Smedgers," he called through the shutter. "Is Mr. Smedgers there?" And the man answered from the far end of the stable of those mighty dynamos.

"Accelerate," said Makins.

At once the drone of the dynamos rose to a wail, nearly drowning Makins' voice when he spoke again. "Get them up to twelve thousand," he shouted. Smedgers nodded. "For half an hour," Makins called down to him.

"Right, sir," shouted Smedgers.

"That will stop him," said the Electric King.

This is the story as Jorkens took it down, word for word, in shorthand, and it would have been printed years ago but for some doubt there chanced to be raised at the time as to whether or not the interview was authentic.

VERGIL, THE MODERN POET

BY JOHN ERSKINE

WHEN Vergil set himself to compose the "Æneid," his intention was to praise Rome at the moment when neither he nor any other sensible man could doubt that Rome was the most successful empire the world had yet seen. Most of the international accord we dream of to-day, Rome had achieved at least temporarily and, so far as Vergil knew, permanently. The known world was obedient to central control. The League of Nations was working. All roads quite literally led to the Forum. Over them daily, from the last horizon, came reports and tributes to the government supreme on the seven hills, and over them in return Rome spread to the four quarters the arts, the sciences, the religions of mankind. Through Rome had arisen order, communication, peace. What more could one ask?

Well, Vergil asked what it cost. The question has made him famous for nearly two thousand years. It makes him seem to-day the most representative of modern poets.

Had he been less than a great spirit he might have been content to praise such a climax in civilization as we have not yet been able to reach again. He knew that his city had given to the western world its missionary impulse, the urge to carry to other people whatever good it possessed. In this respect, he knew, Rome was superior even to Athens at its best. Athens built walls, Athens shut out the barbarian. Rome built roads Rome overcame the barbarian by making him Roman. During Vergil's lifetime Rome had become aware of her mission and had given herself consciously to that vision of progress which still fascinates modern peoples—progress through expanding culture, expanding influence, broadening exchange.

But we shall be celebrating his anniversary this autumn precisely because he preferred to take for granted Rome's greatness and to consider rather the sacrifice and the sorrow by which it had been purchased.

In the cost of founding Rome Vergil included the sacrifices of those who had spread the Empire, and equally, the wounds of those barbarous people who had opposed its march and who had been conquered. He had in mind the devotion of soldiers and administrators, spending their lives in distant provinces, holding bleak frontiers, building their camps in dangerous forests, stretching the famous Roman roads into Gaul or northward toward the Germans. He counted precious the loyalty of those armies whose only reward would be the call to further service, of those non-commissioned officers, the centurions, whose loyalty has become a legend. He knew what we sometimes forget, that the Roman did not love fighting for its own sake, and perhaps for that very reason was a more terrible fighter.

At the other extreme of the imperial administration Vergil was near enough to Augustus and his counsellors to know what burden rested on the Emperor himself—what a mass of detail must be disposed of daily, how economically all waking moments must be used, how little opportunity there was for a private

life, how little chance of respite or reprieve. When Vergil wrote his poem he had learned with his own eyes that the Emperor was condemned by destiny to as little freedom as a prisoner in a jail. This aspect of the cost of building Rome, the sacrifice of the founders, he dramatized in the character of Æneas.

But it is remarkable that he dramatized also the suffering of those peoples whom Rome had conquered, that he did not blink the destruction which hitherto has been inevitable to progress. He had in mind particularly Rome's great rival, Carthage, the empire across the Mediterranean which Rome could not tolerate. He thought also of the native tribes in Gaul and Germany who would have preferred their own culture, their own freedom, their primitive simplicity to any benefits which a more highly organized civilization could confer. Rome gave them no choice.

And in Vergil's opinion, Rome had no choice. Civilization carries within itself the urge to expand, whether or not the method of the expansion is tragic. To build a city we must cut down the trees, ruin the landscape, bring noise and irritation where there was peace. This maladroitness and injustice in progress he dramatized in the character of Dido, Queen of Carthage; in Lavinia, the heiress to the Italian countryside; in Camilla, the lover of nature still unspoiled.

In raising the question of progress Vergil made himself the poet of times later than his own. So convincingly did he indicate the unanswerable tragedy of civilization that the early Church could point to him as a witness when it invited men to fix their hopes on another kingdom in another life. His glorification of the citizen's duty, of the Roman discipline, provided Dante, for example, with an image of the Christian service in the empire of the soul.

But those of us in these late times who are not content with the answer which St. Augustine and Dante gave to Vergil's problem, who are not willing to admit that civilization may not some day be achieved here on earth without incidental grief and wreckage, are lured back to the "Æneid" by the fact that we have not yet a better account to give of ourselves than Vergil gave of Rome. If ever human society learns to be civilized without being cruel, Vergil's poem will be out of date. Meanwhile it will remain the most magnificent statement of our plight.

He, like us, assumed that what we call progress is desirable. He would have said in our terms that we must either go on or go back—there is no standing still, and that once we have taken the first steps we must persist to the end. To him, as to us, it seemed obviously better to organize the world than to leave it in primitive chaos. But he saw that once the attempt is made, we shall soon be asking alternate questions of hope or discouragement. If we believe in our civilization ought we not to spread it? If sanitation and hygiene are desirable should we not build water works and hospitals, and whatever goes with them? If we are comforted by our religion should we not carry it to the heathen? Yet the city which displaces the simple and primitive life will be less beautiful than the country. The soul of the heathen may be saved, but incidentally his character will frequently be ruined. He may accept our civilization, but he will probably lose his own; and sometimes the loss is more than he can survive. Is our progress then genuine? Is machinery an aid to us or a menace? Is a missionary imperialism justified, whether in the realm of economics or of the mind? Is the spread of civilization after all a good thing?

However sad these thoughts may be in themselves, and however melancholy Vergil may have been—a solitary dreamer, tradition says, even in the midst of society—yet he enjoyed what to poets must always seem a unique fortune. He arrived at the climax of

Roman greatness, not too soon to be conscious of the quality of that greatness, and not too late to be aware of the steps by which that greatness had been attained. He was a son of the people, born on a farm, but he became the friend of the rulers of the empire, of the Emperor himself. He had absorbed whatever was possible of that culture, Greek and Oriental, upon which Rome had laid hands, but he was alert to the horizons of his day, to the symptoms of a new world, to the consequences of the life he and his countrymen were leading.

It would have been privilege enough to sum up such a portion of human culture as included Greece and Rome; but this poet, precisely because he was sensitive to the weakness in the ancient world, became integrated in the new Christian tradition which tried to mend that weakness. Now that we realize that the weakness belongs to our civilization also, that our imperialism is only a development of the Roman and carries with it the same or greater cruelties, Vergil lives afresh as our poet.

II

Though his modernness is in the "Æneid," yet we can enjoy in the beautiful earlier poems two strains of his thought which recur to most of us in our youth, and which are brought together in the tragic dilemma which the "Æneid" presents. The "Eclogues" and the "Georgics" indicate Vergil's passion for the country life, for quiet, for landscape beauty, for contact with nature in its humblest form. They show also his preoccupation with science, whether purely speculative, as in the philosophy of Lucretius, or whether applied to the constructive administration of life. From these early poems we are prepared for the sort of hero Æneas is to be. Homer had little interest in the commissary of the Grecian fleet; Vergil will make Æneas a true Roman, concerned, like other actual commanders, more often about his supplies than about the fighting.

In these early poems we can guess at the inevitable conflict which will result from these two strains of thought—on one side the passion for nature and the poetic aspects of life, on the other side the passion for science and administration. In the "Eclogues," to be sure, he shows himself still too young to be disillusioned. He can still believe that a love of nature is not incompatible with the dream of modern civilization. He brings the interests of science into his most poetical mythology, with slight intimation of the discord. In the Sixth Eclogue, for example, we are told that one day when Silenus was sleeping in the woods the nymphs teased him by binding his hands and his feet, refusing to let him go until he should sing to them. He sang, says Vergil, how through the great void were gathered together seeds of earth and air, water and fire; how from these came all beginnings, and the world globed into a mass; how then the ground hardened and the waters came together; how each thing took its form, and the astonished earth first saw the sun shining, and rain dropping from the clouds; how then woods and plants began to rise, and living creatures moved upon the mountains.

In the Fourth Eclogue also Vergil has still the enthusiasm of youth. Few poems are so rich in magnificent lines or in stirring hopes. We are told that Vergil wrote it for his friend, C. Asinius Pollio, who was expecting the birth of a child. Vergil assumed that the infant would be a boy, and prophesied that during his lifetime the world would revert from the iron age back to the silver, and at last to the golden. Here is such a dream of human perfection as Shelley gave us in "Prometheus Unbound." Here also, as in Shelley, there is an implied criticism of modern society with its selfish wars and its still more selfish commerce. Yet there is a naïve hope that we can learn to use the good of modern science and discard the worst aspects of it. As Pollio's son grows to manhood, says the poet, the merchant

will no longer cross the waters to sell his goods. Every land will produce all it needs. Mankind will live happy in the spot where each was born, contemplating beauty and meditating wisdom.

The cheerfulness of such a poem as this is largely on the surface. Other poets besides Vergil had observed that commerce is only another form of war, sometimes not easily distinguished from it. Even in these early verses he assumes this ugly fact. Perhaps under the eloquence of his lines we are correct in discerning also the beginning of the melancholy which is to distinguish the "Æneid." His hope is for a golden age in which there shall be no toil, no commerce, no sorrow, yet he still wants a high development of the intellectual life, the speculations of science, the practical application of knowledge. But when, except in a poet's dream of a golden age, did the fruits of science result from anything but labor and patience and sorrow? Were we to live close to nature, we might have peace, but little opportunity to satisfy intellectual hunger.

This fact is clearly stated in the "Georgics," the great eulogy of the farmer's life, published when Vergil was forty-one, and written, we are told, to dissuade country youth from migrating to the city. The first two books deal with the cultivation of the soil and the raising of the crops; the third discusses the breeding of horses and cattle; the wonderful fourth book describes the habits of the bees—as wise and as spiritual an account as Maeterlinck's, and just as true, the bees not having changed their nature in two thousand years. For us the significant passage in the poem occurs at the end of the second book where Vergil in a famous burst of eloquence tells the farmers how happy they are if only they knew it. They are undisturbed, he says, by the evils of city life, by ambition, by envy of wealth, by the perils and annoyances of law suits, of travel, of commerce; poverty protects them against the murderer and the thief. Logically, Vergil ought to say at this point that he himself desires to live in the country; but like many another man who has said kind words about the farm, he has no intention of returning to it. Between the love of the country and the desire for knowledge he has at last chosen what comes only through complex civilization. "As for me, my first wish is that the beloved muses may take me under their care and teach me the orbits of heaven, the stars, the eclipses of the sun, the wanderings of the moon, the causes of earthquakes, the shortening of winter days. But if my heart is too slow to master this science, let my delight (this is my second choice) be the country, the brooks, the woods, though I miss fame. Happy is the man who can understand the causes of things, who can rise above superstition and dread of destiny and fear of death. But happy too is he who knows the woodland gods, Pan and old Sylvanus and the nymphs."

When Vergil began the "Æneid" he had fully meditated the problem of civilization, and had realized that the kind of progress which he had expected to praise had been paid for with innumerable tears. There is a legend that he composed only a few verses every morning and polished them carefully through the day. From the poem one would think that he brooded even more on the subject matter than on the style. The much-quoted line with which the poem traditionally begins, though it was not the first in Vergil's own text, announces the subject of the poem as war, yet the "Æneid" is the least martial of poems. The words which the poet uses most frequently are "quiet" and "rest." His hero, much to the disappointment of school boys, has no enthusiasm for his part, no joy in his task, no gift for the heroic. It is easy for inexperience to prefer Achilles, who had the joy of life, to Æneas, who was ready to groan, to shed tears upon all occasions, to utter desperate, even frantic prayers.

Yet Æneas is a picture of modern

man. In Vergil's account he had no call to be a hero. What he was looking for when his career began was a strictly private life. Through no fault of his, Troy had been destroyed, and he had no ambition to build another city. His wife was dead; he had no wish to marry again. He was occupied with the natural duty of rescuing his father and his small son. Vergil shows us the three together fleeing from the burning walls, the extreme generations helpless, the middle generation sustaining a double burden. But when he reached the waterside with his two charges, Æneas found himself surrounded by people more helpless than himself who looked to him for guidance. Against his wish, and only for the moment, he became their leader. He planned no more than to aid them toward some island where the furious Greeks could not pursue. But having taken this humane and inevitable step, he was lost. The logic of that first gesture would at last involve him in the destruction of Dido, in the tragic marriage with Lavinia, in the splendid but sad founding of Rome.

Few of us know our destiny until it is practically achieved. We may make our choice in youth, but the world in which we are caught demands unexpected things of us; and in the end we respond. Æneas is more than half way through his adventures before he sees clearly what it is he has been doing and how far he must go. Vergil emphasizes this progress in three particular episodes, two of which, since they occur in the first half of the story, we may have read. Latin education in the United States usually takes leave of Æneas at the end of the sixth book, leaving him astonished and melancholy in Hades. In that visit to the lower world he first learned the meaning and the irony of his career, but the irony is even more strongly expressed in the earlier episode with Dido and in the later one with Lavinia—episodes which we, like the Roman reader, know have little to do with love.

When Æneas and his people land on Dido's shores the poet wishes us to remember the tragic fate of Carthage. Had the poet been the shallow kind of patriot, he would have boasted of this terrific victory. He prefers rather to ask why the two empires might not have been friends, and whether Rome, which wiped out its rival, was necessarily a better empire. The question takes many forms. Why should the greatness of England have cost so much to Spain? Why should the coming of the white man to our land have meant the destruction of the Indian? Why should American civilization already seem ominous to other nations? The poet has no answer more than we, but he expounds the question with unique generosity. He concedes the injustice which accompanies modern progress; he represents Carthage in the person of Dido so that our sympathies are not with Æneas or Rome, and he lays the blame somewhat precariously upon the will of the gods, which is dangerously close to blind fate. What could be more natural for the Roman leader than to accept Dido's suggestion that he found his destined city on her shores? She is a lonely woman, a widow, with a responsibility too great for her. He is a lonely man, uncertain as to where his city should be located.

In describing the natural instinct which one would think would draw peoples together, peoples even of a different stock but caught in the same predicament, Vergil enriches his poem with the sort of psychology which is the fabric of much modern literature. He tells us that Dido, though faithful to the memory of her dead husband, had reached that time of early middle age when she was particularly lonely. As she listened to Æneas, telling the story of his adventures, she held on her lap his small son. The god of love took the place of the child and inflamed Dido's heart—or, as we should say, the lonely woman was touched by this sight of childhood, and wished for children of her own. She told her state of mind to her

sister Anna, in a passage the subtlety of which Dante imitated in his *Vita Nuova*. She had thought, she said, to have loved once only, as a noble person should, but now, having met Æneas, she recognizes the ancient symptoms repeating themselves. Her sister's advice is excellent but, as it appears later, tragic. She tells Dido that perhaps she ought to marry this man, even at some sacrifice of her most intimate feelings. It is her duty to protect the people, to give them a capable leader, to bear children who may continue the dynasty.

So she determines to marry Æneas, in a quite modern fashion, before he is aware of her intention. She permits him to think that he did the proposing when they were caught in the convenient cavern during the thunder storm. In this episode too Æneas is Roman rather than heroic or romantic. He marries her in the hope of bringing peace to his people. But the two races, in spite of good will, cannot mix. They remain distinct, with different traditions. The poet says a messenger from Heaven asked Æneas why he wasted his time founding a city for the Carthaginians. We understand this illumination as a quite natural discovery on Æneas's part, that certain racial elements cannot mix. As a private individual, he owes something to Dido; but as private individuals we always acknowledge a human relation with other races; as private individuals we should never go to war. But as the leader of his people, driven by their destiny, he deserts Dido and sets sail for Italy. She kills herself. In the lower world he meets her ghost, and Vergil puts into his mouth words singularly human and unheroic, such a mixture of truth and self-excuse as nationalistic historians usually achieve. "Unhappy Dido," he says, "was the rumor true then that you are dead? That you killed yourself? I heard of it. Was it on account of me? I swear by all that's sacred, I hated to leave you, but the will of the gods which compels me now to pass through this shadowy land, through darkness and death, compelled me then. I had no idea you would take it so hard. Do not go! Whom are you fleeing? We shall never have another chance to talk." Reduced to plain terms, this is what Æneas says to the unhappy ghost—in the circumstances a rather shabby speech, but there are tears in his eyes; and we feel that he as well as Dido is the victim of fate.

The episode of Lavinia, which occupies the second half of the epic, is meant to balance ironically this story of Dido. Having deserted the woman who loved him, Æneas in the end accomplishes the founding of Rome by uniting himself with the woman who did not. King Latinus, with his wife Amata, rules a happy people on the Italian shore. Their destiny seems complete without Æneas. The Princess Lavinia is betrothed to Turnus, and her parents approve the union. Deep in the forests lives Camilla, the huntress, the embodiment of the beauty and innocence of the wilderness before civilization has spoiled it. When Æneas arrives the old king recognizes in him a blood relative; however remote, they have the same ancestry. Once more the wandering leader is invited to build his city and settle his people, but now the very kinship which removes the difficulty he found in alien Carthage, suggests—even forces—a partnership which neither side really wishes. The betrothal to Turnus is broken, and the tearful Lavinia is promised to the Trojan prince. Naturally Turnus fights for his love; Camilla aids him for the sake of the landscape which must be destroyed to make way for this approaching empire, and naturally they both lose. After they are dead the gloomy wedding takes place, and Æneas presents his sorrowful bride, among other gifts, with a scarf which Dido once gave him. He probably has forgotten where it came from.

When I was a student some of my teachers tried to show me that Turnus was the villain of the poem; since he opposed the will of the gods, they said, he

deserved defeat and death at the hands of Æneas. I am quite sure now that Vergil meant nothing of the kind. Turnus loses not because he is less of a man than Æneas, but because he is on the losing side. In the death struggle of modern empires the virtues of the individuals have less to do with the outcome than the strange aggregate of forces which, looking back, we call fate. Robert Lee lost not because he was inferior to Grant, but because he was on the side which could not win. Washington won not because he had the better army, but because he was on the side which could not lose.

III

To state the matter so is to challenge all the comfort in the theory of progress, but that is precisely the challenge which Vergil's poem makes. If the challenge were not clear in these two great episodes of Dido and Lavinia, ironically opposed, it would be unescapable in the vision of Rome's future which Æneas enjoys in the sixth book. There in the lower world his father is busy contemplating his yet unborn descendants. Step by step he sees the empire rise to material and spiritual achievements, and the end of the immense toil will be to produce a great race—as the Roman would say with us, to produce the highest type of human character. In the vision this type is produced at last in the person of Marcellus, the nephew of Augustus, who was to have been his heir and successor. Marcellus, by general consent, was the ideal Roman. But he died young. At the close of the vision the famous lines in his memory, one of the most inspired of elegies, sum up ironically the hopes of human greatness.

Two episodes of this vision emphasize still further the message of the poem. For a nation or civilization devoted to imperialism there is only one absorbing task—call it government or organization, or efficiency—it all comes to the same thing. When Vergil wrote he was aware of the place which Rome would hold in history, he knew what traits Roman civilization had developed at the expense of what others. He lets old Anchises say, "Other peoples shall excel in sculpture, in oratory, in science. Remember, O Roman, your peculiar art, the art to rule, to found peace upon law, to be merciful to weaker peoples, to overthrow in war, if need be, the arrogant." Here is such an apology as we should make for ourselves to-day in America. Others excel us in art, but our business is to do the work of the world and make it safe for democracy. The defense is as well meaning now as it was two thousand years ago.

The other episode in the vision of the sixth book is so ironical as to seem bitter. Æneas sees the souls who have resided in the other world for a thousand years now crowding to the river to be born again and to revisit the world. He asks his father to explain this mad desire for life. His father tells him the cycle through which the soul passes, with this biting remark at the end, that they must drink of the river Lethe and forget before they can desire to return to the body.

When Vergil died suddenly, at the age of fifty, he left directions that the manuscript of the "Æneid" should be destroyed. Perhaps he was aware of imperfections in it which escape our notice. Perhaps he felt that his praise of Rome had ended in a conclusion more gloomy than he wished. The Emperor Augustus caused the poem to be given to the world. One admires the magnanimity of an Emperor and the intelligence of a public that could recognize justice in such a portrait of their civilization. We wonder whether they recognized also the love as well as the pity for man, the yearning for beatitude rather than for success, the spiritual majesty, which we find in the poem. Or is it only after two thousand years of history that these splendid verses have learned to reflect the image of our modern soul?

VIOLETTE

A STORY

BY VINCENT SHEEAN

THE passage of Violette Maucourt through the world of political journalism created not a little stir in its time. For three years she was everywhere — at international conferences, at the League meetings in Geneva, at the centers of postwar trouble here, there, and the next place—and then she was seen no more. The last I heard of her, a year or two ago, she was teaching school in her native Rouen. Our confrères never did understand exactly why she appeared and vanished with such definite completeness. To this day in the bar of the Victoria at Geneva or of the Adlon in Berlin you will hear the correspondents of English, French, American, German, South American newspapers saying, "I wonder what ever happened to that pretty little French girl who used to work for the *Réveil Parisien?* Best woman correspondent I've ever seen"—and other compliments of a doubtful nature.

It scarcely matters how I came to know the story of Violette, by what chance encounters in Constantinople and elsewhere, by what bits from Picard and bits from Eversleigh I formed such a coherent idea of what happened to her. The fact is that now I think I understand the motive and manner of her departure: every step of the thing is as clear to me as if I had assisted at it all. I can see her, a slim red-haired young thing in a pale green dress, standing on the glassed-in terrace of the Palace Hotel at Lausanne, staring out at that hillside of gardens and moonlight with the most scentless and moonless thoughts imaginable. No great issues were determined by her decision, but I am sure that when she made up her mind it was the result of a genuine, if unexpressed, communication with a larger reality of existence. I think what happened was that she saw her own life and its governing impulses very clearly from the outside for a few moments—long enough, that is, to spurn it forever.

She began by being a poet. That was before any of us knew her. She was a French girl of good Norman family who inexplicably produced a volume of delicate and rather beautiful verse at the age of twenty. Her poetry was successful enough to bring her up to Paris for a prolonged visit, on which she met and married, under circumstances of the most unimpeachable respectability, Armand Maucourt of the *Réveil Parisien.* He was one of those sharp, hard, bright phrase-makers whose columns of political comment are so often the terror of French politicians; more than once he and Picard between them had produced a government crisis. Maucourt survived the marriage only a year, and when he expired in the midst of a Venizelist *coup d'état* in Athens, his widow promptly continued his work where he had left off. Her dispatches to the *Réveil Parisien* were not even interrupted by the funeral, and she was the first person in the whole international press to obtain a comprehensive interview with the Cretan on his return.

It was considered very callous of

Violette to throw herself so suddenly into her husband's work; but the charitable were inclined to believe that she did it under the nervous compulsion to do something. In any case her work was first-rate (better, many people thought, than Maucourt's own), and when she at last returned to Paris she found that his job was hers. One of her first achievements thereafter was the overthrow of the Briand government after the Conference at Cannes. She was at Cannes (she, too, could play golf) and was one of the group of three or four French political correspondents whose bitter dispatches caused such excitement in Paris. The Premier returned to Paris suddenly, walked into the Chamber, made a speech, and resigned without even asking for a vote of confidence. It was a matter of public knowledge that this result had been brought about by the terrific sarcasm which animated the daily articles of Violette and Picard and that other writer who uses a Roman word for signature.

This was a great triumph for Violette. After Cannes she went everywhere. She was very pretty, very chic, very clever, and the only woman political correspondent at that time in Europe. Naturally she became a celebrity in her own world. Conferences happened with bewildering frequency in those days; there was current some sort of Gallic superstition about a thing called "reparations"; and at close intervals the statesmen of all the Western Powers would abandon the affairs of their governments in order to huddle together and discuss the Great Unknown. At a time when magic formulas about "gold marks" and "paper marks" empoisoned the air, and the lowest term in diplomatic arithmetic was a thousand millions, Violette kept her head. With brilliance, precision, and pertinacity she continued to disbelieve in it all. There was something uncanny in her instinct for sham; she seemed almost to possess an intuition, a power independent of the reasoning faculty, which warned her of the presence of anything bogus. And since practically everything is bogus at an international conference, this came to be recognized as her characteristic attitude. It wasn't cynicism; it happened quite apart from her conscious opinions or wishes; and certainly —clever as she was—she had no staggering powers of mind. An easy way to label the quality would be to call it "woman's intuition," which it may possibly have been.

At any rate, when she came to the Lausanne Peace Conference at the end of three years of this sort of thing, she was one of the most remarkable young women in Europe. She had been everywhere and knew everybody she needed to know. Her faculty for acquiring information was fabulous; often we had to wait until the *Réveil Parisien* arrived to learn something of importance we ought to have known the day before. Violette would always give the rest of us whatever she had, however—if she happened to see us and happened to think of it.

"By the way," she would say, tapping her cigarette holder on the side of her pert little nose, "I dare say you know that Curzon's going home to-morrow? He's fed up, I expect. Needs a change of air. There's too much oil in Lausanne."

That was the sort of English she spoke, easy and casual, not as if it hurt. Her French was very pure and precise, but equally effortless. And her clothes —well, after Violette appeared at the first important party at the Beau Rivage half of the women there sent to Paris for more dresses. She used to be asked out to dinner with such regularity that in my opinion she never paid for more than one meal a week, exclusive of breakfasts. I hope she made due allowance for this on her expense account.

She wasn't much of a barfly. Occasionally she would go into the bar of the Palace Hotel for a cocktail or a glass of sherry with a fellow-journalist, but generally she stayed away from such

professional places of assembly. After the warm weather began (and you may remember that the Lausanne Conference lasted a long time) she used to be seen at tea under the trees in the garden of the Beau Rivage, sitting with one or two of the younger members of the delegations. She appeared for several months to be remarkably impartial as to nationality; she would have tea with the Turks and dinner with the British and luncheon the next day with the Italians; and they all caused her equal amusement. With the Americans she played tennis, and used to beat them at it, too. The one delegation with which she did not seem to be on the easiest terms was the French; but this was obviously because they were afraid of her, and it detracted nothing from her general popularity. The most extraordinary thing was that in spite of her youth and good looks there was no scandal about Violette in all this time. How strange and rare this is can be appreciated by anybody who has lived for weeks or months on end in the atmosphere of an international conference in a place like Lausanne. Those calm and beautiful surroundings, leafy gardens above a flat blue lake, called for some sort of romanticism. And since most people in the diplomatic world were too elderly or too careful to enjoy less devious expressions of the romantic impulse, they took it out in gossip.

It was in late May or early June that Violette Maucourt and young Eversleigh suddenly became the main subject of Lausanne's lighter conversation. Eversleigh was a secretary of low rank in the British delegation, and couldn't possibly have been in the Foreign Office for more than a year. He was one of those tall, bleak, blue-eyed, blond young Englishmen who look so much alike that they ought to be distinguished by numbers rather than names. Every conference has a certain number of these, and Violette must have known dozens of them in the preceding three or four years. Yet in that utterly unaccountable way women have she fell in love with this particular one. I say fell in love, and I feel sure the statement is sound; she made no very public pronouncement on the subject, and was always (or almost always) correctness itself under observation, but just the same she was in love. It showed itself at first only by a certain added brilliance and intensity when Eversleigh was around. Later they took to dancing together a great deal, and having occasional meals; and presently they both began refusing invitations in order to go off to Pouilly and places like that together to dine alone. Sometimes they could be seen tramping along the road by the lake, miles from anywhere, simply drifting through the heavenly weather of a warm spring at Lausanne. On such occasions they appeared not even to recognize the interested observers who passed them so often in motor cars.

Naturally this aroused excitement in the small world of the conference hotels and gardens. At the Palace, where the French and Turkish delegations and most of the journalists lived; at the Beau Rivage, which rejoiced in the patronage of the British, Americans, Italians, and Rumanians; and even at the Royal, which housed only the Greeks, there was the liveliest interest in Violette Maucourt and her blossoming romance. The altogether exceptional character of Violette was not alone responsible for this; Eversleigh was, in spite of looking exactly like all the other young men from the Foreign Office, rather a personage in his own way. For one thing, his father was a peer of very high rank, which gave him one of those elegant and improbable courtesy titles (his name was actually Lord George Eversleigh). For another thing, he was engaged to be married to the daughter of a still more important personage, and everybody knew the wedding was supposed to take place as soon as the conference ended.

Under these circumstances the social life of Lausanne became almost pleasur-

able. Bored ladies of the European delegations, who had scarcely enjoyed anything since the assassination of the Bolshevik delegate, were now to be seen putting their heads together with the utmost maliciousness and *engoûment* every time Violette and Eversleigh appeared. It was said that things had gone very far indeed. It was said that the head of the British delegation (not—fortunately for young Eversleigh—not the terrifying Curzon, who had departed long ago) had reprimanded the boy for making a show of himself. It was further said that the boy had made a very unbecoming reply to the head of his delegation, and that if matters did not improve before long somebody would have to write to His Nibs, the boy's father, and see what could be done. The delighted ladies of the European delegations were of the opinion that the projected marriage would have to be postponed or even broken off; and they were grateful to Providence for having given them the privilege of witnessing what London and Paris could hear about only from them.

The situation was in this stage when I dined one evening with Violette and her young man. It happened quite by accident, and I can assure you I did not enjoy it; I was as superfluous as any elderly bore is likely to be on such occasions. But I couldn't help myself. There I was sitting by the lake on the terrace of that tiny restaurant at Pouilly, when in came Violette and Eversleigh. The place is minute—there are only four or five tables—and it was impossible for us not to dine together. If they had taken a table by themselves I couldn't have avoided hearing every word they said.

Violette realized this at once.

"Oh, hello, Mr. Turner," she said in the most natural way in the world. "Are you dining alone? Do you mind if we join you? Isn't this a divine little place? We've walked all the way from Lausanne through the most interminable sunset. I'm famished."

"The food's marvelous here," said Eversleigh gloomily.

I was sorry for him but there was nothing I could do. The waiter brought another chair and more hors d'œuvres (I had just begun to eat when they came in). The table was bang-up against the wall of the little garden, and on the other side of the wall Lake Geneva was looking, for once, absolutely enchanting. The sun was not quite all gone, and what was left of it turned the quiet sea into shimmers of opal and pearl. That night there was something very dreamy, almost Italian, about it, although I must say I think it generally a most uninteresting body of water. Under the circumstances I was terribly sorry for Violette and Eversleigh, who certainly ought to have been dining alone. To make matters worse, some fool in a boat out on the lake began to sing in a liquid, heart-breaking voice which was carried to us faintly and beautifully through the watery sunset light. It was all too unbearably romantic, and I had no business being there at all.

"How did you happen to come out here alone?" Violette asked, beginning on her radishes. "Are you being melancholy about something?"

"No," I said, "only bored and old. I've had enough of Lausanne. It seems to me I've been here forever. Do you think these infernal treaties will be made by Christmas?"

"I don't know," she said. "Picard thinks we shall still be here in August."

"I certainly hope so," said Eversleigh. After he had spoken he seemed to perceive that his speech revealed a state of mind; he blushed and attacked the hors d'œuvres with vigor.

Well, of course it was all right for them, staying in Lausanne. I tried to imagine—and couldn't—what love in such an ultra-appropriate setting would be like. I had to cast my mind back a good many years to think of anything I could relate to these two. They were so young that obviously the water and sky and the leaves of the trees must

merge for them into a general promise of happiness. Things which I observed, they felt; the difference is incalculable. They hardly appeared to notice the exquisite light on sea and opposite mountain; and yet this light, all these tremulous intensities, were certainly component parts of their June enchantment. I wondered if their fates would have been the same if they had met in Paris or Rome or in my native Iowa. It is always so difficult to tell just how and why anything happens; any event is mysterious enough, God knows, but none so mysterious as the event called falling in love.

"I really do like Swiss butter," said Eversleigh, "more than almost anything."

Violette suddenly began to do her celebrated imitation of Poincaré. She made a long speech about Swiss butter, talking through her pretty little nose in the style of the French statesman. "*Au fur et à mesure des paiements de l'Allemagne . . .*" It was really very funny and we all laughed a good deal. Then Eversleigh told us the latest stories of the British delegation, and we discussed the deafness of Ismet Pasha and the decorations of the Beau Rivage ballroom, and presently the sun went away and left us there in the soft, luminous dark of the stars. I was consumed with pity for Violette in particular. Eversleigh would probably get over it in time, I thought—no British diplomatist can afford to cherish a despair—but what of poor Violette? She had been conspicuously free from sentimental entanglements ever since I had known her. Now she had got herself into a perfectly appalling mess, and I failed to see how she was going to get out of it without suffering severe damage. If Eversleigh had not been so publicly and solemnly betrothed to a lady of high degree there would have been no very important reason why he shouldn't marry Violette: she was far nicer than most of the wives one saw about. But for Eversleigh to marry her now would be a scandal of ruinous proportions. And in any case Violette was too French, too bourgeoise, to permit him such a sacrifice. I felt perfectly sure that there was no idea of marriage in her head. Whatever the issue might be, she could not take a course which involved the rearrangement of other people's lives, the disturbance of hopes and plans in which she had no share.

They were not monotonously blissful. No, indeed; it was something much more revelatory than that. They alternated all through dinner between states of bliss and states of obvious despair. For example, when Violette reached for another radish and found them all gone, Eversleigh, having consumed the last one, looked suicidally unhappy. A nothing could give them these exquisite variations from one intensity to its opposite: so subtle, strong, and strange is the hyperæsthesia caused by romantic absorption in another human being. At times during the dinner I simply ceased to exist for them, and I must say that these were the only times when I felt really comfortable.

At last the meal was over. It was a soft and starry night and they were going to walk all the way back to Lausanne. As we rose from the table Violette and I were left alone a moment by Eversleigh. She stood quiet, looking at the lake. She had on an uncolored linen dress and a flopping wide hat; she was all simplicity, uncertainty, and I could not help touching her hand in a fatherly way. When she spoke there was a little catch in her voice. I am still very susceptible to catches in the voice.

"Oh, Turner dear," she said swiftly, "tell me, when you were younger, on a night like this, did you ever want time to stop dead still forever . . . nothing to happen any more at all?"

"I can scarcely remember," I said, "but I know what you mean."

"*Ça serait si beau!*" she said vaguely to the silent water. "*Si beau!*"

I got into my car and went chugging back to Lausanne, leaving them far be-

hind. They walked home, no doubt, through the lush springing stars, unaware of their divine ridiculousness. They had put me into such a mood of melancholy sentiment that when I got back to the Palace Hotel I had several whiskies and argued politics until far into the night with some truculent Turks. This was a great waste of time (Who can argue with a Turk?) but it was better than remaining hypnotized by the spectacle of Violette and her young man. The next day I saw them at tea at the Beau Rivage and ran away from them. At my age such emotions are too exhausting to be endured more than about once a month.

It was perhaps a week later—sometime early in July—that matters came to a climax in the affairs of Violette. It happened on the night of a large party at the Beau Rivage, one of those hotel dances which the conference attended *en masse*. The Americans, the British, the Italians, and the Rumanians all had large dinner parties that night, and afterwards they took their guests into the ballroom to dance. I am not quite sure now which dinner party Violette went to, but it seems to me it was the Rumanian one: the Rumanians always had the best luck in the way of guests, and the least formality with them. Eversleigh was, of course, with the British, and I happened to be with the Americans. When we came into the ballroom the British were already there, and I could see that young Eversleigh was as nervous as a cat. He kept watching all the doors, which was rather hard on the ladies he was supposed to be talking to. There were so many doors. Finally Violette came in with her party—a dozen people of all nationalities, among whom she moved with her customary grace. It was probably imagination, but I thought there was just a touch of lassitude, of melancholy, which made this familiar manner of hers even more attractive to-night. She wore a pale-green dress with white roses on the shoulder in the American fashion; she had picked up a good many Americanisms, Anglicanisms, Italianisms in the past few years. Her hair—that marvelous red hair of hers, so smooth and glowing—was worn very tight to her head; skin and eyes had a curiously living texture to them. It was almost as if she knew something important, something definite, was going to happen. I am sure there wasn't a prettier woman in the room, or a more interesting one. Everybody looked at Violette these days. Not even the most exalted personages could pretend unawareness of her. This wasn't altogether because of the growing scandal about Eversleigh; it was also because Violette's beauty had become something really thin, rare, and lyric of late. The whole thing was too outrageously romantic, too perfectly composed, set, and illustrated, not to be a source of envious delight to all who witnessed its development.

Eversleigh made a bee line for Violette as soon as he could, which was in about ten minutes. They danced together once and then vanished in the direction of the garden. For what happened afterwards I must ask you to take my word without inquiring too closely into my sources of information. As I have already told you, the thing took shape in my mind bit by bit, fragment by fragment, and at that time I saw and understood nothing. I did get to know Eversleigh pretty well afterwards in Constantinople, if that's any help to you; and old Picard told me a few things, and by and large I feel that my version of the affair must be the correct one.

When they walked out into the garden they were at the apex, at the crazy very summit, of the painful ascent called love. Eversleigh could scarcely speak at all. Violette tried to talk in the usual way about what had taken place at her dinner party, repeated some of the witticisms of the witty Rumanian minister, told a story about the one impassive Turk, very *ancien régime*, who had been there at the enemy's board. But such conversation was no good to them.

They walked about among the trees from dark to light and back again. There were a fair number of other people wandering in that garden, since it was a warm night; but at a given moment they came to a place which seemed impenetrably hidden. Here Eversleigh broke down.

"Darling, darling," he said.

He swept her off her feet and they were entangled in one of those furious embraces which a man of my age can scarcely remember, much less describe. How long this continued I am unable to say, but when he could speak again Eversleigh began to plead wildly with her, *à la cantonade*, and she to resist.

"I can't stand it," he said, among other things. "I love you too much. I don't care what we do but we must get away from all this and live our lives in our own way, dearest. I don't care about my silly career. I want to chuck it and be happy. Darling, darling, I *can't* marry that silver statue I'm engaged to. I *can't* go on like this. The only thing I want in the world is you. *You* can't be happy otherwise, either. There's plenty of money. We can go to Italy or Greece. We can get married and forget that there was ever anything but ourselves in the world. . . ."

And so on.

To me the most astonishing thing in the whole business has always been the behavior of Eversleigh. You know the sort of man he is: infinitely noble, with an eyeglass and a Curzonian voice. I never can quite bring myself to believe that these handsome imperial instruments share in the ordinary human passions, but the evidence in this particular case is overwhelming. Eversleigh was prepared to do all the things his own people considered intolerable: he wanted to break the most solemn and public sort of engagement (thereby probably ruining the life of the distinguished young lady in London), "chuck" his career and run off to some vague Arcadian pasture with Violette. Neither of them was what you would call an eloping kind of person. Violette had the tyrannical sense of propriety which afflicts everybody born into the old bourgeoisie of France; a hundred grandmothers revolted in her at the least mention of anything unsuitable to her standards or condition. Besides, she loved the boy, and from her point of view she could only ruin him by the course he begged her to take. And as for Eversleigh, if anybody else had done what he now wished to do, he would have said "Damned cad" several times in extreme contempt and cut the blighter off his list of acquaintance. They were both behaving in the highly uncharacteristic manner produced by such abnormal psychological states. I tremble to think of what the results might have been for them if Eversleigh had won. Trailing in Byronic decadence from town to town in Italy and Greece, growing steadily more fed up with each other, Violette longing for her own work and he for his . . . ugh! No; you can never make a pattern out of an accident.

She won, of course. With great tenderness, but very firmly, she talked to him about responsibility. She pointed out how impossible it would be for either of them to be happy upon the basis of other people's unhappiness. She even went so far as to mention the transitory nature of desire and the extreme insecurity of relationships established by it. This superinduced another outburst from Eversleigh. But when it was over she had not altered her intentions, although she was willing to grant, to save argument, that he might conceivably love her forever. She held to the opinion that the best thing they could do would be to see each other no more.

It took every ounce of energy she possessed to accomplish this. Of course she wanted to do what he asked; her desperate, reeling senses were his allies. But her conduct of life (like her work) obeyed some sort of exterior rule. What she wanted to do had simply no relation to what she ultimately and permanently did. Perhaps it was those

hundred grandmothers; but at any rate she held firm.

Along towards the end of this very fatiguing scene Violette mentioned that she had a career, too.

"Your career . . . !" said Eversleigh, savage and white-faced. "Your career! It's the only kind of career in the world that's sillier than my own. We at least try to get something done; all you do is talk about it."

She was silent; she really did not care much about her career at that moment or what he said about it. But he was swift to beg her pardon, and every change of this sort was the pretext for more embraces. She did not resist them; she was very tired.

But what was this? What was he telling her?

He was telling her something designed to make up for what he had said about her career. He was giving her information—very important information.

Perhaps you remember that in the last phase of the Peace Conference at Lausanne one of the chief questions in dispute was that of the Ottoman Debt. The old Ottoman Empire owed a great deal of money borrowed before the War, and the new Turkey was very reluctant to pay any more than was absolutely necessary. Most of the debt was owed to the French, who always have had a strange propensity for making bad loans. The French said that this old debt ought to be paid in gold francs, since it had been contracted in prewar francs. The Turks said that it should be paid in paper francs, since the depreciation of the franc was not Turkey's affair. If you asked me now I should be quite unable to tell you how the thing was finally decided; but in those days it preoccupied us all a good deal, and many a weary week was spent in arguing the point. The difference to the French bondholders ran into many millions, and whatever decision was made would inevitably have a great effect on the Paris stock exchange and probably on the fortunes of the French government of the day. It really was the most troublesome question the French had to work on during those endless last weeks of the conference. The attitude of the British was likely to be, of course, a determining factor in the affair. The British had avoided taking position hitherto; they were anxious to conciliate the angry Turks and afraid of irritating a fretful ally.

What Eversleigh was telling Violette in the garden of the Beau Rivage under such highly improper conditions was that the British delegation had decided to throw the full weight of their influence on the side of the Turks on this question of the Ottoman Debt, in exchange for some concession they wanted in another field of debate.

The thing shook Violette out of her trance.

"But dearest," she said, "what on earth are you telling me? Do you realize what you're saying? It's sure to be the end of Poincaré if he has to give in. Are you telling me a secret? How secret is it?"

"Oh, nobody outside our delegation knows it yet," Eversleigh said. "Neither the Turks nor the French know it. It won't be communicated to them until to-morrow morning. Then in the afternoon it will be announced in plenary session. The thing's a deadlock, you see, and we've got to do something one way or the other. The Turks have made an interesting proposal, and we're going to accept it and back them."

"Well, what do you expect me to do about it?" she asked.

"Write it," he said. "It's my contribution to your career. I give it to you gladly. You'll be the only journalist in the world who knows it to-night. To-morrow they'll all get it in the *communiqué*."

"But I don't understand," she said slowly. "Why are you telling me this? Are you authorized to tell me? If I write about it in the *Réveil Parisien* everybody in all the delegations will know I learned it from you. The effect in Paris would be serious."

"I know," he said. "I understand all that. But don't you realize that I love you? I adore you. If your career is important to you it's important to me too. I'd do anything for you, dearest, anything."

This went on for a while longer, but at last they came to their senses and realized that they could not stay out in the garden all night. When they returned to the ballroom about a third of the crowd had gone home. Violette was pale, exhausted; Eversleigh looked rather grim and heroic. Everybody in the place stared at them as they came in. It was the most shocking thing they had done yet, going out in the garden and spending hours there when they weren't even members of the same party. Eversleigh was greeted with a distinct chill when he returned to the British table. Violette had better luck; the kind and clever Rumanian minister (unless it was the clever and kind Italian delegate) instantly asked her to dance with him, thus showing that in his opinion she had a perfect right to spend the whole evening in the garden if she pleased.

She was too tired to stay long, however, and very soon she pulled her shawl about her and went home. Her host sent her up the hill in his Rolls-Royce, although some more important guests had to walk; that was the sort of thing people were always doing for Violette. On the way up to the Palace her journalistic instincts were reviving confusedly, but with increasing strength. Presently she began to make little phrases. "*Cette intelligence britannique, qui a toujours su qu'on paie mieux avec l'argent des autres . . .*" What an article she could make of it! The thing marshalled itself in her mind: a cruel, biting article it would be, bladelike. Just one column long. She would tell them to throw away the one she had telegraphed in the afternoon; this should be dictated by telephone. It was not yet one o'clock and there was plenty of time. She would begin by stating the fact (this was one of the practices which made Violette unique in French political journalism: she always began by stating the fact). Then she would lash out against the selfishness and perfidy of the British, the rapacity of the Turks, and the stupid weakness of the French. She would show that the French taxpayer, the French citizen, who had ultimately to pay for all this folly and crime, had been deceived in the quality of his leaders and allies. This was just the sort of article she did best: sarcastic, bitter, incisive. She took an extraordinary delight in it; it made her relive all the moments of her keenest critical assurance. After all, she had done a great deal at Cannes to bring down the Briand government; could she not now bring down the Poincaré government from Lausanne? It was not impossible. Certainly the government ought to have had sense enough to realize that they could never count on the British, and arrange to meet some such crisis as this. Now they would be caught napping; they would lose hundreds of millions of the savings of the French people in a perfectly indefensible piece of diplomatic chicanery. Her indignation mounted as she reached the top of the hill. She got out of the minister's car and ran upstairs to her room on the first floor of the Palace, intent on the article which had already taken form in her mind.

The Palace Hotel had arranged a special room for the journalists during the conference. Two girls from the post office were on duty in this room until half past one in the morning, putting calls through to Paris. Practically all the French, Americans, and British sent their material out in this way; it was swifter and cheaper than the telegraph. The correspondents' telephone room was on the ground floor in a sort of glassed-in terrace, not far from the bar.

Violette telephoned down from her room to ask one of the girls at the desk to stay overtime for her. She would have an article to telephone to Paris,

she said, before two o'clock. Meanwhile she asked them to put a call through, warning her office that it was coming and that it would be important enough to hold the paper for.

Then she went to work with rapid pen on hospitable foolscap paper. The phrases came surging out on the paper with breathless ease; the article wrote itself. Nobody escaped: the British, the French, the Turks, even those who had had little to do with the affair, such as the Americans and the Italians, received their deserts. (I saw the article the next day and can testify that it was the most brilliant and devastating column Violette ever wrote.) When she had finished she went downstairs without rereading the piece and made her way to the telephone room. As soon as she appeared, the girl at the desk put in a call for the *Réveil Parisien* in Paris.

Communication was very swift at that hour of the morning. In two minutes the call would come through. There was nobody else in the room, and Violette stood by the opened casement looking down the hill towards the shining moon upon the lake.

It was then that everything happened to her. She thought of Eversleigh. She had completely forgotten Eversleigh while she was writing the article—but completely, completely, even though he was the most important object in the perceptible world. Now, as she stood looking out at moon and lake, he came back to her with all the importunate anguish of reality. Why did such things happen? She wanted to go to Italy with him, to Greece or wherever he pleased, to escape from the encompassing contrariety of circumstance. The trees of the garden all moved and whispered in the warm night.

Why had Eversleigh told her about his delegation's decision on the Ottoman Debt? Why? Was it not clear . . . too clear?

The perception of what it would mean to him reached her very suddenly. He would be disgraced, dismissed. Everybody would know he had told her. It would be the end of his career, or at least would make it far easier for him to end his career himself. Thus everything he wanted—everything she wanted too, yearning as she did now over the tops of the trees to the silver shadows on the lake below—everything would be within their grasp. She leaned weakly against the casement. Oh, God, she thought, why do such things happen?

"Your Paris call, madame," said the girl at the telephone.

Violette hesitated only a moment. Convulsively, with unneeded energy, she took the pages of foolscap she had written on and tore them down the middle and threw them on the floor, where they lay derelict, so many silly scraps of paper. All those phrases. She passed her hand over her hair and turned to the telephone.

"I called to tell you that I am ill and can't go on working," she said to the man who came to take dictation at the Paris end. "I must leave Lausanne to-morrow. That's all. Don't argue. Good-by."

She came back from the booth slowly. The girl at the telephone was jamming on her hat, ready to depart.

"You look ill, madame," she said sympathetically.

"Do I?" said Violette.

She stood by the casement window again. Picard—good old Picard, one of the keenest of French journalists and a fanatical admirer of Violette's—came in and watched her.

"You don't look well, Violette," he said.

She turned around, startled.

"No," she said. "I don't see how I could."

She was pale under her smooth red hair and her eyes were very tired.

"I've had enough, Picard," she said listlessly. "I'm going home."

"What's the matter?" said Picard. "You need a little rest, of course. I suppose you wrote a scathing attack on everybody to-night. I'm sure I did."

She looked at him, puzzled.

"Why?" she asked very softly, her eyes growing wider.

"I mean, of course, about the Ottoman Debt," he said. "You got that, certainly? The English have decided to support the Turks against us, and we're sure to lose now. The Turks learned the news to-night and communicated it to the whole press."

She was looking very odd, he thought. She even staggered a little and leaned more heavily against the casement.

"So you all knew that," she said. Then she laughed. Picard says it was a woeful little laugh. "I didn't send anything about it," she said. "Poor *Réveil Parisien!* That's what they get for having a woman as correspondent."

"It's not too late," said Picard, picking up the sheets of foolscap from the floor. "This is your article, isn't it? I'll go down to the post office and telephone it for you."

"No," she said, frowning intently. "Don't do that. I've just done a rather decent thing and I'm not going to spoil it now. I don't care what happens to the *Réveil Parisien.* Or to me. I'm done with all that." Picard didn't know in the least (and doesn't know to this day) what she was talking about, but he listened with all his ears. "There's a certain validity," she said, "a certain integrity, a certain honesty in a clean decision. And I've made mine."

"You're talking at random," said Picard. He was genuinely worried about her by this time.

"All right, *mon vieux,*" she said with a sort of weary affection. "I suppose I am. But it doesn't seem very important to me whether those particular phrases get into print or not." She glanced at the torn papers in his hand and smiled. "All those words," she said. "What good are they? I'm going to bed. Good-by, *mon vieux.*"

He stood looking after her as she walked wearily, graceful in her pale-green dress, to the dark, waiting door. The roses on her shoulder had wilted. He did not telephone her article to the *Réveil Parisien,* but kept it and showed it to me the next day.

Well, of course none of us saw Violette again, and the peace conference came to an end, and Lord George Eversleigh married his silver statue. What else could have happened? I really do not remember what became of the Ottoman Debt; but Lord George Eversleigh is now a Counsellor of Legation exactly like all other Counsellors of Legation, and Violette teaches school in Rouen, and Picard and I go on from conference to conference, year after year, wondering what is to be the outcome of them all. Very probably Lord George Eversleigh sometimes thinks, when he gets overtaken by moonlight on the Acropolis, or looks suddenly out a window at a garden with trees, of those impulses which moved him to strange speech and action on a night in Lausanne seven years ago. A good many things—radishes, green dresses, Swiss butter, the moon on quiet waters—make me think of Violette from time to time. At my age one no longer resents a criticism if it quickens any part of the perishing sense of life; and although Violette's departure was certainly a sharp and profound criticism of the existence of all the rest of us, I do not mind the sense of her disdain. I shall go on without change, of course; so will everybody else; but I like to think of the torn papers lying on the floor at Violette's feet that night, of her red smooth hair against the casement window, of the silver rustle of the garden's trees.

THE DAVIS CUP RUNS OVER

BY JOHN R. TUNIS

WE SEE it all about us, in all walks of American life—the disease of size.

The biggest ship in the world is the best ship; the tallest building in Manhattan is the best building; the largest movie theater is the greatest, and so forth. A friend of mine employed by a large metropolitan bank recently stated that when his institution merged with another bank the cost of changing the name plates in their branches alone was more than two hundred thousand dollars. Inasmuch, however, as their deposits have doubled, their bank to-day is twice as good a bank as it was formerly.

Nowhere is this disease of size more apparent than in the sports and athletics of the American nation, because the sports of a land reflect the character of a people even more clearly than does its business. Despite the reams of statistics issued annually, we are becoming less and less a race of practicing sportsmen because most of our sports have got completely out of hand. They have succumbed, just as business and education and nearly everything else in this country has succumbed to the disease of size, that malady which ravages like a very plague.

Thus football, which used to be a game, has of late become nothing but a spectacle. It is now the bullfight of the American nation. Baseball is about the same, to a less extent only because football in recent years has crowded it from the limelight. Even polo, that most delightful of sports for players and spectators alike, has begun to show signs of catching the germ. To-day the best polo teams composed of the best players have become what the French term "*exhibitionistes*," or as we should say, "crowd-pleasers." The disease of size, alas, is no respecter of sports.

In other words, a thing may be excellent and of good report; it may fulfil a worthy function when it remains within certain bounds, whereas when it swells to huge proportions it may become unwieldy and do more harm than good. An instance of this is the annual competition for the Davis Cup. This trophy is one of the oldest, certainly the most celebrated, and perhaps the most interesting and valuable contested for in the world of games. Over a long period of years it has greatly benefited lawn tennis, and indirectly other games. So widespread have been its achievements that it is fair to say they were undreamed of when the cup was originally presented, over a quarter of a century ago, to the United States Lawn Tennis Association by its donor, Dwight Filley Davis of St. Louis.

II

During the summer of 1899 four undergraduates from Harvard set out upon a transcontinental journey in behalf of a sport to which they were all attached. They were adepts at this sport, for one, Malcolm D. Whitman, was the American singles champion that year; two others, Beals C. Wright and Holcombe Ward, were destined to hold the title later, while the fourth, Dwight F. Davis, was while still in college the doubles champion with Ward. So successful was their

trip and so keen the interest aroused throughout the West by their exhibitions, that the idea occurred to one of them to give a trophy to be competed for by the United States and England, with the purpose of attracting attention to the game and at the same time creating an interesting sporting competition. Plans were immediately started to present a cup to the United States Lawn Tennis Association, and at a meeting of their Executive Committee held in New York on the 21st of February, 1900 it was "Voted to accept the International Cup offered to the Association" and it was also voted that "the appreciation of the Association be expressed to the donor."

This was the origin of the Davis Cup.

Reading the history of the times, it is evident that the young Harvard undergraduate whose generosity made possible this world-wide competition did not even realize that it might eventually spread beyond the two tennis-playing nations of prominence at the moment: England and the United States. He said as much several years later, explaining that he "expected that it would result merely in one or two competitions between this country and England."

In 1900, 1902, and 1903 only these two nations competed in matches played with all the informality of a game of clock golf on your own front lawn. When the initial British Davis Cup team arrived on the *Campania*, on August 4, 1900, there were no newspaper men, no photographers, not even a representative from the U. S. L. T. A. to greet them. Not knowing what to do and having no place to practice, the first Davis Cup team to visit foreign shores decided to see Niagara Falls. This they did while the officials of the Longwood Cricket Club, where the matches were to be held, speculated as to whether the visitors had actually landed.

No contest was held in 1901; but in 1902 the matches were played on the lush turf of the Crescent Athletic Club at Bay Ridge, and more than five thousand people made the tiresome journey down from Brooklyn by trolley car. This was important as indicating the hold these international meetings were even then beginning to have upon the sporting public of the country. The next season the British again challenged; and I remember watching my first Davis Cup match at the old Longwood Cricket Club grounds on Brookline Avenue in Boston. One paid a quarter, took a camp chair, and sat so close to the actual play that it would have been possible to touch Bill Larned and Laurie Doherty as they changed courts in that memorable match. Late-comers stood up behind our chairs, while later-comers mounted benches, boxes, or any wobbly support that enabled them to peer over the rows of standees. In the middle of the match a disputed service revealed the fact that no linesman was present on this particular line. He had, it appeared, taken the job only with the understanding that he would be relieved at a fixed hour when he was obliged to catch the last boat for his summer home at Nantasket Beach. Not being relieved, he had departed!

That afternoon two matches, upon which the fate of the cup depended, were played simultaneously on adjoining courts. Nor did the standard of play suffer, although one wonders how some of our modern temperamentalists would react under such a strain. They were men in those days. In 1904 there were Frenchmen; during that season both France and Belgium sent their best players to enter the contests. The influence of the Cup and the fame of the contest were spreading, and the sport of lawn tennis was receiving a valuable aid in its development. Within a few years seven nations had taken up the challenge; in 1913 Germany, France, the United States, Canada, South Africa, and Belgium all competed for the privilege of meeting the holder—the British Isles—in a match honored by being played upon the center court at Wimbledon.

The War temporarily interrupted the

progress of the competition; but by 1922 there were fifteen entries and the next year eighteen, with lands as far apart as Australia and Holland, as India and the Argentine represented. In 1924 the number jumped to twenty-four, with Hungary, Cuba, China, New Zealand, and Mexico among the newcomers. Lawn tennis was now a universal game, probably the only universal game on earth. For this the credit must be given largely to the Davis Cup. Admitting that tennis is a superb game, that it would eventually have become known, yet the fact remains that its enthusiastic adoption throughout the distant countries, and especially the smaller nations of Europe, has been due to the interest aroused by these world-wide competitions. One must journey abroad to appreciate how the trophy is regarded and how much good it has done for sport in other lands.

To the Davis Cup also is due the surprising advance in tennis of the Latin nations. In 1927, when twenty-six countries entered, France won the Davis Cup; for the first time a people not educated in the traditions of games were defeating the Anglo Saxons in their own field. England, Australia, and the United States had until that period held a monopoly in the sport, as well as the possession of the trophy. Now their reign was broken. To the generosity of an undergraduate in college is largely due not only the genius of Lacoste, Cochet, and Borotra; but more important still, the fact that the countryside of France to-day is dotted with small tennis clubs whose bare-legged members aspire to win some day their place upon the team that fights for "*La Coupe* Davis."

III

When the teams of the British Isles competed for the Davis Cup in 1900 three days sufficed for the matches themselves, and less than a month was necessary for the invaders to make the trip. One of them, Mr. Herbert Roper Barrett, a lawyer from London, arrived in New York on August 4th and sailed on August 11th, reaching home well within thirty days after his sailing date. In other words, the average business or professional man at that time could take a vacation and play Davis Cup tennis; owing to the traveling which is involved and the time consumed in competition, such a thing is impossible to-day. With thirty nations entering, the matches start in mid-April and continue at intervals of a fortnight or ten days until the end of July, when the challenge round is held at the Stade Roland Garros outside Paris. Let us see how this works out in individual cases.

Last January a handsome and husky youth in an ancient flivver banged and bumped his way east from California to try for the American Davis Cup team. He had left his university in the middle of the year, as indeed he was obliged to do if he wished to become famous in the world of sport. His athletic odyssey began at San Antonio, Texas, on February 4th, and a week-by-week account of his peregrinations in search of this grail of amateur sport appears below. After each date I have indicated the places and events that claimed this young man's company.

February 4–10:
Invitation Tournament, San Antonio, Texas
February 10–19:
Traveling north to take boat
February 20–March 6:
Bermuda Championships, Hamilton, Bermuda
March 6–10:
Traveling south from New York to Florida
March 10–17:
Florida East Coast Championships, Ormond Beach
March 17–April 1:
Traveling from Florida to New Orleans
April 5–12:
Invitation Tournament, New Orleans C. C.
April 14–21:
Davis Cup tryouts, Pinehurst Tournament, Pinehurst, N. C.

April 21–29:
Davis Cup tryouts, White Sulphur Springs, West Virginia
April 30–May 15:
Davis Cup tryouts, Philadelphia, Pa.
May 15–17:
U. S. *vs.* Canada, Davis Cup Match, Philadelphia, Pa.
May 22–24:
U. S. *vs.* Mexico, Davis Cup match, Chevy Chase, Md.
May 26–June 6:
Davis Cup tryouts, Philadelphia, Pa.
June 7–14:
En route to England
June 16–21:
Tournament, Queens Club, London
June 23–July 6:
Tournament, Wimbledon, London
July 6–16:
Davis Cup tryouts and practice matches, Paris
July 17–19:
Davis Cup Interzone Final Round, Paris
July 24–26:
Davis Cup Challenge Round, Paris
July 30–August 6:
Sail for U. S.

As can be seen from this brief but documented statement, our hero before he sets foot upon his native shores will have deposited seven months of the year upon the altar of amateur sport. Whose fault is this? Certainly not his. Obviously when the boy sees a chance to represent his nation in the greatest of all international sporting contests, he cannot be blamed if at an immature age he grasps the opportunity without considering the ultimate costs. Neither is it the fault of Mr. Davis. When he presented the Cup thirty years ago he foresaw no such ridiculous and cumbersome organization, no such business as seven months devoted to playing the game of lawn tennis. Nor yet can one censure the President of the U. S. L. T. A. or the Chairman of the Davis Cup Committee, or the other gentlemen in charge of the situation; because what we face to-day is not the fault of any one person, it is the fault of the disease of size.

The average college football season begins on the 15th of September and lasts until the 20th or the 25th of November, a little over two months. If seven months of continuous and concentrated play were devoted to the game what cries and lamentations about "over-emphasis" should we not hear on all sides? What volumes would not the Carnegie Foundation shower upon us? To-day professional baseball hardly requires more time of its players than international lawn tennis; the ball clubs visit the training camps in early March and are mostly through with their season by the end of October. This, in a sport avowedly professional, whereas Davis Cup tennis is supposed to be an amateur game!

Let us not for a moment forget what the Davis Cup has accomplished in the short space of thirty years. It has made lawn tennis probably the most popular game in the world; it has brought the sport to far, forgotten corners of the earth where it was a thing unknown; it has made it a game—perhaps the only game—which can be played under uniform conditions the world over; it has bred champions and encouraged and stimulated athletics of all kinds in lands that are by nature and tradition anything but sporting. But with these many tangible benefits it has also spread in its train the virus of the disease of size. Properly to run the competition to-day committees must be formed, plans laid, reservations on steamers and trains and in hotels made, letters exchanged, and young men must take themselves out of college about Christmas, seven months before a ball is struck in the ultimate act of the drama. The plain fact is that amateur tennis is now a business which is ashamed of itself. That is the fault of no one—or rather of us all, for we are all infected with the germs of the disease of size.

IV

Mr. Dwight Davis, whose generosity, sportsmanship, and intellectual integrity are beyond question, has for some years

been very busy in public life and may not be aware of conditions existing at the present time in the contest for the cup which bears his name. Knowing his attitude toward sport, one wonders what he would think of some of the curious anomalies that have followed in the train of his gift of thirty years ago.

Such prestige has the Davis Cup attained that a horde of imitators have followed in Mr. Davis's path. This is not, be it noted, a fault of the competition itself, but simply one of the effects of its success, one of the symptoms of our old friend the disease of size. In this connection it is interesting to observe that the first sporting cups, given some fifty years or more ago, were seldom named after the donor; thus they were not the Jones Cup or the Smith Cup or the F. Gray Griswold Cup or the Sir Thomas Lipton Cup; but the America's Cup and the International Challenge Cup. Of late years, however, we have been undergoing a bull market in the cup-presenting business, and we now have Walker Cups and Ryder Cups and Childs Cups and Curtis Cups and Blackwell Cups and heaven knows how many other cups, some given for reasons vastly different from those behind the gift of Mr. Davis at the beginning of the present century. Is it not significant that at the moment of writing one of the latest cups to be proffered has not been officially accepted by the Association to which it was tendered? Perhaps those in charge begin to perceive that some of these cups wear a slightly tarnished aspect.

In modern times it is even fashionable for cups to bear not only a title but an entire name. Thus the United States Army authorities, believing that it would be a good idea to encourage polo in the colleges, presented the General Robert Lee Bullard Trophy. When this was won outright a year ago, a new cup was promptly put into competition by Mr. Gouverneur M. Carnochan, then vice-president and now president of the Intercollegiate Polo Association, and was called the Gouverneur M. Carnochan Trophy. Even the hotels and resorts have seen the point and thus we have the King Cole Hotel offering the King Cole Cups for polo matches in Florida. Truly, a magnificent idea.

The motives of Mr. Davis were of course above reproach; can the same be said, I wonder, for all his successors? Observing the success of his trophy, they perceive a short-cut to fame and importance, a method of perpetuating the name of Muggins down the ages. To the best of my knowledge none of these cups has ever been presented with the stipulation that the donor's name shall remain concealed forever. And anyone acquainted with the cup-giving racket must be continually amazed at the callousness of rich men who offer these mugs; at their calm insistence on getting their own ends at any cost, even if the cost happens to be, as it sometimes is, the demoralization of the sport to which they have attached themselves.

Not infrequently cup-donating goes to a man's head. I know one gentleman, the donor of an international sporting trophy, who has become a petty tyrant, a bully dominating the sport in his section of the world. Another gives vast goblets for a contest for which he and his wife exist during twelve months of the year; it is his life. Long before the event takes place he is planning broadcasting of his pictures presenting the X Y Cup. And there is another sportsman who invited two young players to cross an ocean to play for his trophy, all expenses paid. Because they took part in a nearby event before his competition he withdrew his support and invited them to return home on their own.

Not all trophies are given from selfish motives: there are, for instance, some given as memorials, and there is also the sort of trophy represented by the Wightman Cup. This trophy for women's tennis between American and English teams was given by Mrs. George W. Wightman of Boston, a lady who has been one of the greatest players of the game and has made many more sacri-

fices for the sport in time, funds, and energy than are entailed by the presentation of a silver mug. But the truth is that the majority of the donors of these trophies are not, to put it mildly, displeased at the attention they receive. There are all sorts of cups offered by various gentlemen for various sports, and most of these gentlemen keep the press well informed of their doings and the progress they are making toward Putting The Cup Over Big.

V

It was the famous Bulletin No. 23 of the Carnegie Foundation which pointed out that the more money was taken in by intercollegiate football the more money the colleges would spend on expensive coaches and the other appendages of a winning eleven. The same is true in other sports. On the eve of the Davis Cup Challenge Round in 1929 the United States Lawn Tennis Association spent $1,950 in telephone calls from New York to Paris in a frantic effort to determine whether Mr. W. T. Tilden was an amateur or a professional!

Last season the Association received over $30,000 as its share of the various Davis Cup matches played in by the American team. Thirty years ago the British, playing on their first journey in quest of the cup, went into action within four days after landing, whereas to-day the American squad must be in Europe over a month before its opening match. Although its members are young, supposedly healthy, and certainly strong, unless all appearances are deceiving, they cannot travel on a cabin boat or tourist third class; they must have the bridal suite first class on a crack liner. I remember the Davis Cup player who told me he and his pal were treated "like cattle" because at the height of the season they were obliged to cross in an inside stateroom!

The disease of size carries in its wake the desire of the ultimate in physical comforts. Not merely good accommodations, but the best: the best cabins on the biggest ships and the best places in the fastest and most luxurious trains. Players who can attract huge crowds at international matches do not consider traveling simply, quietly, economically. Why should they? The Association pays the bills. The attitude which such a method of living can create in young and impressionable boys is easy to imagine. Several years ago I came out of the Stade Roland Garros after a match with a young Davis Cup player. We had a suitcase apiece and he also carried two tennis racquets. The taxi drivers, because the stadium was beyond the city limits, demanded two hundred francs to carry us to the center of town. Five hundred yards away, within the gates, were plenty of taxis which would carry us there at the regular meter rate, six francs. We started to walk. Before we had gone ten yards my athletic companion turned back for the gyp taxi.

"Hell, I can't walk that far with this suitcase," he said.

Unless the players are exceptionally strong-minded young men, or unless they are mature enough to stand off and laugh at the whole situation, Davis Cup tripping is demoralizing to them. It is demoralizing because they are pampered and indulged and taken *de luxe* about the world in a way which they will be totally unable to live up to when they begin earning their own living. Luxurious and expensive tastes are formed; once formed, they are by no means easily changed or curtailed. At a time when other young men of their age are starting in business life, the Davis Cup players are asked to give up the best part of the year and concentrate upon sport. The whole atmosphere of the competition creates false values. A half dozen young men are practically supported by the Association in an amateur game. Presumably they are playing for the fun of the thing, as you and I play when we go out to our club some afternoon late after work, but actually they are paid just as truly as the members of the New

York Giants are paid by the owners of that baseball club, although the payment takes a different form. Certainly no one will deny that as the players upon the diamonds fill the coffers of the baseball clubs, so the tennis players attract the crowds who pay the money that fills the war chest of the Davis Cup Committee.

VI

There is one nation that is in unqualified favor of continuing the Davis Cup matches without changes of any sort. That nation is France.

The French are sitting on the top of the tennis world. Their team has won the Davis Cup and seems likely to hold it for several years. The matches take place in Paris, and the French team need not travel and requires hardly more than a fortnight's practice to be ready for the Challenge Round. In 1928 the French erected the Stade Roland Garros, the most beautiful and most perfectly equipped arena of its kind in the world. In debt some hundreds of thousands of francs for this structure, the French authorities would naturally enjoy seeing the American team in the challenge round for many years to come. Certainly they would not like to see the event played in Berlin or Belgrade for the next few summers.

There are other nations who favor a continuation of the Davis Cup contests along the present lines, nations that have short journeys to make and a generous recompense waiting them at the end thereof. But with some exceptions it is fair to say that the majority of the countries competing in the Davis Cup matches feel that the time for changes is at hand.

Radical changes have been made in the competition before this. In 1923 the entries were divided into two zones, European and American, each country being permitted to enter in the zone which seemed more convenient for it. Another recent change divided the former zone into northern and southern sections "to obviate the long and expensive journeys that have hitherto been necessary." And as the disease of size gets a firmer and a firmer hold, it will probably be necessary to divide the sections into subsections, and the subsections into sub-subsections. Other nations have made other changes. In 1921 the foundation of the Mitre Cup matches for the nations of South America practically amounted to their withdrawal from the older contest. On but three occasions since that year has a South American nation competed for the Davis Cup. From time to time suggestions have been made that the matches be held every other year, or every four years. Some nations in the antipodes actually enter every other year, the cost being a determining factor. Recently the Australian Association reduced team expenses from two pounds a day, plus first-class travel and hotel accommodations, to one pound a day on land and fifteen shillings a day at sea with "reasonable" and traveling expenses. An important step as showing the dissatisfaction of the Australian authorities with the competition as it exists to-day; while even the sum to be spent this season is, as a writer in a Sydney newspaper shows, a matter for query.

"If three thousand pounds were to be spent without recovering the cup, without appreciably advancing the standard of the game in Australia, and without bringing some new players into being, then, when thousands of men are being put out of employment because sovereigns are as scarce as icebergs on the equator, there surely could be no excuse for frittering away three thousand pounds of athletic trust funds."

Meanwhile *Lawn Tennis and Badminton*, which is the official organ of the English Lawn Tennis Association, recently advocated the abandonment of the Davis Cup and suggested an Inter-Empire competition as a desirable alternative.

"The plain fact is that the Davis Cup is rapidly assuming the character of a duty rather than a pleasure, something

irksome which has to be put up with, rather like the man who suffers from gout and knows that port is bad for him, but won't give it up because he likes it, and anyway he has drunk it for years."

Mr. A. Wallis Myers, a writer on lawn tennis in the London *Field*, remarks: "This is a sample of views which, reading between the lines, would seem to be held by many members of the present governing body in England."

Even the players themselves are beginning to rebel, are finding the long and arduous campaign too much like a minor war. One prominent American who has won his share of honors upon the courts of the world told me this past spring that he would not make the trip even if chosen for the Davis Cup team because he was unable to take the time away from his business. Mr. Henry W. Austin, ranking English player, himself requested that he be removed from the team after the first round tie with Germany in late April, explaining that he was stale and that he simply could not continue playing the game without a respite.

When the players feel unhappy about the situation, when cups like the Mitre Cup are springing up in other parts of the world, when the nations distant from Europe are anxious to see competition on a biennial basis, when one trip alone costs an Australian team $15,000 with an American team the same year spending nearer $20,000, when those in authority are wondering privately whether we are really getting what we pay for—and unofficial conversations reveal a large number among the high officials of the U. S. L. T. A. so minded—is it not time to ask ourselves whether the disease of size has not gone far enough? Most diseases can be cured if taken in time. But time does not wait forever in a situation of this sort.

VII

Several years ago Mr. Vincent Richards, the professional tennis champion, happened to be in Paris during the Challenge Round. The Davis Cup team of a foreign nation had played in Berlin a short time previously, and the president of a large German club came down to persuade Mr. Richards to play an exhibition match there against a leading European professional. The matter was amicably arranged until the question of terms arose, when the gentleman from Berlin, hearing the sum needed to secure Mr. Richards' services for a short visit, threw up his hands.

"Ah, you cost more than that entire Davis Cup team," he said.

Statements made privately by Mr. Louis B. Dailey, the President of the U. S. L. T. A., are interesting as showing that the authorities here are giving serious attention to the evils of this disease of size. "There are many objections to the way in which some amateurs are conducting themselves to-day," remarked Mr. Dailey recently, "and that is a matter which is going to receive careful consideration from this administration. Let's get out of the twilight zone and have real amateurs and real professionals. Let's make it impossible to make a living out of the game of tennis and still call yourself an amateur."

Those words ought to be cheerfully received by all men with any feeling for amateur sport. Real amateurs and real professionals! Can a player who is openly subsidized for seven months of the year, no matter how worthy the cause, be a real amateur? The question is hardly open to argument.

Aside from those who in one manner or another make a good thing out of the Davis Cup matches—a number that is large and increasing rapidly—the people who will most sternly oppose any vital modifications in the contest are likely to be the sentimentalists. They will tell us that we are destructive, that we have no heart, no feeling for the traditions of the game. But on the contrary, because we do care for the traditions of the game, we should like to see the matches for the Davis Cup either given up or vitally altered. We do not believe

that the spectacle of young men being paid to devote six or seven months to a few matches of lawn tennis is a diverting spectacle, that it is worth the price paid, or that it is in keeping with those traditions. Anyone who travels and keeps his eyes open must be aware that in many lands the Davis Cup matches have degenerated into a question of making money, and that all sporting considerations are secondary. And we do not believe this to be in accord with the traditions bequeathed to us by Mr. Whitman, Mr. Davis, Mr. Ward, and Mr. Wright. We know that in some countries of Europe the question of amateurism is not a factor when players are chosen, and that many of those competing are no more amateurs than Babe Ruth or Jack Sharkey.

Would it then be best to do away with the Davis Cup matches altogether? I do not pretend to say, I do not know, perhaps no one person knows, although a study of the situation by a group of impartial sportsmen (not interested in the Davis Cup as a first class gate-puller) would quickly tell the story. It may well be that the time has come for Mr. Davis, sitting in the ducal palace in Manila, seriously to consider whether there is not some way of withdrawing the Challenge Bowl and its Tray from further competition. Or whether it would be preferable to make radical changes in the present organization of the matches.

First of all, it must be considered whether an international contest of this kind is desirable and advisable. If so, it remains to devise some plan to conduct it under more reasonable conditions, to hold the matches in a matter of days rather than months as at present. Objections would be raised to any scheme suggested, drawbacks would arise to any method adopted. But it is hard to believe that if the competition were regarded as worth continuing, there could be found no way of holding it in a sensible manner. Thus it might take place at Wimbledon just before or just after the All England Championships. Suppose each nation sent a team of four players, two singles and a doubles side to play three matches every day for six days. The nations would compete in a regular tournament, the holding country to play throughout the week instead of standing aloof as at present. Continuous daily five-set matches would be a strain upon the players, but such a strain is inevitable in any big tournament where five-set matches are the rule every day. Under such a plan a business man could take a vacation of a month and play Davis Cup tennis. If the venue were shifted from year to year it might do far more to stimulate interest in the game and attract young players than it does now.

I am not rash enough to suggest such an idea as a panacea, I suggest it merely to show the possibilities. Only a proper and competent committee from the various nations can determine the exact remedy for the disease which has so affected this greatest of all international sporting trophies. Thirty years ago the Davis Cup had a specific job to do. That task was to spread the doctrine of good sportsmanship, to cultivate friendly relations among different nations, to promote the game of lawn tennis, to introduce it into the many parts of the globe where a tennis racquet had never been seen. This it did. The task laid down has been well and nobly accomplished; to-day the Davis Cup is better known the world over than any other memorial to sport, and the game for which it stands is played as is no other game on earth. Did you ever hear of the Gezira Sporting Club in Cairo, or the Selanger Club at Kuala Lompur in the Federated Malay States, or the Togashi Lawn Tennis Club at Tokyo, or the Blau Weiss Club in Berlin, or the Davos Lawn Tennis Club in the Grisons, or the Leopold Club in Brussels, or the Brasilio Machado Neto, in São Paulo, Brazil? Probably not, for they are not in Anglo-Saxon lands. Yet without the help and assistance which has arisen from the interest taken in the

Davis Cup, many of these clubs would not exist. This to its everlasting renown.

But to-day the matches for the Davis Cup have outlived their usefulness. No more are they a spreader of the gospel, because the gospel has been well and fully spread; no more are they the necessity they were thirty years ago; no more are they a help in teaching the game of lawn tennis. Instead they are a breeder of trouble, a topheavy, inflated, commercial enterprise, sick unto death with the disease of size. May it not be that the time has come to ring down the curtain upon the last act of this international farce?

PRELUDE

BY CONRAD AIKEN

AND thus Narcissus, cunning with a hand-glass,
Preening a curl, and smirking, had his say.
God's pity on us all! he cried (half laughing)
That we must die; that Lesbia's curl be lost,
And Shakespeare's wit forgotten, and the potter—
Who saw, one instant, all humanity,
And phrased its passion in a single figure—
That he be sunk in clay, and dumb as clay.

God's pity on us all! he cried and turned
The guileful mirror in a guileful light;
Smiled at the fair-curved cheek, the golden hair,
The lip, the nostril, the broad brow, the hand;
Smiled at the young bright smile. . . . Alas, alas,
To think that so great beauty should be lost!
This gold, and scarlet, and flushed ivory,
Be made a sport for worms!

But then a wonder
Deepened his gazing eyes, darkened the pupils,
Shaded his face, as if a cloud had passed.
The mirror spoke the truth. A shape he saw
Unknown before—immense, disastrous, huge—
Huge as the world, and formless. . . . Was this he?
This dumb, tumultuous, all-including horror?
This Caliban of rocks? this steaming pit
Of foisting hells—circle on darker circle—
With worlds in rings to right and left, and other
Star-bearing hells within them, other heavens
Arched over chaos? . . . .

He pondered the vast vision:
Saw the mad order, the inhuman god;
And his poor pity, with the mirror dropped,
Wore a new face: such brightness and such darkness,
Unhuman, as a moon-blanched desert wears.

MOUNTAIN MEADOWS

A STORY

BY ESSE HAMOT

I DON'T know just when the idea of visiting Mary Sheldon first came to me. It was not when my house burned down. It was later, when sharp sense impressions—the acrid smell of water on flaming wood, the howl of icy wind, the sight of the charred remains of a family home, old and mellow, filled a short time before with choice things: heirlooms, new beauty brought back that autumn from a visit to Europe, now all reduced to ashes—when these had dulled a little. When my own self-pity had dulled a little, too, and I had begun to plan for the rest of the winter. When I think of Mary Sheldon's shining life and remember my first feeling of soreness and abuse at my material losses I am shamed to the core.

I had that spring taken a year's leave of absence from my college in the Middle West and gone abroad for six months. I had returned the month before, joyfully settled my house with my acquisitions and begun some statistical writing that would take the rest of the school year. With house and writing notes completely destroyed and my position temporarily filled, I decided to accept the invitation of a friend to spend the remainder of the winter in California. It was then that I realized I could see Mary Sheldon on my way West.

I hadn't seen her since she was nineteen, a lovely, eager slip of a girl in one of the classes at the normal school where I was then teaching. You who have taught know how certain pupils stand out in a roomful of boys and girls. Even on the first cluttered day some are more colorful, more alive than others. One part of you may see the vivid scarlet sweater of the girl in the back row, but another part of you sees the vivid, seeking mind of the girl in gray next to her.

Mary Sheldon was one of the girls in gray. (She did wear gray much of the time.) Her face was lighted by unusual eyes, she had a cleft in her square chin, a clear complexion without color, a straight nose, a straight look under the heavy yellow hair that was braided round her head. She was a beautiful girl who did not know her beauty any more than she knew how to dress or dance or win the attentions of boys. She was a country girl with a keen, untrained mind and the rarest powers of concentration I have ever known. She had already had two years of normal training and taught in a country school when I met her; she was planning to fit herself for a better teaching position.

I have never had a pupil with a finer combination of gifts, a soul more evenly developed than Mary Sheldon's. Every study was a joyous experience to her. When we had grown to know each other and I had learned something about her home life I understood her love of natural science—that was fostered by her farmer father—her love of methods, psychology, of literature, languages, poetry. The days were not long enough for her. While other girls were having buggy rides, playing tennis, getting up spreads, she was adventuring in the world of

books. She wasn't aloof in the least; she hadn't a shade of queerness about her. She simply knew what she wanted. At first I thought that because she did not play basket-ball or tennis she might be having insufficient exercise. But when I found that, besides the required gymnasium work she took long walks before breakfast, I knew things were well with her. Indeed, her perfect health was part of her exquisite balance.

I had high hopes of her, for her. She was of the stuff of great educators, had gifts of the spirit as well as of the mind. But in the spring of her senior year she left, went home. Her father had died, leaving her the farm to run, and her frail mother. And I had not seen her again. We had never lost touch; there were cards or letters at Christmas each year; but all I really knew of her was that she had married, instead of going on with her preparation to teach, that she had three children, a boy and two girls, and that she lived on a farm in Colorado. I hoped it was near the mountains. I wanted Mary Sheldon—now Mary Foster—to have mountains near her, for they were like, she and they, in many ways.

I wrote her, asking her if a few days' visit would be inconvenient for any reason. A reply came at once:

> I can't tell you how glad I am. I tingle all over at the thought, Miss McAtee. Joyce and Jean can talk of nothing else. What a treat it will be. Please come as soon as you can get here!
>
> And bring warm underclothing. Farmhouses don't have furnaces, you know, at least ours doesn't; and this is a very cold winter.
>
> If Clarence can't come to meet you, one of the neighbors will. Let me know the train.
>
> Yours expectantly,
>
> MARY FOSTER

So I planned for a few days' stop-over at Denver, with a run out from there to the little town which was Mary's post office.

When I climbed the incline into the big Denver station friends were on hand to take me home with them for the two hours until I was to continue my journey at nine. But soon I was in the dusty day-coach of the branch line, bumping along toward Mary Foster's. The country was flat as a plate, and I saw with disappointment that the railroad folder marked no mountains anywhere near Mary's town. I closed my eyes to shut out the sight of the cold, wind-swept fields, the shivering farmhouses, and huddled villages. I found myself wondering about life in those lonely places; it could be stark, stripped of every vestige of beauty, I felt.

"The next stop is yours. About fifteen minutes."

I had slept.

I got off at the little red-painted house which bore the name of the station. This house, a water-tank, a few trees, a worn hitching-post—these made up the town. An enclosed car stood by the track, and a man in the doorway of the house. He was a pleasant-looking, smiling man of fifty, and he came to meet me.

"Miss McAtee? I've got my auto here." He took my bag and helped me into the car. The back seat was piled high with supplies. I noticed groceries, a gunny-sack full of something, a child's broom. Probably there was something for the other little girl, too. Mr. Foster looked like a fine man. I was glad for Mary.

"How are Mary and the children?"

"All as usual. Mary's always well."

That was good. She had kept that wonderful health of hers.

We jolted along silently. Mr. Foster was not much of a talker, it seemed.

"Can you get the groceries and other supplies you need there at the station, or do you have to order things?" I asked.

The man's eyes twinkled. "Jake Murphey eats up any groceries around there. He's the agent. Nothin' much to do *but* eat. I get my stuff over at Nicholson, the other way. I stocked up there before I drove over to meet you."

"Oh, I'm sorry you had to make an extra trip. Is Nicholson far?"

"Twenty miles. No trip at all. Besides, I'd do anything I could for Mary."

Of course. But . . .

"Clarence couldn't get away to-day. He went to an auction."

Clarence? Oh . . . then this pleasant-faced man wasn't Mary's husband.

"You are one of the neighbors? Mary said someone would meet me if Mr. Foster couldn't. I do appreciate it. It is so cold, and the roads are bad."

At length we came to rolling country. "Gettin' toward our places now. See those trees over there?"—The man pointed to a clump of trees to the west—"That's my farm. The Foster place is on beyond."

His farm had good buildings, looked prosperous and well-kept even in its winter brownness. The Foster place was on higher ground and had a wind-bitten look.

But down the frozen road that led to the Foster house were running two little girls in blue, about six and eight years old, I judged. And behind them, hurrying with the vital step I had not seen for so many years, was Mary. I should have known her walk anywhere.

The man beside me stopped the car to take in the children. "Hop in, Blue-jays," he said. The two little girls shook hands with me, one smilingly, one gravely. Then they climbed in over the supplies in the back. There was a squeal over the broom, over a ten-cent rolling-pin the man unearthed. Then quiet for a moment as I watched them—small, fair children with thick, golden hair, braided in two braids for the older, tied back in short curls for the younger. I had brought them some little gifts, among them bob-combs, but these had evidently been ill-chosen.

"How're the Blue-jays this fine day?" the man was asking, just as we reached Mary—Mary, with the same cleft in her square chin, the same light in her eyes, but with lines in her face and all the brightness gone from her beautiful hair. Even with her arms around me, I had a sick feeling at thought of her hair. It was white, completely white, and she was only thirty-eight. But it was foolish to expect time to be toll-less. I thought how I must look to her after nearly twenty years.

"Come in and have a cup of coffee, Mr. Smith," Mary urged her neighbor, "and I've fresh coffee-cake for you, your kind!"

But he would not. "Chore-time," he said. Mary thanked him for meeting me, for supplies he had brought her, then we hurried into the house, the children dancing ahead of us, Mary's arm pressed close to me and holding my hand.

"I put my plant in your room, Miss McAtee," the older child called back to me. "It's a pink geranium and it's got two buds on it!"

"If you drop crumbs on the floor, I'll sweep them up for you," sang the other.

They opened the door, and we went through a small, cold hall into the comfort of a big dining room with a stove in it, plants in the windows, rocking-chairs with afghan pads, worn books on shelves. An open, homemade cupboard held the children's toys. Warm and homey and plain the room was, with an atmosphere of peace. I felt suddenly relaxed, relieved, too, in some strange way.

I put my wraps in the bedroom, admired the geranium, and came out to have some of the fresh coffee cake with Mary.

"Oh, it's so good to see you!" she cried. "I've thought of nothing else since your first letter came. Please begin right away to tell me things, things about yourself first, then about the normal school—I hope it's still there, used, and growing!—and then about the world, how it is changing. I'm hungry to know. I've missed so much for so long." Her voice was not envious, only eager.

"I'd rather talk about you first, my dear. What beautiful children you

have!"—I could hear them in what was probably the kitchen, on the other side of the partly open door behind me, talking to someone, their father, perhaps—"and what a homey-looking house!"

"The girls *are* dears, aren't they? And I'm glad you like this room. We live in it most of the time, all the time in winter. Excuse me just a moment. I hear mother calling."

She hurried through a door on the opposite side of the room. In a few minutes she called me. "Mother wants you to come in, Miss McAtee. She can't wait any longer," and Mary laughed her rich laugh.

I went in to find a pale woman in a bed beside a narrow window, a woman who did not look at all like Mary in either features or expression. She smiled a drawn, one-sided smile, and reached across to offer me her left hand.

"Mother is paralyzed," Mary explained, "so your visit means almost as much to her as it does to me. She sees so few people."

I noticed the little stove, with wood in a box and coal in a hod behind it, the order and cleanliness and bareness of the room, the colored print and calendar on the wall. The sun was setting, peeping through a slit in the gray clouds. I was glad Mrs. Sheldon had that to see. I wondered how long . . .

"The Smiths are good to run in, but seven years is a long time, and it's nice to see someone else. Mebbe you can read to me," the woman on the bed was saying. "Mary ain't much time, with all she has to do."

"I will indeed. I have some new magazines and books with me." Seven years in bed! On a bleak farm! But my thoughts went to Mary. Mary, with her children, husband, house, outside farm-work, had her mother to care for besides.

One of the little girls came running in. "Victor's cutting the *surprise*, mother! He won't stop!"

"All right, Jeany. I'll attend to him." Mary went out.

Jeany came and stood beside me. I felt the warmth of her little body against my knee. "I like you, Miss McAtee. You don't look like a nole-maid." She inspected me closely.

Her grandmother spoke quickly. "What you say, Jeany? Shame on you. Who . . . "

"Father said he hadn't time to go to meet a nole-maid, somebody else'd have to do it. I heard him tell the postman when he came yesterday. I asked him what a nole-maid was, and he wouldn't tell me."

Mary came back into the room. I hoped she had not heard. Could she have a husband who . . . Of course not.

Mary was speaking to her mother. "Isn't it going to be fun to have someone with us for a while? We can't have a picnic outdoors, but we'll have a picnic every single day in the house!"

"O-oh! With ice-cream?" This was Jeany.

"Well, perhaps not that kind of a picnic. It's a little cool for ice-cream," Mary laughed. Her cheeks were flushed. I knew she had heard what Jeany said.

Just then the older little girl, Joyce, came to the door. "Mother," she said in a low voice, "you'd better look after Victor. He's . . . " She beckoned with a small forefinger, and Mary went out again.

We talked until Mary came back with a lighted lamp. She said to get my coat if I wished to go with her while she fed the chickens.

While I was putting it on I heard the same voice I had heard before when the dining room door was partly open. On account of the cold—and the house seemed very chilly to me, even the central room—doors were usually closed immediately, I noticed. But now both mine and the one leading to the kitchen were open a little, and the other voice could be heard as an undercurrent to the clear voices of the little girls. It was an odd voice, not distinct.

"Come out through the kitchen, Miss McAtee," I heard Mary call.

I went through the dining room into the same hall I had entered when I came (How fearfully and wonderfully made most farmhouses are!) and into the kitchen. In a low chair beside the kitchen range, a big white cat curled at his feet as he bent over the last of a piece of chocolate cake, was a boy with a great round head that nodded and slipped, pale, vacant eyes, an open, drooling mouth. Cake crumbs and icing were over his face, hands, and clothing.

Mary came from the sink with a towel wet in water. "That's all now, Victor. Let mother wipe your hands." She deftly removed the stickiness from the plump, inert fingers, from the loose mouth. "Victor, this is Miss McAtee, an old friend and teacher of mother's. Can you shake hands?" She helped him rise, helped him offer me one hand, a hand I took with pity in my heart. This hulking mass of flesh—could this be Mary Sheldon's child, her only son? Perhaps not; perhaps it was her husband's child. There was no look of Mary about him, although he had golden hair, thick and beautiful like that of the two little girls.

Joyce spoke. She was the serious one of the two little girls. The only time I had seen her face light up was when she told me of her pink geranium. Her voice now was scarcely regretful; she seemed merely to be stating a fact. "Victor's not like other boys on the outside," she said softly. "But he's just like them on the inside, deep, where it doesn't show."

We went to the barn, my mind a maze of painful thoughts. We fed the chickens, gathered eggs, saw the workhorses, the corn-crib, the cows, a little Jersey calf. "She's mine!" Joyce cried, her face suddenly shining. "The little calf is mine, and the big prize rooster is Jean's, and Methuselah is Victor's! We all have things alive!"

Methuselah was the big white she-cat I had seen in the kitchen. Mary laughed at Joyce's equal rating of the pets. "Victor is completely satisfied though. He loves the cat more than anything on the farm!"

"Except you, mother," Joyce put in, earnestly. "He loves you more than the whole world."

"Yes, dear, I know he does," Mary answered smiling.

I heard this with outer ears; with inner ones I still heard the mumbling of the boy in the kitchen. He was nearly six feet tall; he must be sixteen or seventeen years old. Mary Sheldon with a child like that! A paralyzed mother and a defective son!

"Father's gone to a nauction," Jean said to me. "He'll have to hurry to get the chores done."

He came just after we got back—a tall man about forty, with a heavy pompadour of iron-gray hair, brilliant dark eyes. We were all hugging the kitchen stove when he came in.

"Clarence, this is my dear Miss McAtee," Mary said. Mr. Foster looked at me, bowed across the overalls he was taking down from a nail on the door. "How d' do?" he said. The little girls did not run to him, I noticed, although Jeany babbled happily about me, a double-yolked egg she had found, her new broom. She ran to get the broom to show her father. He made no comment upon it. Joyce said nothing about her rolling-pin. And although I felt I must be mistaken, I thought for an instant that the boy Victor had expression in his vacant face—not fear exactly, but perhaps dislike; something more than blankness, at least.

And I could not blame him. Even if Jeany had not innocently divulged her father's decision to let someone else meet the "old maid," I knew I should still not have liked this man—this handsome, hard, dark man who was Mary Foster's husband.

Supper was not until late because of the chores. Mary mended shirts and overalls from a great, freshly ironed pile

while we waited. The children, as a treat, were to stay up and eat with us. Usually, Mary said, they had their supper at six and went to bed at seven. I was glad of that; I knew it meant many things, among them, that the children did not have fried potatoes, pork, and pie every day, as so many farm children do.

I brought out my little gifts. For Victor, not knowing, I had bought a Boy Scout knife. I showed it to Mary regretfully. "I had better not give it to him, I suppose."

Mary tried the blades, the tools. The springs were stiff. "He will love to play with it, Miss McAtee. He can't open it. Yes, indeed; give it to him."

My throat was tight. "To *play* with it!" A sixteen-year-old boy! I gave it to him, and he held it in one lax hand, dropping it many times. Then he began thudding it against his knee.

For the girls I had some rather nice strings of beads, aluminum doll-dishes, a book apiece, and the colored bob-combs, both blue but of different shades. They were so happy over things that I felt a thrill myself at their joy. Strangely enough, they both liked the cheap little combs as well as their beads; they tried them first on their own hair and each other's, then on their dolls'. They had never seen any bob-combs before and thought they were "little combs" especially made for small girls.

"We're so glad they're blue, Miss McAtee. Did you know before you came that we were Blue-jays?"

"I heard Mr. Smith call you that. What did he mean?"

"Why, our names both begin with J, and we always wear blue! He always calls us that. He made it up. And then mother made a little story about us," Joyce said. "We sing it." And they both sang, in their clear trebles:

"Two little Blue-jays are always on the go,
They chirp and they chatter and they skip to and fro;
They sing and they shout and they work and they play,
But they never cry a single tear the live-long day!"

I saw the most beautiful look in Mary Foster's face as they sang. She was turning the chicken frying on the stove and preparing her mother's supper-tray. But she was thinking about her girls, I knew.

I had waited to see her before deciding upon any gift more substantial than the scarf I had brought. I wanted to give her subscriptions to some magazines she did not take or get her books she wanted. We talked it over. She wanted books; her eyes lighted up at mention of them. But she decided upon two magazines, both of them of the household type. "The children love them. Victor likes the fashion section and the big colored ads. And the girls spend whole days reading and cutting out things. I haven't put the girls in school yet. We are clear at the edge of this district, and the closer school, in the other district, is a poor one. I teach them myself." (This, besides all the rest!)

She took her mother's supper in to her. Then I heard her attending to the dining room fire, talking to Methuselah as she pulled up chairs to the table. I went in with some mending. I confess it was hard for me to sit where I could see Victor.

Mr. Foster came in with the milk. I could hear the rumble of his voice in the kitchen, the happy tones of the girls as they showed him their gifts. Soon Joyce came in to me, carrying her book. I asked her if she wanted me to read to her.

"I can read it myself. But I'd like to have you."

We read, Jeany joining us, until supper was on the table. It was a delicious supper, and we had a happy time. But it was not as happy a time as it had been before Mr. Foster came. It wasn't that Mary's husband had nothing to say, that he answered her questions about the auction in monosyllables. I had sat with silent farmers before and felt no slightest criticism of them or their

brusqueness. But Clarence Foster gave me a strange feeling. Behind his good looks I sensed a hardness. It might be only a crust, and yet . . .

After supper when he stepped on Jeany's comb, which had fallen against the metal stove-mat when she went to the kitchen for something, I felt sure I was not mistaken.

"Oh, mother, mother! He's broken it, he's broken it all to pieces!" the child wailed, picking up the bits and running to her mother.

"Keep your things off the floor. You've too much stuff around," Mr. Foster said sharply as he went out.

Mary was holding Jean's hands in hers. "Remember our little song, dear? Help us sing it, Joyce." Joyce's face had puckered over her sister's loss, but she joined in with her mother.

". . . and they work and they play,
But they never cry a single tear the livelong day!"

By the time the last line came, Jeany was adding her voice, faint and tearful, to the two others. I explained that I would send her another comb from Denver.

I washed the dishes while Mary attended to Victor's bedtime wants, took him to his room, saw the girls to bed. Victor had a small table and ate in the kitchen. "It is the only way I can manage," Mary said. "So many things are spilled and so many dishes broken, besides, of course, the looks. It bothers Clarence, too."

I followed her lead, spoke in a matter-of-fact voice. "Are you going to keep him here much longer? Have you thought of schools?"

"Clarence persuaded me to send him to one of the state schools, but he was so unhappy there I can't bear to take him again. He doesn't get over grieving. Some afflicted children have no personal affection, I mean no *special* affection, for their mothers. But Victor has; he's so gentle and loving. (I had noticed how demonstrative he was to Mary.) Of course if he were like some of them, I couldn't keep him at home. But I can't see that it is bad for the girls. Indeed, I think it teaches them kindness and understanding. What do you think?"

We talked at length while Mary set bread sponge and knit on a sweater she was making for her mother. I felt she was wrong to keep Victor at home, not because it deprived him of anything (he could never be taught a craft, find happiness through the use of his hands) but because it added an almost intolerable burden to her already burdened shoulders. But I was not willing to give definite advice. For a few years more it might be all right. And I was not a mother.

The next day was Saturday. Mary was up at dawn. I heard her long before the children were up, before their father had gone to the barns. I had heard her in the night, too—up with either her mother or Victor.

She was doing a washing before breakfast—she said there must be washing every day—kneading her bread, baking another cake. I smelled pumpkin when I came out, saw the shells for three pies waiting on the table.

I read to Mrs. Sheldon, tried various methods to interest Victor, told stories to the girls. The morning flew. After Mary's baking was done she went to the smokehouse for ham, brought in a lame chicken and doctored it, ironed the clothes she had washed.

After dinner, when the dishes were washed and Mr. Foster, silent to taciturnity, had gone out, Mary said to me, "Now, we'll separate for an hour, Miss McAtee . . . rest, sleep, do whatever we like. Victor will sleep in the kitchen on his couch, Jeany in her own room. Joyce will sew on her quilt in the dining room where she can be near mother. I'll see you about three. Stay here by the fire if you like."

I decided to rest in my own room. It was cold, but I should lie under the

coverings. As I left the dining room I saw Joyce getting out her patchwork. I thought I had seldom seen so lovely a child as this fair, grave little girl with the two golden braids.

"I'm glad your mother is going to have some rest," I said. I felt that Joyce would be glad, too, for I had noticed how unusually thoughtful she was.

Joyce looked at me with that light I had twice seen in her gray eyes. "She's going to the mountain meadows."

I had closed the door before what she said really entered my consciousness. I decided I must have misunderstood her. There were no mountains within two hundred miles.

I slept after my recent busy days. It was after four when I woke and came out to the dining room. Victor was mumbling happily as he petted the cat with one wide, soft hand. In the other he held his new knife, and Mary, busy at sewing, was saying, "Victor's knife, Victor's knife," trying to teach him the words. The girls were having a party with their new dishes, the door open to their grandmother's room and her bed pulled close so that she could see.

Mary had changed her dress to a becoming jersey suit, ordered, I knew, from a catalogue for eight dollars or so. I could see the faint crease where the hem had been let down to meet her heavy, high shoes. How little she had changed in figure, I thought. Still slight in build, strong, vital. There in her cheap dress, her ill-fitting shoes, with her white hair wound round her head in the old way, she sat as at the center of things, powerfully still.

"Blue-jays, would you like to put on your coats and take mother's letter down to the box?" The girls were on their way to the kitchen door, where their coats hung, before the words were finished. Mary explained to me. "I put my mail out Saturday, and when the Smiths pass on their way to town Sunday to have dinner with their daughter, they take it. We have no daily rural service here."

I looked closely at Mary when the girls had gone. "You look rested. Did you sleep?"

"No; I never sleep in the daytime. I went to my mountain meadows."

Again those words.

Mary Foster smiled. "Of course you wonder. Plains, range country, rolling brown stretches. But mountain meadows are anywhere."

"But I don't understand," said I. "Won't you tell me about them?"

Mrs. Sheldon was snoring now, gone into sleep in the quick way of the old. Victor was drooling and plucking at Mary's skirts. Mary began cutting out paper dolls for the boy.

"Miss McAtee, you see some of my cares. I could not go on without help . . . strength, something to quicken me. The great ones of earth—Jesus, Laotse, the Buddha, the saints—always 'went apart.' There's some principle there, something basic. I believe for many people prayer is the rebuilding agency, especially when it is not petition but praise. For others, like Tagore, it's meditation. For me, it's beauty. Under a walnut tree down the draw I have a folding-chair, and I go there every day."

"But there is so little beauty now," I put in stupidly, my eyes on the frozen fields.

"It needn't be outer beauty, Miss McAtee. Let me tell you. . . . You know what the constant seeing of ugliness does, how it acts as a speck of rot, spreading so that the fruit of the soul is spoiled? With me, the ugliness was . . . Victor."

Before this fearful honesty of Mary Foster's the room was still; for a moment there was no sound in the chimney, no sound from the boy, the cat.

"It came to me in those first years of my marriage, when mother was with her people in Iowa, and I was a stranger, without a friend or even a neighbor near, only Victor all day, that ugliness is *dangerous*. Outer ugliness is bad, but it is nothing to seeing with your inner

eyes, your mind, what is ugly. That's the way crime is made. Not that I ever meditated any crimes," Mary smiled, "but I'm trying to show you how I got my start at thinking.

"I saw one day that ugliness is unnatural, and that thinking it, picturing it, creates more of it. And then I began to see the opposite. Doctors, teachers, psychologists, advertisers all see it a little—the power of definite suggestion upon the child, the sick person, the public. But most of us ordinary people don't see it at all! At least, we don't use what we see."

With her eyes glowing she hurried on, "If one can meditate upon evil and 'grow' evil, can't one meditate upon good and 'grow' good?"

What she meant began to dawn upon me. "So you . . . "

"Yes. I *will to see beauty*, the flowers of a mountain meadow. Any kind of beauty will do if one sees it often enough, clearly enough. It seems to me that beauty is the mind of God expressing perfectly. When we see it, touch it in our minds, we see and touch God for that moment, and power comes to us."

I pondered this. "You chose flowers because . . . "

"Because they are beautiful in so many different ways. They challenge the imagination, make one use it. That is necessary, I think . . . not the same pictures every day, but new ones all the time."

"Will you tell me, concretely, what you . . . do?"

"I'll try to, Miss McAtee. . . . Always I have thrilled at the thought of mountains. When I was a little girl, instead of mud pies, I made ranges of mountains, with pebbles stuck in for the boulders. This was in Kansas. Later, in Iowa, I read about them, saw pictures of them. It was at a lecture by Frank Roberson that I first saw stereopticon views, in color, of mountains and mountain flowers. When I was married and knew I was to live in Colorado I tingled all over at the idea of seeing mountains at last. But we didn't come by way of Denver; there wasn't even a glimpse of them. And after Victor came I could never leave. . . . Don't look so hurt, Miss McAtee. At first I did resent it. I thought I just must get to them . . . see the sweep of them, climb them, hear their healing stillness.

"But there was another way. I learned to see them in imagination . . . to climb the rocky trail, to hear the wind in the lodgepole pines, to go on and on, resting and climbing and breathing deep breaths of the clean, high air. And at last to come upon a wide, green mountain-slope covered with tall grass and bright flowers, waiting there in the sun for me! Or the mist. Or the moonlight. I can choose, you see. But I keep one mood at a time, so that my picture is still. It is the stillness as much as the beauty that gives me strength. Since I have read a little of what mystics call The Silence, I can understand that, but I discovered it for myself.

"Gradually I bring the view close, so that I can see the separate blossoms, watch them open, touch them. Oh, Miss McAtee, imagination can do *anything* if we just give it patient training! It's a power a thousand times more marvelous than electricity! I come back with new courage each day . . . no, not courage, just the power to go on; I find my body renewed, actual aches and pains gone. My hair is white, but I'm younger than I was ten years ago."

She was glowing, magnetic as beauty itself, I thought as I watched her.

After a moment she went on, "The girls understand. They help me take the time, each day after dinner. They look after mother and Victor."

Victor was hungry. There was time for only one more question.

"I've tried to have flowers in the yard, but the wind blows so and the soil on the house-slope is so poor they will not grow. My mind is my garden. I get books from the state university, and gradually I'm learning the flowers of the world. I know over two thousand kinds

now, and the girls several hundred." She smiled at me, then down at the boy mumbling beside her. "Yes, dear, I'll fix your supper right away." She rose and carried her lighted face to the kitchen. I heard the sound of dishes, and soon after Mr. Foster coming in after the milking-pails. The wind sang in the chimney, Methuselah stretched luxuriously. I experienced powerfully that feeling of home, of something centering, firm.

We were all watching the sunset from the back porch when Joyce's scream pierced us—a shrill, high, child-scream of terror that twisted the heart in an icy grip. I stood rooted immovably, my feet grown to the floor, my hand to the pillar beside me. Mary sprang over the side of the porch, ran like a deer down the frozen path.

"Victor! *Victor!*"

One moment before I had seen a picture of pastoral simplicity and beauty: against the bare dun ground and the blue winter sky Mary's husband, moving toward us in a shaft of amber light from the setting sun, his milkpails flashing, and Methuselah gleaming white as she ran ahead at his feet.

Now all the sunlight was focused upon two things—the golden hair of the great boy lunging down the wind-swept slope, and the open blade of the knife he held gripped in his right hand. Muttering sounds pushed up from the boy's throat, sounds without words, yet clear as the stream of sunlight, evident as the sudden control of the flabby muscles, the fearful strength in the body that had been until now like a sick child's.

"*Victor! Victor!*"

Mary was almost there. I shut my eyes. When I opened them I had a confused sense impression of the three people massed, Mary in her green dress the middle one. Then the mass separated, and I saw them all distinctly—Mary, with a great gash down cheek and neck and blood pouring over her dress, Clarence Foster with his arm around her and his face even at that distance a strange, grayish color, and Victor, his hands across his face and his head shuttling back and forth, back and forth, as he knelt moaning between the overturned milkpails.

I ran to pump cold water, get towels, pull the teakettle to the front of the stove. Joyce lay in a little heap on the couch below the window, her screams now a convulsive sobbing awful in its restraint. I had just time to lay my hand on her shaking little shoulder before Mr. Foster brought Mary in.

Mary would not be carried. Through the blood I saw the smile on her lips, and her voice was like a chord of quiet in a great din.

"I'm all right, Clarence. Go on with your chores. Please, dear. And don't say a word to Victor; he's so frightened. Joyce, will you run and tell Victor that mother's all right . . . to come and see?"

Mary took the wet cloth from me and began wiping away the blood. The cut on her cheek at the jawbone was deep, but the knife had glanced off, and the rest of the long red line was really only a line.

Mary showed it to Jeany. "See, dear, it's just a little scratch!" Then she gave all her mind to the white boy in the doorway, retching with sobs and still moaning, "Mother, mother, mother, mother!" She held the towel to her cheek to cut off the flow of blood while she tried to get Victor to look at the scratch below.

"See, darling! Mother's all right. We'll wash off the blood and put on some medicine, and to-morrow the cut will be healing fast!"

The boy moaned on, "Mother, mother, mother, mother," his lips only half open, his eyes closed, his body limp. From the couch where he huddled he clung weakly to the back of Mary's skirt, his breath coming in choking gasps.

Clarence Foster had not said a word. He had got the antiseptic for me, a roll of gauze; he tried awkwardly to help as

I bathed and cared for the wound. But as soon as the bandages were on he lighted a lantern. "I don't want any supper; don't wait for me," he said. Mary did not hear. Victor's sobs had changed to nausea, and she was busy with him.

I was standing near the kitchen window when Mr. Foster went out. I saw him stoop and pick up the Boy Scout knife, close it, and fling it far into the winter dusk, then hurry down the slope to the barns.

Mary cared for Victor and got him to bed while I prepared supper and took in Mrs. Sheldon's tray. She sent the girls after their father when I told her what he had said, then sat a moment on the kitchen couch, very white and strange-looking in her swathing bandages—nunlike, I remember thinking.

"I know you are feeling conscience-stricken because the knife was your gift, Miss McAtee. But don't feel so. To-night has taught us a lot of things. Clarence kicked Methuselah, you see. She was around his feet and she made him stumble and spill the milk. Victor saw it all: you know how he loves the cat. How he got the knife open is a mystery, but I am glad of it all—everything. Victor and his father . . . Well, I've been afraid sometimes. There is a feeling between them, not a happy feeling. But now, you see, because when he tried to hurt his father he hurt me instead, it is all over. Victor *does* care more for me than for anything in the world, as Joyce said just to-night. And the bleeding helped so much: he is always sickened at the sight of blood. He'll never be tempted to handle a knife again."

It was the next morning, an hour before Mr. Smith was to call for me and take me to the train, that I had my last glimpse into Mary Foster's soul. It was a relief to me that I did not need to have the long drive with Clarence Foster. Mr. Smith had driven over the evening before to say that he would take me to the water-tank while his wife prinked up in some new duds for the trip to the daughter's at Nicholson.

Mary and I had finished the most necessary duties of the morning and, wrapped in shawls, were walking down the frozen path toward Mary's tree. I was feeling very humble about this privilege, and thankful, too, for the chance to talk to Mary alone. There was something I had to say to her. I had been thinking about it all night.

Before we reached the folding-chair, I spoke. I couldn't wait. I plunged in, bunglingly.

"Mary, your husband hates Victor: I saw it in his face last night. He doesn't even care for the girls as other fathers care for their children. And you—I don't believe you love him, Mary. Come and live with me and prepare yourself to teach. My new house will be ready by August, big enough for you and your mother and the girls. The state school is only fifteen miles away, and you can put Victor there, see him every day or two."

As I spoke Mary's face flared into life, bloomed into a new kind of beauty—a beauty so eager it was like a rainbow after storm, strong sunlight after hours of silver grayness. I hurried on:

"It's a dream I've had for years—to have a place where some of the students could stay, unusual girls, like you at twenty. I'm glad my house burned down; it took just that to jog me into action. Better than young teachers will be you and your children. You can get your degree, you can teach. I'll make a place for you in my department. And for my reward I can have the selfish satisfaction of my pride in you, and of helping educate those girls of yours."

Mary was silent. She was pale, the strange light gone from her face. Her gaze was on the frozen fields when she spoke. "May I have a little time, here, alone? You have your watch. Come back in ten minutes."

When I came back, Mary was still

pale but she was smiling. I knew her decision before she spoke.

"No, I do not love Clarence in the way wives are expected to love their husbands," she said quietly, with that immense honesty of hers. "But there is another sort of love, larger, perhaps; farther-seeing—and I think it has begun to grow in me. . . . He isn't all hard. He cares for one thing—the earth, the soil. He never saves himself. From the first, when he was visiting our neighbors that spring my father died, he has worked tirelessly. He came over to help me that year, when I was twenty and trying to run the farm alone. I had never known a man, a young, virile man. We fell in love, were married and came to this Colorado farm we bought with mother's money. We've had a hard time. Our soil is poor: there seems to be a line drawn between our land and the Smiths'. But Clarence wouldn't sell, even if there were any market for a poor dry-farm. He is experimenting with fertilizers as fast as he can afford them. And he doesn't hate Victor, Miss McAtee. It is just that he was proud and happy before he was born, and afterward, when . . . I had a fall, down the cellar steps; perhaps it was that; we don't know. . . . He doesn't hate him. He hates his aversion and doesn't know how to meet it. And last night he was afraid Victor had killed me, severed the jugular vein."

Perhaps she was right. She must be. From my window that morning I had seen Clarence Foster stoop and softly call Methuselah until she came, then feel of her carefully as though examining her for possible injury, and at last, relieved, pet her and give her a piece of meat. No, he wasn't all hard, of course. No one is.

Mary was going on:

"What would he do without us? He is so alone; so few people like him. It is his own fault, but that doesn't help, does it? He's the turned-in kind; he always shows his worst side. He has been very self-conscious since you came, too, because he went to school so little. His one chance of changing, growing, is through the girls, I think. They *are* nice children, aren't they?" she asked me quizzically, hungrily. I nodded, a little grim. "And after last night . . . Don't you see what he has done—*to himself?* He stumbles on, as we all do. He can't say he is sorry he lost his temper—not even to me. But he will be a stronger man because of this. Victor found a bloody rag this morning, one we had not burned, and when he began vomiting again Clarence was so gentle with him. Didn't you notice?

"I won't try to thank you for your offer. But I can't accept it." She stopped in the path to press my arm, slip her hand into mine. "Come, let's get back in time to crack some black walnuts. I want you to have a box of the meats."

On the train I thought of myself for almost the first time since I had come. How little the losses I had bewailed—*things*, bits of beauty that would have died in a few years anyway. Mary Foster, in an ugly farmhouse on a bleak farm, with an invalid mother, an afflicted son, a husband with little grace, had splendor all about her, eternal wonder and beauty.

THE BUSINESS OF GIVING AWAY MONEY

THE PROBLEM FACING THE AMERICAN FOUNDATIONS

BY EDWIN R. EMBREE

A NEW class, the multi-millionaire, is a small but growing one into which any of us by the accidents of commerce may be flung to-morrow. While romantic imagination has hovered over the rich man from time immemorial, little attention has been given to the real situation of a person possessed of funds immeasurably beyond his capacity to spend and enjoy.

George Bernard Shaw in a Fabian tract entitled "Socialism for Millionaires" is the first of the moderns to discuss this plight. "The unfortunate millionaire," he points out, "has the responsibilities of prodigious wealth without the possibility of enjoying himself any more than any ordinary rich man." "Indeed," he adds, "in many things he cannot enjoy himself more than many poor men do, nor even so much; for a drum-major is better dressed; a trainer's stable-lad often rides a better horse; the first-class carriage is shared by office boys taking their young ladies out for the evening; and of what use is it to be able to pay for a peacock's-brain sandwich when there is nothing to be had but ham or beef?"

The condition of the English man of wealth is exaggerated a hundredfold in the case of Americans, who during the past half-century have been heaping up fortunes hitherto undreamed of. And often the American millionaire has even less desire or capacity to use money for his own pleasure. In Europe habits of lavish spending have been built up over generations. Louis XIV poured a nation's riches into a great playhouse at Versailles. Huge estates, retinues of hundreds of servants and thousands of retainers, gaming at Monte Carlo, decorative and expensive mistresses—in such simple pastimes Europeans have sunk entire fortunes.

American men of great wealth have small tendency to such lavish expenditures. Their wives help a little; but after a few Paris gowns, a couple of town houses or country estates and the grand tour of the world even a wife gives up the unequal struggle of keeping pace with a husband's constantly swelling income. As American fortunes have grown by geometrical progression there has been literally nothing that could be done but either supinely to let them grow and so pass on the problem to the next generation or else to give them away. And the giving could not be done personally and piecemeal; huge sums had to be turned over *en bloc*.

Now the giving away of large amounts of money is no easy matter. The average person who contemplates longingly a large fortune thinks only of the joys of spending and the delights of giving to friends and pet charities. It seems pleasant and simple enough, but it isn't. Appeals pour in; insistent and ingenious beggars persistently hound any man suspected of charitable inclinations. It is difficult after the first flush of generosity for a rich man to take any joy in giving. Where gratitude is expected there appears only bitterness because the gifts were not larger.

Secretaries and assistants have to be employed simply to read mail and answer calls, to say nothing of looking into the merits of the thousands and tens of thousands of supplications.

One of the commonest criticisms of philanthropy is that it does not give freely to poor and unfortunate individuals. But the futility of alms is quickly recognized by any who try it. To give to a man to-day is simply to have that same man back to-morrow asking for twice as much. The answer at once is, "Do not give to the shiftless and unworthy; give only to the deserving." This is sound reasoning, but it implies some system of selection between the worthy and the unworthy. It is this process of investigating individual appeals that is most frequently objected to by many critics of organized charity. And it is the shiftless man who really needs the money—and who is most certain to keep on needing it. Beggars are real people. They are not simply industrious persons temporarily out of funds. They are usually life members of a large and very ancient profession which exists by living off others. These people can always make out cases for themselves, and as new sources of supply appear sycophants multiply egregiously.

If, on the other hand, a philanthropist tries to help only the deserving, he will find that he has to take infinite pains to sort them out from the thousands of clever beggars who beset him. Except for education or for some other very special purpose, giving even to worthy persons is dangerous. It is sinful to do for any individual what that individual can do for himself. This deprives a man of one of his greatest privileges, that of making his own place in the world in his own way.

Almost every rich man who is charitably inclined starts out with the idea of helping the poor and needy. Without exception he finds that he cannot do it directly. He can help to prevent the causes of misfortune such as disease and commercial exploitation. He can offer opportunities for education, for medical treatment, for self-respecting employment. He can better the general conditions of sanitation and social environment. But protection and opportunity having been provided, the individual must be left to take advantage of these for himself. That is the individual's obligation not only; it is one of his most precious prerogatives.

It is not easy to act wisely even in providing better general conditions. It is possible to do actual harm by indiscriminate giving. It takes brains as well as money to do any kind of good in the world.

For centuries the care of the sick poor was thought to be one of the highest forms of charity. Now we have found that it is possible to prevent a great many diseases as well as to cure them. The significant reduction of sickness and death came not from the centuries of charity but from the statesmanship that has wiped out smallpox and typhoid fever, that has greatly reduced malaria and diphtheria and tuberculosis, that has saved mothers at childbirth and nourished infants into robust health.

Even to-day the endowment of free hospitals is a favorite form of charity. Yet modern experience tends to prove that if medical services were organized half as effectively as the merchandising of other necessities the average man could pay for his medical care as well as for his food and shoes. And the average man would prefer to pay as he goes for what he gets in medicine as in other things. Wise philanthropists, therefore, are now giving attention to pay clinics, hourly nursing service, and health insurance.

Examples of generous but unwise giving are all about us. A few years ago a Pennsylvania millionaire made a sensation by leaving forty million dollars to build and support orphan asylums. His was a charitable aim at aiding innocent and unfortunate children, but there is doubt as to its wisdom. Orphan asylums do not offer the best environment. Modern thought and experience

favor the placement of dependent children in foster homes. There is little difference of opinion on this matter among people who have devoted themselves to child care. Yet the very magnificence of this Pennsylvania gift will probably retard for decades the growth of home placement of children in that section of the country. By an irony which does not respect mere good intentions, this millionaire's generous impulse will very likely mean that the children of his State will be cared for under worse conditions than those in other parts of America.

A temptation to public-spirited men of wealth is to set up private agencies to perform public services. It is true that both stimulus and high standards often result from private efforts in such matters as schools, colleges, visiting-nurse agencies, and child-welfare clinics. But all these in a well-organized society are proper obligations of the State. If the private institutions are maintained only as a means of demonstrating to public authorities the value of these services or of keeping standards at a high level they are well justified. But too often the managers and patrons of private organizations become vain and desire to prolong their pet societies long after their usefulness is ended. Sometimes private groups actually enter into rivalry with public agencies and obstruct or postpone the proper development of important State services.

It requires painstaking thought and study to make sure that money is used not merely to perpetuate outworn forms of service. It takes courage to choose the slow road of prevention rather than the sentimentally pleasant path of present relief. Tact and imagination are necessary if one is to give in such a way as to strengthen rather than weaken the individual or group that receives help.

II

It was the sudden acquisition of huge fortunes in this country, together with the recognition that large-scale giving requires careful planning, which led to the creation of a great new force in society—the American foundations. At the turn of the century Mr. Carnegie and Mr. Rockefeller almost simultaneously hit upon this instrument for divesting themselves of huge blocks of their fortunes and of putting these funds to work constructively.

A few smaller foundations had been set up before the close of the nineteenth century. Mr. George Peabody had established a fund for Southern education and teacher training; Mr. John F. Slater had set up a trust for the aid of negro schools; and of course hospital and college endowments had received gifts for many centuries in both America and Europe. But the large general foundations of Rockefeller and Carnegie established new precedents, and started on a magnificent scale the American foundations as we know them to-day.

There are now some two hundred general foundations in America; their capital assets run to well over two billion dollars. And the newspapers report every few weeks the creation of another new fund by another new millionaire who either despairs of disposing of his money himself or desires to see it accomplish most for the benefit of society.

The distinctive features of these foundations are that large endowments are turned over with practically no restrictions to boards of trustees, and the administration and expenditure of the funds are in the hands of officers who devote their whole time to this work and are paid for their services. These officers often act also as advisers to the donor in his personal giving.

Since the giver himself is termed a philanthropist, and the recipient a philanthropee, some wag has suggested that these professional intermediaries between the donor and the recipient be called philanthropoids. The success of the given foundation is often found in the capacity of the philanthropoid—in

the wisdom and resourcefulness of the directing head.

Foundations have usually chosen some special, limited field of activity and have cultivated that field intensively. A characteristic of the successful funds is that they are not charitable organizations in the regularly accepted sense; they are constructive forces, initiating or stimulating activity in a definite province. Some confusion has arisen in the public mind on this point. Many people, knowing of the large resources and broad powers of these trusts, have supposed they were ready and, in fact, morally obligated to give to any worthy cause which was properly presented. Disappointment and even resentment follow when foundations decline to consider projects which are of unquestioned merit in themselves. Yet a moment's reflection will convince anyone that only by aiming at definite goals can results be attained worthy of the potential power of these funds. To run deep it is necessary to keep the channel narrow; to exert power there must be concentration. To scatter attention and resources is simply to dissipate the great power for social good which is in the hands of modern foundations.

Hundreds of letters and personal calls come to each of the larger foundations every week. There are great numbers of appeals from individuals in distress. These must be referred to local relief agencies. Other calls come for the most bizarre causes. One man wants to establish a negro navy; another, who has operated for the correction of cross-eyes, suggests in all seriousness the establishment of a Cross-Eyed Foundation; another suggests the vast potentialities for social welfare in the manufacture of "gum garages"—small squares of paper provided in public places for the convenient parking of chewing gum. Endless varieties of quack medicines and sure cures for all diseases abound. One does not realize until he has been with a foundation how many ingenious devices there are for the salvation of the world.

Many requests of course are for significant enterprises. But even among these it is impossible to weigh the relative merits of each. Who can say whether the Shady Hill School in Cambridge is more meritorious than a tuberculosis sanitorium in Arizona; a concert singer more valuable to society than an anthropological explorer? Should one support educational broadcasting by radio and decline the appeal of the local relief society? Is chemistry at Harvard or history at Stanford the better subject for subsidy?

Confronted by diverse appeals pouring in by the scores and hundreds, and often sponsored by competent and influential persons, the individual rich man might answer according to his special interest, his changing whim, or his friendship for the particular applicant. But the president of a foundation, who must make out a case for each proposal he recommends to his trustees, must establish some basis of selection, some close limitation upon the kinds of appeals he will consider. And he must do so promptly if he is not to be submerged by appeals or torn asunder by enthusiastic and fanatical applicants.

Most of the foundations, therefore, however general their chartered purposes, have elected to pursue one or at most a very few types of work. Several of the funds already have made notable records in their special fields. Instances in point are the Rockefeller activities in medicine and health, the support of the social sciences by the Laura Spelman Rockefeller Memorial, the researches in natural science by the Carnegie Institution of Washington, and the negro school program of the Julius Rosenwald Fund.

III

The story of foundation achievements may properly start with the Rockefeller activities in medicine and health. There are a number of Rockefeller boards; their relationships are as difficult to untangle as those of the British Empire or

the University of London, and the picture is constantly being confused by new large gifts from members of the Rockefeller family. Mr. George E. Vincent, for many years President of the Rockefeller Foundation, is probably the only man living who understands all these inter-relationships. So we shall do well to consider, not the intricacies of the corporate organization, but rather the general movements and certain of the dominant personalities.

The history of the interest of the Rockefeller fortune in medicine starts with the Reverend Frederick T. Gates, the most picturesque figure ever associated with any of the foundations, the greatest of the philanthropoids. For this brilliant clergyman Mr. Rockefeller had formed a warm friendship; in him he found a congenial associate and adviser in the task of turning his huge fortune to the well-being of mankind.

There are a number of stories of Mr. Gates' first interest in medicine. One of them, often quoted about the lobbies of the Rockefeller offices, is that one evening on a ferry boat bound from his Manhattan office to his New Jersey home, Mr. Gates noticed a fellow-passenger absorbed in a bulky volume. His curiosity was stirred. He ventured a question. The book was *The Principles and Practice of Medicine* by William Osler, a professor at the new Johns Hopkins Medical School. The unknown man on the ferry fired the Gates imagination by a few sketchy sentences suggestive of the ideas that were at work in Osler's mind, and Mr. Gates stayed on the ferry for the return trip, bought a copy of the volume, and returned thirty-six hours later drawn and disheveled to the Rockefeller office after continuous study for two nights and a day of this treatise on modern medicine. A less picturesque report is that one of his younger friends introduced Mr. Gates to Osler's great work, which he read and contemplated during a summer at Lake Liberty.

It is certain that Osler's book was a deciding factor, and it is characteristic of the former Baptist preacher that he should arrive at "conviction" and should throw himself zealously into this new cause. He was convinced—and before long Mr. Rockefeller was convinced—that medicine was the thing. Here at last was a field in which millions could be spent for the betterment of mankind.

In consultation with Professor Osler and Dr. William H. Welch and others of their kind, Mr. Rockefeller and his aggressive associate formed a plan for a research institution which should be devoted exclusively to advancing the borders of medical knowledge. The Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research it was called when it opened its laboratories at the beginning of the century in rented quarters on Lexington Avenue. To-day it has its own hospital and laboratories overlooking the East River, and an endowment of $40,000,000. When the Institute was established Simon Flexner, a young professor who had worked with Doctor Welch at Baltimore, was chosen as its director, and he has remained in charge of this great house of research from that day to this.

The Lexington Avenue Laboratory was the start of the Rockefeller interest in medicine. Another step on the same road was taken when Abraham Flexner, brother of the Institute's director, was called to a post with the Rockefeller General Education Board, for the purpose of improving medical education in the United States.

In this effort is illustrated the necessity of adding wisdom to money if constructive results are to follow. When this program was started twenty years ago there were more than one hundred medical schools in the United States, all of them needing money. The easiest thing would have been to give a hundred thousand dollars or so to each of these schools or to the twenty or thirty which were recognized to be the best. This would have aroused the gratitude of all these schools and of thousands of doctors who were attached to the teaching

hospitals—and it would have resulted in exactly nothing in improvement of methods and scientific standards. In fact, it would have done great harm, for it would have endowed and perpetuated poor practice.

Instead, Mr. Flexner devoted years to a careful study and interpretation of medical education in America and Europe. He published his findings and submitted them to discussion and criticism by educators, physicians, and interested laymen. Finally, in consultation with leaders in this country and abroad, he recommended that his Board support with millions a few medical schools that were willing to try out more scientific methods of teaching and research. These studies and the resulting demonstrations at Johns Hopkins and Yale and at St. Louis, Nashville, Rochester, and Chicago are among the forces that have transformed medical education in this country.

The first direct attack on sickness by the Rockefeller boards came on the heels of the discovery of the cause of the great anemia which was debilitating whole sections of our Southern states. These were stirring times in medicine. Almost all of the basic work which de Kruif dramatized a few years ago in his *Microbe Hunters* had been done or was under way. Volunteers from the American army were proving for Walter Reed in Havana that the mosquito carried the yellow fever contagion. Other American army doctors in Porto Rico, led by Bailey K. Ashford, were at work on a strange anemia found to be prevalent in that island when America took it over from Spain.

Suddenly it was discovered that the same hookworm which infested the populace of Porto Rico was an unwelcome denizen of the Southern states and of almost all warm countries around the globe. Scientists began to declare that if the hookworm could be controlled the South would be freed of an enervating disease which had sapped the vitality of large sections of its population for generations. Mr. Rockefeller, who had the courage to pioneer, saw an opportunity here for his fortune to make use of medical knowledge for the well-being of mankind.

Here again a choice was presented between easy giving and constructive help. The natural suggestion was to rush a corps of doctors to the South and cure the sufferers. This would have resulted simply in a new crop of hookworm-infested patients within a few months. The means of preventing the disease was known. Therefore, emphasis was shifted to prevention; the cure of the present sick was followed only as one means of controlling the spread of the disease. Even in a preventive program it would have been easy to assemble doctors and sanitarians and carry on the campaign under direct control. This would have aroused resentment and obstruction on the part of officials and doctors in the Southern states. It was decided, therefore, to work only in co-operation with local health authorities even though this might make the program slower of accomplishment and not immediately so effective.

The Rockefeller Sanitary Commission, which was thus created in 1910 to fight hookworm in the South, has grown into the International Health Board of the Rockefeller Foundation, with millions at its disposal and with a field of activity as wide as the earth. Its policies from the beginning have been to work only with government agencies and furnish only what funds were needed to start the campaigns, and to use the convincing results from the control of one disease as a means of persuading state and county authorities to enlarge their general health programs. Public health activities have been carried on in all of our Southern states and in over two score foreign countries. The Board has lately set itself the picturesque task of eradicating yellow fever everywhere. This fight is on to-day in the last strongholds of the disease—West Africa and the Amazon country.

A total of more than two hundred million dollars has been spent by the Rockefeller boards in medicine and health. This is magnificent spending and it has produced magnificent results. When one includes the fundamental studies in medical science, the promotion of medical education and the world-wide stimulus to public health, it is safe to say that no influence in world history has been greater in advancing medicine and in reducing preventable sickness than that of the boards set up by Mr. Rockefeller.

IV

The foundations established by Mr. Carnegie have been more diffused in their activities. No one of them has made so distinctive a contribution as that of the Rockefeller group in medical science or public health. Probably the most significant of the activities of this group is the least generally known, the research in the natural sciences of the Carnegie Institution of Washington.

One of the ways of creating social energy that has been recognized by modern philanthropy is to produce new knowledge through research. The scientists who found a way to prevent typhoid and yellow fever furnished the means and created an urge in society to rid itself of these scourges. The researches of Faraday and the inventions of Edison aroused new demands in a thousand directions for the application of electricity to the service of men. Pure research of the most recondite sort must precede any progress in the application of science. Acting upon this principle, the Carnegie Institution for a quarter of a century has been supporting basic studies in many fields.

At Cold Spring Harbor on Long Island biologists have watched the fascinating vagaries of growth and evolution in such primitive forms of life as the jimson weed and the fruit fly, and have built up huge files of records of human families with a view to their possible bearing on eugenics—the purposeful control of human evolution. Stations in Carmel, California, in the Island of Tortugas, and in Baltimore and Boston are investigating plant and ocean life, the development of the human embryo, and the influence of various types of nutrition. In Guatemala and Yucatan spectacularly beautiful temples of the ancient Mayas have been unearthed. The researches of the Institution have been significant in themselves and have exerted throughout the country wide influence upon scientific standards and methods.

Another fundamental contribution to scientific research in a different group of subjects—the social sciences—has been made by the Laura Spelman Rockefeller Memorial under the leadership of Beardsley Ruml, one of the youngest of the philanthropoids and one who compares in his imagination and daring with Frederick T. Gates, the elder statesman. When Doctor Ruml began the direction of this newest of the Rockefeller boards he insisted that the same kind of sincere and realistic study which had brought striking results in medicine and machinery might if applied to economics, psychology, social problems, and political science bring findings of even greater benefit to mankind. This stand required courage, not alone because medicine at that time engaged the loyalty of the influential Rockefeller officers, but also because it was thought impolitic for any of the great foundations to take active part in social and economic questions.

Those whose memories go back to 1910 will recall that when the Rockefeller Foundation was attempting to obtain a federal charter from Congress the gravest fears were expressed as to the possible subversive influence upon the nation of these great agglutinations of wealth. Critics reported themselves as fearful that a private corporation with one hundred millions dollars at its disposal might become even more powerful than the Government itself and might use this great influence to destroy or

pervert democratic institutions and the free play of liberal forces.

In view of the actual work of foundations and of the insignificance of their funds as compared with the expenditures which arose during the war period, these fears ceased to trouble and even began to appear absurd; nevertheless, there was natural hesitation on the part of responsible officers to see any organization bearing the Rockefeller name undertake activities in economics and politics. Ruml's reply to this was that his board would follow the usual foundation custom of not carrying on work directly but by supporting studies and demonstrations by other responsible bodies—universities, research institutes, and social agencies—and that the aim would be not to propagate any special theories but to bring about objective study of fundamental problems.

The program was started eight years ago. Contributions have been made to the social-science departments of a dozen leading American universities and to a number of institutions abroad. A national board of strategy has been set up—the Social Science Research Council—largely with support from this Fund. Opportunities have been provided at a number of University centers for realistic study of local problems. Stimulus has been given to efforts to apply the objective findings of research to improvement of government services and other types of social organization. In all, over twenty-five million dollars has been put into the social sciences and their application.

The Julius Rosenwald Fund, the largest of the foundations west of New York, has made its distinctive contribution in the building of negro schools. It is now beginning to promote pay clinics and organized medical services for the average man and is giving some consideration to the mental sciences and child development. But it will doubtless always retain a major interest in the negro, and its historic record is in the rural school program.

Mr. Rosenwald's interest in negro schools began fifteen or twenty years ago, when, as a trustee of Tuskegee Institute, he saw the great benefits that came to that race from the instruction which was being given under Booker Washington's direction in elementary subjects and farming and simple trades. He wanted to enlarge the influence of Tuskegee and to multiply these practical training courses throughout the South. He could have done this by building a number of private institutes. But Mr. Rosenwald knew something about the difficulties of making money really useful. He realized that the provision of schools for all groups of the population was a duty of the State. He saw that real progress could be made only as the local communities recognized this responsibility and acted upon it. Therefore, he offered not to build schools himself, but to co-operate with counties and states which wished to build their own public schools for negroes. The result has been five thousand new schools, trade shops, and teachers' homes in eight hundred and twenty-five counties of fifteen Southern States built with help from Mr. Rosenwald and from the Fund that he created. Of even greater significance than the schools themselves is the fact that the South has recognized its obligation for public schools for all groups. Momentum has been given to negro education and good race relations. The method of the giving has been worth many times the amount of money contributed.

The cost of the five thousand "Rosenwald Schools" is well above twenty-four million dollars, in addition to millions each year for maintenance and teachers' salaries. Of these sums the Fund and Mr. Rosenwald personally have given in all less than four million dollars. More than that has been contributed by the negroes themselves in collections of dimes and quarters and dollars from thousands of villages and farms—a striking evidence of the negro's eagerness for schooling for his children.

A total of more than two hundred million dollars has been spent by the Rockefeller boards in medicine and health. This is magnificent spending and it has produced magnificent results. When one includes the fundamental studies in medical science, the promotion of medical education and the world-wide stimulus to public health, it is safe to say that no influence in world history has been greater in advancing medicine and in reducing preventable sickness than that of the boards set up by Mr. Rockefeller.

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White citizens have provided by personal gifts more than another million. The great bulk of the money has come from the regular taxes. The task of the Julius Rosenwald Fund has been simply to prime the pump, to start a stream which has continued to flow in an ever-increasing volume. Yet the influence and stimulus of this Fund has transformed school conditions in the rural South for one great group of the population.

Other foundations have made distinctive contributions in their chosen fields. The activities that have been discussed are simply illustrative of the general principles and procedures common to many of these new trusts.

V

The subjects most popular with foundations are education, health, and scientific research. Two fields seem to have received less attention than they deserve: the mental sciences and the fine arts.

In mental hygiene, it is true, the Commonwealth Fund has made important contributions, and other foundations have flirted with the subject. But when one realizes that as many patients are in mental hospitals in this country as in hospitals for all other diseases put together, that in so progressive a country as Canada more persons in 1926 entered insane institutions than were graduated from all the colleges of the Dominion; when the individual suffering and the social havoc that follow mental disease and deficiency are kept in mind, one would suppose that the great forces of the foundations would turn to these problems however difficult and complex they may be.

The omission of the fine arts is more in keeping with the times and the American spirit. We worship just now social betterment as represented in public health, literacy, and prosperity; we revel in active combat whether in commercial business or in a struggle to search out the secrets of nature.

The arts still seem a bit ladylike to the robust American. The Juilliard Foundation in music is the only large fund devoted exclusively to any of the arts. The General Education Board has made one or two studies in industrial art, and the Carnegie Corporation is fingering somewhat gingerly a program in the fine arts; but no board has actually dirtied its hands with paint or clay or fabrics, or risked its morals with the drama or with the popular embodiment of the fine arts to-day—the talking movies.

This aloofness to art is not the historic attitude of wealth. Of old the monarchs and nobles and rich men of Europe and the East lavished their patronage upon religious temples and creations of art. Pericles is remembered not so much for his wealth or his civil administration as for the public buildings and statues and frescoes which flowered in Athens under his nourishing care. The Medicis have been exonerated for much of their cruelty because of their sympathetic support of artistic expression. Elizabeth's reign is memorable for its writers and dramatists. The pride of former European men of wealth was their patronage of arts and of artists.

As America absorbs her frontiers, and as wealth mellows in the possession of the third and fourth generations, doubtless there will be a revival of interest in creative expression. Meanwhile philanthropy probably does well to concentrate upon those things which are in accordance with America's present peculiar genius: intensive accumulation of knowledge (as well as of wealth) and the active application of scientific findings to organized social welfare.

If one were making general criticisms he might say that aside from a few notable instances, foundations have not found sufficiently capable men for their directors and that there is still some tendency on the part of founders to dictate or exert pressure as to the ex-

penditure of funds which legally they have turned over completely to trustees and their elected officers.

The potential power of these concentrations of wealth can be realized only if there is freedom of action, coupled with imagination and resourcefulness in their direction.

If millionaires in their own giving are often actuated by whim and vanity, it is equally true that foundation officers and trustees may be a prey to timidity and lack of vision. To suppose that any social worker or former college professor will work miracles simply because he is in the presence of wealth is nonsense. Mediocrity, which is the curse of democracies, cannot be transformed merely by millions.

The fear that foundations will subvert democracy is pretty well answered. They have neither money enough nor brains enough to do it if they wished. The real danger is that they will have no influence of any consequence in any direction; that they will fritter away their potential power in small and insignificant enterprises.

There is danger also that as time goes on the officers and trustees of foundations will become perfunctory and routinized; that they will grow fat in posts which may easily become sinecures; that the whole organization will sink into commonplace bureaucracy. There is already some evidence of this in certain of the foundations. To guard against it several recent founders have stipulated that their funds, both capital and income, must be expended within a generation. There is much to be said for using resources while enthusiasm is fresh and while the group is fired by almost religious fervor for some cause. Succeeding generations may be counted upon to provide new resources, through new foundations or otherwise, for the recurring needs and the fresh opportunities.

VI

Underlying the various activities of practically all of the foundations is a common philosophy which is the essence of modern philanthropy and the antithesis of traditional almsgiving. The aim is to give as little as possible for as short a time as possible. Should any of their projects become permanently dependent upon their help, foundations would feel that they had failed. To anyone imbued with the ancient ideal this will seem strange philanthropy. But a moment's reflection will reveal the soundness of the principle.

It is a safe rule never to do anything for the public, any more than for an individual, that the public will do for itself. Private funds should be used not to satisfy existing "social appetites" but to stimulate new appetites. Thus benefactors can create energy in the only fundamentally possible way—by creating fresh needs and by getting these new needs recognized by the public.

Inertia and human contentment with things as they are often prevent or postpone new movements, though these movements may promise much for the welfare and happiness of men. The chief contributions of foundations are in the creation of new knowledge through scientific research and in getting new enterprises started and proving to society that these proposals are desirable and feasible.

The new philanthropy does not want or need endowments in perpetuity. If a cause is good it can count upon current support, once its usefulness is made evident. We may be confident that if a public need is clearly demonstrated and a practicable way of meeting that need is shown society will take care of it in the future. Thus one of the purposes of foundations is to make themselves unnecessary.

THE BUSTLE

AN EPISODE OF THE EIGHTIES

BY CHARLES MACOMB FLANDRAU

"IT MIGHT be in the attic," I suggested, "although I don't know exactly where."

No one has ever returned from our attic empty-handed, but it is almost equally true that no one ever brings back what he originally went up to find, and Clark that afternoon proved no exception.

"I didn't seem to come across it," he explained when he reappeared at the end of half an hour, "but I did bring down this thing because I can't make out what it could have been used for," he added as he deposited on my lap an oddly shaped construction of steel wire. "It looks something like a baseball mask, but of course it isn't. At first I thought it might be part of a bird cage, but the wires are too far apart; the birds would get out. What is it?"

Tenderly, affectionately, sentimentally, I held the strange object in my hands and audibly sighed.

"Yes," I answered, "I do know what it is. It's a bustle."

"A bustle?" Clark repeated on a puzzled, a mystified note. "What on earth is a bustle? I never heard of one." With a sudden overpowering sense of time's onward rush, I realized that although he was more than thirty years old, bustles had come and bustles had gone even before he had been born.

"A bustle," I began—but even as I did so I felt that to one of Clark's generation, whose brief and infrequent excursions into literature concern themselves strictly with the contemporaneous, my attempt to define a bustle would be scarcely more intelligible than a learned antiquarian's discourse on a suit of medieval armor.

"But I can't see why they did it," he protested when I had finished. "Take my wife, for instance—she's actually been starving herself for months and tiring herself out with long walks nearly every day because she's so afraid of, well, you know, sticking out behind," he reticently explained. "The one thing she dreads more than sticking out in front is sticking out behind. But those people" (and "those people" as he said it sounded like something overheard in a museum of Etruscan or Egyptian remains) "those people must have wanted to. Why?"

"Yes, incredible as it may seem to you, they distinctly wanted to," I agreed; "but I can't undertake to make it clear to you (not to-day anyhow) why the ideal has so entirely changed—gone to the other extreme. That's a job for a historian—a historian with a talent for the philosophy of æsthetics."

"But didn't they look terribly funny with that great, bulbous wire basket hanging on to them under their skirts? Didn't you nearly die laughing?" Clark persisted.

"No—not in the least," I somewhat snappishly told him. "There didn't seem to be anything funny about it. The only women who looked funny in those days were the very few women in town who didn't wear them"; and I recalled the several well-known ladies

who simply never indulged in bustles and were always explained and condoned by the fact that they were profoundly intellectual. One, I remember, was a school-teacher who read Sanskrit and Greek for relaxation, and another was a Unitarian who corresponded with Ralph Waldo Emerson. Among their high thoughts the bustle did not mingle.

Clark at length left me with the platitudinous declaration that he had long considered it a waste of time to try to understand women anyhow, and for an hour I reverted to matters in which he had not and never could have a share, but which to me were as vivid and as recent as if they had happened during the past week instead of rather unbelievably far back in the past century.

"Queer, queer," I mused, "this wire contraption on my lap has become nothing but a ridiculous—a grotesque—relic; yet it was once (and not really so long ago) of supreme importance. It was, all in all, the most ubiquitous feature of the landscape. In my childhood it had the universality that nowadays is exemplified only by the automobile. In a city of three hundred thousand inhabitants, it may be that to-day this is actually the only bustle left. One's ideal of female loveliness was unquestionably akin to that of the Hottentot; but in the eighteen eighties it was a fact that without a bustle female loveliness simply did not—could not—exist. It was preëminently an era of gelatinous convexities and women, unfortunate in having been by the Creator scantily upholstered half way down behind and rather high up in front, resorted without scruple to the medium of art. The bustle and the "form improver" molded not only anatomies but entire lives; they determined female fates—changed destinies. In my hearing at an early age a young man passionately declared that he had decided never to propose to a certain girl because, as he delicately expressed it, "I think, by God, that there's deception in that bust." More often than not the size and set of a bustle was an index of character—a barometer of morals. Mrs. Bates, the wife of a major stationed at the Fort, always wore a conspicuously, an astoundingly, large one. It shot out abruptly, even violently, from the base of her spine like a shelf (without the slightest danger one could have stood a glass of water or a plate of soup on it) and then, in a long, dashing, thrilling curve, swooped all the way down to the ground and about two feet beyond. Hers was a challenging, a defiant, a brazen bustle.

"I like Mrs. Bates," I once announced when at the end of an afternoon call she had rattled away to the Fort in the shabby old leather ambulance drawn by four fiends in the guise of mules.

"She may be a kind-hearted woman," my maiden aunt grudgingly conceded with sudden thin, straight lips, "but she's fast. Look at her bustle." The bustle, too, served on occasions as a kind of ambulatory showcase, or exhibition grounds. At the annual charity ball, for instance, for women of a certain age, a projecting, overhanging, black-velvet backside draped like a mantelpiece or a bureau with little lambrequins of one's most expensive lace, was almost obligatory—a kind of dress uniform. And, as they were the fashion, enormously fat women as a matter of course wore them quite as universally as did the thin ones.

"When a woman built like Mrs. Gilman ties a bustle to herself," my father once declared at the dinner table, "it's like piling Pelion on—on . . ."

"On Assa," my half-brother brilliantly interposed. At which my mother, with wholly unconvincing severity, ordered him to leave the table and the room and not come back.

I hadn't forgotten these far off things, but for years I hadn't thought of them, and as I sat there I went on to remember the hectic, the historical and hysterical autumn evening while my father was reading the *Dispatch* in the library after dinner, he suddenly looked up and demanded that morning's *Pioneer Press*.

In the *Dispatch* he had come across a somewhat vague and sketchy reference to something (a lawsuit, no doubt) that in the morning paper had been treated of at length but which, in the hurry of getting to the courthouse in time, had escaped his eye. As usual, he was in his big chair at one side of the library table, I was at its farther end, sitting on the ledge of the bookcase, trying to "do" my arithmetic for the following day. Mother was leaning back in a rocking-chair near the fire. In the dining room across the hall Aunt Dottie and my half-brother John were playing backgammon while grandmother, under the cast-iron dining-room chandelier that held six kerosene lamps (there were in the house thirty-six kerosene lamps, every one of which had to be cleaned and refilled every day) was crocheting purple scallops on a fluffy, white, knitted thing, known in those days as "a cloud."

"The *Pioneer Press?*" echoed my mother. "I'll get it for you. It's probably in the kitchen." But, most tediously the *Pioneer Press* wasn't in the kitchen and it wasn't in any of the three kitchen pantries. Furthermore, it couldn't be found in the dining room or the parlor, or any of the family's five bedrooms.

"Are Mary Egan and Jane Munson at home?" roared my father at the foot of the stairs. "They've probably burned it," he added with bitterness. He was not a patient person and, like almost everyone else in the world, his patience was peculiarly, acutely tried—stretched to the breaking point—when he had made up his mind instantly to read something—anything—that turned out to be mislaid, or burned, or purloined.

"Ask those girls what they did with it," he shouted.

Miraculously, Mary Egan, who originally had been my nurse, and who now was the waitress, and Jane Munson, who had long been our cook, were at home. As a rule they went to a dance every night except Sunday, swathed respectively in uncountable yards of blue and pink tarlatan and asphyxiatingly calcimined with a delirious mauve liquid that came in a bottle labelled "Laird's Bloom of Youth." But of the *Pioneer Press* Mary and Jane, who were in their room, repairing the havoc wrought by the feet of firemen at the dance of the night before, knew nothing. They couldn't have burned it, they pointed out, as the kitchen stove had been functioning for hours before my father came downstairs and as usual read the thing at breakfast, and the library fire had been laid for several days without being lighted.

"But I *want* it," my father insisted. "I want to *read* something in it—something of importance. If it hasn't been destroyed it *must* be in the house. I don't suppose it just jumped off the dining-room table where I left it and strolled out of the front door."

"I can't imagine," began my mother. "I can't imagine," she repeated in a moment, but in a tone of noticeably less conviction. And then she very suddenly sat down in the rocking chair and by turning her back and frantically poking the fire which didn't need poking, tried to conceal the fact that she had become feeble with laughter. But naturally my father caught her at it and, with the elaborate and glacial politeness that is ever the signal of suppressed rage, he said, "Really, my dear, I can't quite see what is so excruciating in the fact that I am being extremely annoyed."

"It's because—it's because it has all at once come over me that I know where it is," mother finally managed to gasp. She had given up and broken down completely.

"You know where it is?" father thundered. "Then why don't you get it for me—or at least tell me where it is and let me get it."

"Oh, no—no," mother protested with something that was a cross between a sob and a moan. "You couldn't possibly get it. You couldn't."

"If it wouldn't be too much trouble,

will you kindly explain why not?" father then acidly inquired.

"You couldn't get it—you couldn't get it, because—mother—is wearing—it," she then heroically brought out.

"Your mother, Mrs. McClure, is wearing a newspaper? How on earth can a woman wear a newspaper? Where is she wearing it?" father, in angry amazement, demanded.

"Oh, don't—don't," mother pleaded. "I can't in so many words tell you where she wears them, but with your legal brain," she wildly added, "I think you ought to be able to make a more or less accurate deduction. She wears them for bustles."

"Mrs. McClure uses the *Pioneer Press* for a bustle?" father hissed. "Oh, my God," he muttered as he clutched the arms of his chair and rolled his eyes. "Why, why, with the whole world filled to overflowing—teeming—positively bursting with potential bustle material, does she deliberately, wilfully, perversely choose the *Pioneer Press*—my *Pioneer Press*?"

"It's more economical," mother, having partly got control of herself, tried to explain. "And then, too, she's afraid of the wire ones—she doesn't trust them. After they've been worn a long time they have been known to collapse and run into people's—and run into people. A *Pioneer Press* folded over a piece of tape and tied around the waist is perfectly safe. Sometimes, of course, it does get loose and fall off in the street, but she just kicks it aside and walks on pretending it wasn't hers."

"But I want it—I want it right away," father wailed. "I realize, naturally, that I can't get it myself," he admitted with an attempt at sweet reasonableness, "but *you* can."

"But I won't," replied mother with spirit and decision. "I absolutely refuse to ask her to undress at eight o'clock in the evening merely because you have an uncontrollable desire—an uncontrollable desire to read her bustle. I think it's indecent."

More nearly like what is known as a "scene" than anything my parents had—before me at least—ever indulged in, the atmosphere of the library for the next few moments was nervous, disconcerting, slightly poisonous. Father spasmodically drummed on the arms of his chair with his fingers, and in a kind of atavistic French fashion nervously shrugged and made faces. Mother violently rocked and, from time to time, once more overcome, leaned far forward and poked the fire.

"Well, anyhow, she does go to bed at ten o'clock," he at last hopefully reflected.

"Yes—usually," mother agreed, but with considerably less optimism.

"You can get it then, can't you?" he asked.

"Oh, yes, I can get it then. I'll slip into her room, but after she's asleep of course. It would upset her dreadfully if she knew."

That evening, however, "then," for some unaccountable reason appeared to have determined never to arrive. It tarried, lingered, hesitated, changed its mind, got its second wind, and took a fresh hold. Nine o'clock struck, half past nine, and finally ten, at which father, bounding from his chair as if propelled by some hidden mechanism, began both ostentatiously and deafeningly, to lock up. He pulled down heavy windows with a perilous bang, smashed the inside shutters together till everyone jumped, opened the front door, slammed it shut again, and then went back and did it a second time. He then blew out the lamps in the parlor and the hall and, standing in the dining-room doorway, exclaimed to grandmother, with a kind of hollow heartiness (she was now alone there), "Well—I don't know what you're going to do, but I'm going to bed."

"Are you?" murmured grandmother with no interest whatever—not even glancing up from her purple scallops. "I should if I were you. You can put out these lights—I can't reach them—

and I'll go into the library. Finishing a piece of work like this always seems to excite me a little."

The hours from eight to ten had been merely so much time—a long time to be sure, but after all, just time. From ten to one A.M. however was pure, abstract, metaphysical, Einsteinian eternity with a kind of beginning perhaps, but with no predictable end. Father, after prolonged, undertoned, sepulchral urging, consented to undress but refused to lie down or, for more than a minute or two, to sit down. In that most humorous of all human coverings, a nightshirt, he drifted interminably back and forth in the upper hall, scared me almost into screams by now and then suddenly sitting on the edge of my bed just as I was falling asleep, and creaked up and down the front stairs and past the library door four different times. The first three of these expeditions were productive of a single, reiterated, cryptic, intensely bitter phrase. Thrusting his head into the twilight of mother's room he would mutter, "Still sitting on it," and then resume his restless promenade. Before his fourth descent, however, grandmother herself creaked up the stairs, went to her room, apparently found something she wanted and, just as we had begun to feel that she had come up for the night, creaked out and down again. This time when father returned from below he no longer reported "Still sitting on it," but, "She's begun on solitaire."

I seem to have fallen asleep about then, and sometime between one in the morning and breakfast mother of course rescued what remained of the *Pioneer Press* and provided a perfectly good substitute, but all the next day was a most dreadful day, for when cheerful, energetic, sparkling grandmother appeared at breakfast, she was another creature—a changed woman. She scarcely spoke, sighed a great deal and, listlessly protesting that she was perfectly well, left the table after having sipped a quarter of a cup of tea. From the garden, where she went to do a little weeding among the asters and dahlias, she, who had never in her life been tired, returned in less than half an hour in a state of complete exhaustion, and by noon she had thrown the household into an almost tearful panic by going upstairs and actually lying down. My mother and my aunt had whispered consultations behind locked doors. Two earnest, apprehensive communications were written to the family doctor, almost sent and then torn up, and from noon till eve our world was enveloped in a kind of solemn, melancholy hush. Throughout the afternoon mother was tenderly solicitous (no one could have been more so) but, as I hovered in the background of grandmother's bedroom, I seemed, from time to time, to detect in her voice a note of something almost like impatience—even of exasperation. For grandmother refused to admit a pain, an ache, a chill or a temperature of any kind and looked, as she always did, rosy, pretty, and extremely solid.

And then, at last, I heard her say rather tremulously, "Yes, something did happen—a dreadful thing. It was bound to come sooner or later—I've always known that of course—but I didn't think it could come overnight. It has, though. Rebecca, I'm an old, old woman."

"But what utter nonsense," mother protested. "People in perfect health simply don't get old right off like that. What in the world makes you imagine you have?"

"I don't exactly like to tell you," grandmother hesitated, "because you're far too young really to understand; but this morning while I was dressing I remembered that when I was making my bustle yesterday I had noticed under 'Household Hints' a recipe for getting rid of mice in a pleasant, friendly way that they enjoy. Of course there aren't any mice, but you never can tell, and I meant to cut it out, and then, when I unfolded my bustle and began to look, it wasn't the *Pioneer Press* at all. It was last night's *Dispatch*."

"Yes, yes, but what of it?" mother urged her on.

"I knew you couldn't understand," grandmother sighed. "What happened was that I must have got up during the night, gone all the way downstairs, found the *Dispatch* and made a new bustle; but the awful part of it is that I have no recollection of doing anything of the kind. From the time I went to bed my mind was a perfect blank. I must have put the first bustle—the *Pioneer Press*—away somewhere because I haven't been able to find it, but I can't remember even that. Rebecca, I am breaking up."

It was gay, I remembered, to see grandmother a moment or two later suddenly snap back from a self-imposed senility to a youthful middle-age—not unlike being present when a locust leaves its shell on a fence, or a butterfly pops out of a cocoon. And I remembered, too, that the next day mother subscribed to the *Butler Pennsylvania Clarion Herald*, which nobody in the family ever by any chance wanted to read, and which grandmother wore undisturbed to the last.

BEAUTY SHOP

BY MARY BRENT WHITESIDE

IT STANDS upon a strident thoroughfare,
Yet—once inside, I knew my feet had come
Down a bewildered path that ended where
The haunted trees might once have snared the hair
By which, one perilous day, hung Absalom.
And there was water, blind with rainbow scum,
That might have seen the mad Ophelia drown,
Where pads of heavy lilies held her down—
Reluctant hyacinths that crowd and float
In color like a bluebird's throat—
While her wild hair swirled outward, wet and brown.

The woman seated in the nearest chair,
Seems all a piece of artificial gold.
Such eyes once laid the soul of Samson bare
And drowned it in a pool of severed hair,
Mysteriously impotent and cold.
Upon the shelves, alluring phials hold
Secrets of henna or some mystic urn
Where dangerous and paler fires burn.
And one day shall a strand, dyed deep of these,
Suspend the sword of Damocles.
"I think you fell asleep! Madame, your turn!"

THE LUXURY OF INTEGRITY

BY STUART CHASE

ONCE upon a time I worked for the United States Government. In the course of my official duties I was directed to make a rather particular and painstaking analysis of the profits of certain mammoth corporations. The welcome of the mammoth corporations, needless to say, was not warm.

One of my subordinates in the investigation was continually getting into trouble. He was a likable fellow, a good routine worker, always ready to do odd jobs after hours. I took a personal interest in his troubles; I loaned him money, patched up a quarrel between himself and his wife, gave him books to read, tried to help him slide a little more easily along his white-collar groove. That he was grateful, that he really respected and liked me, I do not doubt to this day. Yet here is what he did after two years of friendly association:

He ransacked my private files and turned over any evidence showing liberal political tendencies on my part to the aforesaid mammoth corporations. He came into my office late one evening—fortified by a drink or two—and said, "Chase, I'm a Bolshevik. I'm fed up with the whole damned capitalist system. I'd like to help kick it over. I'd like to join something. You know about these socialists and I. W. W.'s. I see you reading pieces about them. Tell me all about it, shoot the works, tell me what I ought to join. I'll pay the dues."

At first I thought the poor boy had really come to the end of his rope; that this was a last desperate gesture before the white-collar routine doomed him altogether. Then I began to realize that he was lying: that he was hoping to pick up some information from me which could be twisted in such a way as to discredit my work in the investigation. (Not that I had much to offer.) I went on with my columns of figures, and gradually his receptive attitude waned. "Aren't you going to tell me anything?" he whined. "No," I said. "And I guess you had better go."

He took his hat and went and, as the door closed behind him, I knew that the man I had befriended could not afford the luxury of integrity. Someone was paying him to act as a spy. His government salary was little enough, while his wife had definite ideas about her proper position in the world. He had been bought. (I doubt if the vendee got his money's worth.) I was bitter at the time, but to-day that bitterness is tinged with pity. He is only one among many Americans who increasingly cannot afford the luxury of integrity. His case is more dramatic perhaps, but essentially on all fours with the plight of nearly every man you meet upon the street. They, like him, have betrayed their personal sense of decency and honor because forces are loose too powerful for ordinary clay to oppose.

In the custody and handling of transferable property Americans grow ever more dependable; but in that more subtle definition of integrity which bids a man play fair with his own soul, never, it seems to me, has the Republic sunk to lower levels. As the machine breeds increased specialization, increased technological unemployment, as mergers spread their threat to white-collar jobs,

the case grows worse. The greater one's economic insecurity the greater the tendency to sacrifice spiritual independence and to chant in dreary unison the simple credo of the yes man. It is my contention that for uncounted millions of Americans the price of integrity is more than they can afford. Nor should I be surprised if the ratio of growth in the process bore more than a casual relationship to the growth in urban as against rural population.

Even as the interlocking technical structure of industry makes for an increasing tenuousness in the condition of the live nerves of transport, power, and communication which provide city dwellers with physical necessities, so the psychological condition of the inhabitants of Megalopolis grows more precarious. Living in a crowd, it has become highly important to *fit in*. There are fewer square holes for square pegs; to make the close-locked wheels of industry turn, an employee must be as round as a ball-bearing. This smooth and oily quality that eases the friction of the highly organized machine is in a way more vital than professional training, ability, or energy. One man may be genial and tactful by nature, while nine have to achieve tact and geniality by effort. For the milk of human kindness the most obvious substitute is soft soap.

II

The yes man had no place in the pioneer tradition. The pioneer had his faults and virtues. The faults included a prodigal wastefulness, a disposition to befoul one nest and move on to the next, a certain laxity in respect to the social amenities. The virtues included a sturdy independence, and the compulsion, if need arose, to look every man level in the eye and tell him to go to hell. Reasonably secure in the fruits of his own labor and thus economically independent, he could express in any company his honest opinions as forcibly as he pleased, and, subject to the local *mores*—the base line from which all human behavior must stem—he could translate his beliefs into tangible performance. He could vote for candidates he respected, agitate for reforms he believed in, refuse to do jobs which galled his sense of decency or craftsmanship, come and go as the seasons dictated, but not at the bidding of any over-lord. His opinions may have been frequently deplorable, his acts often crude and peremptory, but he was free to be true to the best that he knew—and so, by the Eternal! a man, and not a rubber stamp.

His was not the gentleman's code of honor, but one less punctilious, more democratic, more human, and probably in the long run superior. The gentleman has a divided responsibility; he must not only seek to be true to himself, but he must maintain a wide margin between himself and the herd. The pioneer was of the herd and proud of it, and could thus devote himself single-mindedly to the one responsibility. Compare, let us say, a thousand assorted pioneers of the Berkshire Hills in Massachusetts in 1800, with a thousand assorted New York bank clerks in 1930, and, unless the monumental history of the Berkshires which I have lately ingested is a tissue of falsehoods, you will find about as many no men in the former area, as you will find yes men in the latter. The ratios, I should guess, have reversed themselves in one hundred and thirty years. With the no men will lie character, courage, individuality, saltiness. With the yes men will lie radios, automobiles, bathtubs, and a complete paralysis of the will to act in accordance with their fundamental inclinations. That Berkshire babies were compounded of better stuff than bank-clerk babies, I absolutely deny. Opinion for opinion and belief for belief, it is probable that the New York thousand have a more civilized outlook, a better stock of human values in their heads, than had the Pittsfield thousand. But for the latter integrity was cheap and abundant, while for the former it is very dear. Like all luxuries,

it can be bought, but few dare to pay the price. For the price may be the job, and the job means life or death.

If you object that most men and women are without a sense of honor, then call it early conditioning. From the cultural mulch in which we are reared—compounded of the influences of parents, school, church, folkways, literature—our personalities are formed. We take and we reject; we give lip service to much that our hearts do not subscribe to. But certain principles we make our own. Integrity consists in living up to them. I am not here concerned with those broad principles of morality which now as in the days of David and Solomon move more or less *in vacuo*, but rather with a far more concrete and personal standard. I ask only if your behavior squares with your conception of what honest behavior should be, and care not twopence how lofty or low the original conception. A stream can rise no higher than its source.

The point is not that we traduce our honor to climb up—such behavior has affected a fixed fraction of the race since the Cro-Magnon man—but that most of us to-day are forced to traduce our honor to cling to what we've got; aye, to exist at all. It would be easier if life were simpler, but the perspiring supersalesmen take excellent care that life shall never simplify. No more have we won to a standard of living held respectable by our fellows, than presto! a new and higher standard confronts us—two-cars-per-family, college-for-all-the-children, annual models in furniture, country club memberships—and this we must attain on pain of social disapprobation. There is no level, but a steadily ascending curve which tolerates little margin of saving, no dependable economic security. While jobs grow more uncertain, desires, built in by the high-pressure fraternity, grow more clamorous. In this compound-pressure pump, the wayfaring man finds it almost impossible to be true to his innermost nature.

III

Consider initially the simple and widespread practice of yesing the boss—to use the current phrase. The man with the strong jaw sits at the head of the conference table, his confreres gathered around him, each with pad and sharpened pencil. From the strong jaw comes the announcement of a certain policy—perhaps a wage reduction, perhaps a wage increase, perhaps a universal system of time clocks. He looks about him. The policy may be utterly repugnant to his staff, but, "I check with you, chief," "check," "check," "check"—the little threadbare word runs round the table. Not always, to be sure, but frequently enough to make our case. On any given business day, the number of such checks and yeses must be astronomical in magnitude. It would be interesting to chart their yearly curve superimposed upon a curve exhibiting the growth of mergers.

The psychological effect of continually pretending to agree with that with which one does not agree is disastrous. An internal conflict is set up which tends to polarize work into neutrality. Initiative, concentration, straight thinking evaporate, leaving only purposeless activity. Probably less damage is suffered by the individual who knows in advance the fire he must pass through and deliberately makes up his mind to prostitute his talents. He is tragic enough, but a less unhappy exhibit on the whole than the hordes who fool themselves into thinking that they are doing honest work, unaware of the conflict beneath the surface. In business offices there is usually one of the former to ten of the latter.

Next let us consider that very considerable fraction of the population engaged in making commodities which the maker knows to be evil, shoddy, adulterated, and a rank imposition upon the public. He may whistle cheerfully enough, say "What the hell?" and believe that the plight of the public troubles

him hardly at all. But deep down inside the continued outrage to his instinct of workmanship troubles him considerably. It is contrary to the whole history of mankind to waste good hours of labor on worthless or evil products.

Not long ago I delivered an address on the Russian economic experiment. I told of the method whereby an oil pool was developed as a single geological unit without competitive drilling and its appalling waste. After the lecture an engineer came up to me. He seemed deeply stirred. "My God," he said, "do you suppose I could get a job in Russia? I'm sick of drilling wells in competitive fields, watching most of my work run to waste. I know how a pool ought to be organized, but with all this offset drilling we aren't allowed to organize it." In his excitement, it was only too plain that there was a tragic breach between his standard of workmanship and the work that he had to do.

Of the ten million factory employees in America to-day, the two million in the building trades, and the two hundred thousand engineers, how many can hold up their hands and say that they take pride in what they make? Many of them, of course, are operating processes so specialized that they have no idea of what they are helping to produce, but the majority are probably still aware of it. The show of hands is not impressive. When one considers the weighted silks, the bulk of the patent-medicine traffic, jerry-built bungalows on Garden Crest developments (I have talked to the carpenters working on them), shoes that dissolve into their essential paper, rickety furniture brave in varnish—commodity after commodity, process after process, the reason is sufficiently clear.

Leaving the factory, we come out upon the market-place. Here we find a group almost as numerous as the producers, pushing goods which they know to be inferior or useless. A salesman has no canons of workmanship to be outraged, but if he has to sell an inferior product, and knows it, his case is not much happier than that of his fellow in the shop. He has to lie blatantly, loudly and continually. He has to tell the world that bad products are good. He becomes used to it, of course; he may even take a little pride in his sales charts. But that does not mean that somewhere behind the table-pounding, door-bell ringing, and copy-writing there is not a *man*, who, in the darkness of the night after an ill-advised dinner, does not sometimes wish to God he could earn his living doing something he believed in.

We now come to one of the saddest exhibits on the list. There may be more deplorable human behavior than the violation of hospitality practiced daily by uncounted thousands of house-to-house canvassers, but I am at a loss to know what it is. Since time out of mind it has been the kindly human custom to welcome the stranger at the gate. The reaction is doubtless tied up with a dim fear that, some day, you too may be a-wandering and need rest and welcome. On this ancient custom the up-and-coming canvasser is forced to trade. In company schools he is deliberately coached in ways and means for capitalizing the instinct of hospitality, for gaining admission, a chair, a respectful audience—only to outrage it in the end.

Here, to quote an actual case, is a woman canvasser who announces herself as a member of the local school committee—only she is not a member of the school committee but recites a name which induces the lady of the house to think that she is. The "committee," it appears, recommends a certain book to aid the children's education. The visitor mentions the children by name, their ages, their bright looks. The lady of the house is pleased. The cost of the book is five dollars. Her face falls. She cannot afford five dollars. Haltingly, ashamedly, she confesses it. The canvasser turns on her with the sure-fire line, "Mrs. Green, don't you care enough about the future of your children to pay five dollars?" What mother can resist such an accusation? Company

statistics coldly demonstrate that seven times out of ten it consummates a sale. Yet what troubles me is not the plight of Mrs. Green with a worthless volume on the parlor table, but the utter abandonment of self-respect on the part of the lady canvasser. Had she hit Mrs. Green with a blackjack as she stood defenseless and welcoming on her own doorstep, the loss of personal integrity could hardly have been greater. Hospitality is a particularly precious custom in a civilization which drifts so rapidly to cities and apartment houses. By ruthless violation the canvassers have all but killed it.

Not content with the assault in person, enterprising vendors of commodities, particularly of certain types of securities, are lately using the telephone to effect a sale. In one day at my office I was called to the telephone five times by total strangers giving a Wall Street address, succulently outlining the profit to be made by an immediate purchase of American Consolidated International Class B. To the first man I tried to be polite, to the second I was curt, for the other three I simply hung up the receiver. But the day was ruined by a feeling of baffled rage, partly at my assailants, and partly at myself for having to crush the habit of years of being courteous to those who had taken the trouble to call me on the telephone.

Yet canvassers, like the rest of us, must eat. I remember when I lived in Chicago a neighbor in the woolen business dropped in upon us one evening. We welcomed him into the living room and were somewhat surprised to find that he had a large box under his arm. His face was set. He opened the box and disclosed some excellent woolen sweaters and hose, male and female. We admired everything—the admiration of friends. Would we buy some? We were thunderstruck, but kept our faces straight, and bought. Obviously, our guest had struck a vein of bad luck and been reduced to capitalizing his acquaintanceships. Always afterwards he avoided us. Our friendship had come to an end. How many friends did that hard winter cost him?

IV

This brings us to that growing army of "publicity men" and women who sometimes do not—but frequently do—give the best of their years and their vitality to pushing causes in which they have no faith, and to booming personalities whom privately they designate as stuffed shirts. There are people among them whose shingle is out for any propaganda however worthless, and for any publicity seeker however shameless. As in the textile industry, there is overproduction in the publicity game, and a client is a client. How many nationalists at heart are writing purple copy for peace societies; how many socialists at heart lauding the benign activities of the power companies; how many intelligent judges of human character stirring the tom-toms for men they despise?

In this connection, the testimonial writer demands a note. If he—or she—really likes the product, well and good. In many cases he or she has never tried it. A thumping lie is exchanged for a bag of gold. The flight of Lindbergh from America to France was a fine and stirring achievement. But even finer to my mind is the fact that he has never sold his honor to a manufacturer.

Consider the activities of the ghost writer. According to the rules of this flourishing new profession, he writes the speech for somebody else to deliver or the article or book for somebody else to sign. In certain cases he endeavors to put into words the somebody else's general thoughts, but in other cases the somebody else has no general thoughts, and it is his function to supply them. Thus he foists on the public an entirely false picture of his client; he puts brains—his brains—into a man of straw; and far worse, he abuses the craft of letters which the Lord has given him by writing

words in which he places no credence while neatly dodging responsibility by placing his client's name above them. As a writer I have frequently been invited to "ghost" under such circumstances and once or twice have been sorely tempted by the size of the fee. Fortunately my economic circumstances at the time were such that I could afford to refuse. Heaven knows when, unfortunately, they will be such that I cannot afford to refuse. But when I fall, I shall know that my position as a responsible professional man—voicing his own thoughts and signing his own stuff—has come to an end.

I know a writer of newspaper editorials. Himself a liberal, he has to grind out a thousand words daily which reflect the ultra conservative policy of the paper for which he works. He keeps a record like a batting average chart, noting the editorials to which he can subscribe against those to which he cannot. When he last showed it to me he was scoring about .150—say one out of seven.

Pot boiling is no new phenomenon. Many of the Humanists' greatest heroes were known to stoop to the practice from time to time. It may be defined as doing, for a cash consideration, work markedly below the level of the artist's best. In the past, stark necessity was its chief inspiration. To-day as I go about among novelists, poets, playwrights, painters, I find a new motive widely voiced. We will, they say, "ghost," write success stories, produce canned editorials and advertising copy, concoct synthetic drama (a new type of laboratory research), illustrate magnificent brochures, or what you will, in order that we may lay aside a cash reserve, and *then* watch us burn up Olympus. I am still watching. The formula in most cases is spurious. A continued and calculated flow of second-rate work is more than liable to poison the original spring. One can cite names—a number of very promising names—but it would be too painful. Enough that American art and literature has lost some distinguished ornaments because integrity comes too high.

Lastly we shall consider a usage almost as widespread as yesing the boss, one indeed that may be said to be an integral part of the folkways of a pecuniary civilization. I refer to the art of backslapping in the interest of a profitable sale. Under the canons of this culture complex it is encumbent upon the vendor to welcome the prospective vendee with all the warmth and sympathy hitherto reserved for dear and chosen friends. He must be dined and wined (Mr. Jesse R. Sprague has admirably described the latter ceremony in a recent article in HARPERS), his most infantile pronouncements must be received with the highest respect, one's home must be thrown open to him, his lightest fancy instantly satisfied. The fact that the company pays the bills is entirely beside the point. The point is that the whole procedure, like the canvasser's behavior, makes a mockery of natural human intercourse. Friendship is one of the few compensations for a complex life. To shower upon strangers and upon people who never could be one's friends, all the earnests of comradeship is to debase rare metal. The dismal panorama passes before us: Manufacturers' agents departing with suit cases of gin to dentists' conventions. . . . Rotary club luncheons with members roaring songs, embracing one another, "Jim" calling to "Joe" (and Jim hates Joe)—all in the hope of more business. . . . The hearty dinner at home to the chief buyer for the National Widget Corporation with one's wife in a new and alluring frock, and carefully coached in the art of drawing out Mr. Blatterfein on his favorite topic—the postage stamps of the Hawaiian Islands. . . . The high and costly strategy employed by publisher B in weaning an author away from publisher A—the agent preferably to be an old college friend. . . . "Contact men" in dinner coats at week-end parties.

Backslapping may not always be for business reasons, but it is usually for pecuniary reasons. I recall participating in a dinner to a man who was as stupid as he was rich. The basic idea of the dinner was to obtain money from him in order that a certain charity might make up its deficit. At the close of the banquet our guest arose and delivered himself of as monumental a series of banalities as it has ever been my ill fortune to hear. When he seated himself, amid vast applause, we, the hosts, arose one by one, and respectfully asked questions and were grateful for answers that we knew to be absurd. Finally we gave our guest a rousing vote of thanks for a most instructive evening. Later, because his publicity man had used my name, I wrote him a letter—a slimy, unctuous letter—recalling his brilliant address and the needs of the charity in question. I was never so pleased in my life as when he kicked us all downstairs, and never gave a penny. In some dim way it restored my self-respect. Charities are worthy—some of them—but are they worth such abasement?

V

We have but touched the surface of the phenomenon, and already most of us are in it up to the waist, if not indeed completely mired. Certain groups are less involved than others, and a rough appraisal of relative saturation might prove instructive.

The independent farmer, standing closest to the pioneer tradition, leads the list. Despite the steady encroachments of business motives upon his way of life—for agriculture is far more a way of life than a pecuniary pursuit—he still has the best chance among all classes of Americans to call his soul his own. Perhaps the independent storekeeper, surviving in those few remote neighborhoods where chain stores and full-line forcing have not rendered his life a burden, takes second place. I know a few still functioning in the White Mountains of New Hampshire. They are the sort of men who will not send a bill when the neighbor who owes it is ill or out of luck.

Next in line we might place the housewife. More remote from the commercial front than her spouse, she still frequently reserves the right to speak her mind freely, "to stand right up in meeting," as we New Englanders say. I recall the case of a brilliant young accountant who, shortly after winning his C.P.A., was given an opportunity to make a million dollars, more or less, in a few months' time. All he had to do was to approach certain corporations with an offer to split whatever rebates he might earn for them in their filed income tax returns. His share in turn was to be split with a government examiner who supplied the names of such corporations as had legitimate claims for rebates in past tax payments. He told his mother of the glittering opportunity. "Jim," she said, "you know when I come to wake you in the morning I shake you hard, and you don't stir?" "Yes," he said. "And then I shake you even harder, and you give a little moan?" "Yes." "And finally I shake as hard as I can, and you open one sleepy eye?" "Yes." "I'd hate to come in morning after morning and find you awake." He turned down the job and has been sleeping soundly ever since.

Reasonably high in the comparative scale would come the skilled manual worker affiliated with a strong trade union. One does not find an unduly grave percentage of yes men among locomotive engineers, machinists, or building trades workers. In the main they are utterly dependent on their jobs, but their jobs are objective and technical, while the backing of the union—sometimes with its benefit clause—stiffens their independence and self-respect.

Next we might place independent manufacturers and entrepreneurs. The great corporations are fast undermining them, financially and spiritually; but many sturdily maintain the Forsyte

tradition, refuse to grow maudlin about Service, honestly admit they are in business for profit and not for public welfare, and take pride in producing a sound article, honestly sold. Below them would stand professional men and women, with physicians at the head of the group and lawyers at the bottom. There was a time when this class topped the whole list, but that was before competition became so keen; before the days of split fees, ambulance chasing, and yessing the president of the University. Professors, like canvassers, must eat. If the gentle reader is of a professional persuasion, he is doubtless an exception, but as a journeyman member of his class, I know that all too frequently I am not an exception.

On a level with professional people would come the unskilled manual workers, with farm laborers at their head. They are largely a beaten lot, but many of them lose their jobs so often they get used to it, and accumulate, if not independence, at least a certain stoicism, a bitter crust against a bitter world. Not far below them we find the servant class —some two millions of them in America. Here we note a peculiar phenomenon. Servants are protected to a degree by their time-honored professional status. Nobody expects their work-a-day manners to reflect their real personalities, and thus they are enabled to preserve some semblance of integrity behind and remote from the frozen smiles and conventional obsequiousness of their trade.

From servants it is a long drop downward to the salesman, though here again we note, or are beginning to note, a loss of human dignity which is freezing into a convention. It is the salesman's business to be hypocritical if necessary, just as it is the servant's business to be servile. We do not expect much from a salesman or a blurb-writer save words, and presently he may be able to save his soul by taking, in his business hours, some such conventionalized and definite status as the butler or the waiter takes.

Salesmen are low in the scale of integrity, but at least they are alive. They have even been known to tell the boss what they thought of him and throw the job in his face. Clerks and office workers, being all but dead, must stand still lower. They are the saddest group of yes men on the whole list.

As we feel for the bottom, we encounter in the murky gloom a large round object. Dragging it with some reluctance toward the light, we discover it to be a politician. To expect integrity from an elected public servant is almost to expect a miracle. When Mr. Dwight Morrow, running for senator in New Jersey, actually and honestly spoke his mind about prohibition the shock was almost too great for the country to bear. Editorial writers lost their heads completely at the wonder of it. The politician leads a harrowing economic life, granted; there are often sound reasons for his debasement, but this incident would seem to make it plain that it is not always good business, or good publicity, to flounder so persistently in the lower depths. Once and again the poor fellow might come up for air.

We would seem to have touched the bottom. Not quite. We have yet to deal with certain types of corporation executives. As a class executives may be arranged up and down the scale, but enough of them at least to be identified as a sub-species are the least enviable exhibit in the whole national category, firmly anchored to the ocean floor. Their case is the more deplorable in that they have less excuse than most of us for being untrue to themselves. They have more economic security than all the rest of us combined. Instead of quaking for their jobs, they need quake only for their balance sheets. They have sold themselves, not to inexorable terms of livelihood, but to a legal abstraction, an almost mythical monster, in whose bowels is nothing more than a certificate of incorporation. (Some anthropologist should do a sound monograph on the totem worship and animism involved in the modern conception of a

corporation.) They dare not open their mouths in public, put pen to paper, pronounce judgment on any social question, attend a banquet—almost take a bath—without first securing the received policy of the company for which they work. They move in a world of juggernauts and spooks which pass under the name of unfavorable publicity. They cower before the dire warnings of counsels on public relations. Instead of honestly admitting they are in business for profit, they squirt atomizers filled with the rank perfumes of "service," "good will," "public duty" in all directions, until the atmosphere of the nation bids fair to be choked with alien gases. They wriggle, this sub-species, into schools, universities, women's clubs, churches. They teach the teacher to teach the little children to wash their little hands with their little cakes of Banana Oil Soap. It is difficult to walk a block in Washington without bumping into one of their legislative agents. Even as the Russians substitute Communism for God, these gentlemen substitute their Corporation. It can do no wrong. Once I was walking the streets of Boston with the vice-president of a great financial institution. We came to a little decayed brick building near the docks. He stopped, with reverence in his every gesture, and all but took off his hat. "This," he said, "is where our Company first began to do business." We might have been visiting the birthplace of a saint.

I should like to see old Jolyon Forsyte at a few American directors' tables; I should like to hear him express his mind freely at a conference of Junior Executives. Here was a man who ransacked the world for tea, sold you only the finest, and took a good round profit on the transaction. He did not cower before sticks of type, cared not a damn about "unfavorable publicity," had no animistic corporate god to serve, and could call his soul his own.

I have been perhaps unduly harsh with that fraction of corporation executives who have forsworn all canons of personal integrity to serve a paper monster. But I should like them to know how their activities impress the outside public; and I would point out, furthermore, that the lesson taught the politicians by Mr. Morrow is equally applicable in their case. They could afford to substitute facts for propaganda far more frequently than they do. The type of publicity put out by the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad may serve as an example of winning real good will by honest methods as against the tricky and spurious variety.

If you think that I have been passing moral judgments, I have completely failed in writing this article. Questionable morals as reflected in graft, peculation, and legal crime lie quite outside the discussion. Such behavior is to be found in every civilization since Mesopotamia; whether the ratio is worse in modern America I do not know, and for the moment do not care. Owing to the colossal temptations for graft inspired by prohibition, it may well be worse at the present writing; but this, we trust, is a temporary phenomenon. All I have tried to say is that you and I, and Americans generally, have each a personal standard of honorable conduct. Under prevailing conditions, largely economic, it is frequently impossible to live within striking distance of that standard. Dr. Paul S. Achilles of Columbia, professor of vocational psychology, estimates that over fifty per cent of Americans are not happy in their work. (The suicide rate per thousand has jumped fivefold in seventy years.) I am but pointing out a major reason for that unhappiness. There is better stuff in us than we are permitted to express, and callous as routine may have made us, the failure of self expression still hurts. In the end nothing but a greater margin of economic security—the rock which stiffened the backbone of the pioneer—can bring release.

A RESIDENT OF PURGATORY

A STORY

BY THOMAS BOYD

IN all Reno there was no more popular haven for discontented wives than Mrs. Green's furnished apartment building—and no more discontented wife than young Mrs. Green herself.

Lilia Green's bedroom-kitchenette-and-bath cubicles were neither more convenient nor less expensive than those at the Golden View or at the Brookside. Their exceptional popularity was mainly due to her sympathetic interest in other people's troubles. With glistening brown hair, a spot of rouge on each cheek, and dark eyes full of solicitude, Lilia sat on the arm of the chintz-covered sofa in apartment number one and listened to large Mrs. Ledyard's woeful account of the married life from which she was escaping by way of Nevada's peculiarly liberal divorce laws.

"It's such a comfort to talk to you—you're so understanding. But you simply can't imagine what I've put up with for years!" Mrs. Ledyard tragically concluded.

"I know." Lilia nodded compassionately. Mrs. Ledyard's story was without novelty to her. During her many months as mistress of the Green Apartments she had heard more than a hundred variations on it, each from a different tenant—young, old, and middle-aged, homely and pretty, pitiful and defiant. Added to that was her own recent and bitter appraisal of Bert and the possibility of a happier life which Kirk was offering her. She had been married to Bert for twelve years. Even now she was only thirty. For the last five of them Bert had been about the apartment morning and night, a grumbling supernumerary. Previous to that he had owned a drug store—Bert Green's Second Street Pharmacy—which had gone bankrupt. But that was before the Reno lawyers, politicians, and business men had lobbied the three months' residence law through the state legislature, opening the town to many hundreds of domestically burdened Eastern women with money to spend while waiting for their divorces. If he could have held off his creditors a few years longer, Bert often complained, looking aggrievedly at Lilia, he would now be proprietor of a prosperous store.

"But," said Lilia as her preoccupied mind as well as her skillfully sympathetic eyes swung back to Mrs. Ledyard and her worries, "it's only three months, Mrs. Ledyard. Then you'll have your decree."

Mrs. Ledyard's deep tones came sorrowfully forth again. "My dear, but you don't know my husband. He'll never consent to sign!"

"Well," said Lilia, who knew the simple court proceedings as intimately as most of the two hundred-odd Reno lawyers, "then he'll have forty days to file a counter complaint. If he doesn't you'll get it by default. Cheer up, Mrs. Ledyard."

Her thoughts shifted back to her own concern. She had one more day to decide definitely what she would do—for Kirk had waited three weeks already

since his decree and swore he would wait no longer. With Bert there would be no trouble like that Mrs. Ledyard feared from her husband. There was nothing Bert could do to stop her once she started. She was already a resident of Nevada, and Attorney Will Sibley could get her a divorce on the grounds of non-support without the slightest trouble. Within ten days after filing her complaint, which she meant to see about at once, Judge Tanner or Judge Lacey would hand her the decree, and on that same day she and Kirk could be married and on their way to his tobacco farm in North Carolina.

"Cheer up, Mrs. Ledyard," she repeated, adding, "like Clyde, the entertainer out at the Buckaroo, sings of Judge Lacey and the girls:

'He thinks he's giving them e-man-ci-pation,
But all he does is to put 'em back in circu-la-tion.'"

Lilia laughed and looked expectantly at Mrs. Ledyard. It was a line that seldom failed to divert her distracted tenants, but Mrs. Ledyard pronounced a solemn "very amusing" and leaned over to turn on her rented radio. As the sound came forth from the San Francisco broadcasting station she picked up an empty highball glass and walked heavily toward the kitchenette. "You'll see about getting more heat in the apartment, won't you, Mrs. Green?"

Lilia had stopped in that morning because Mrs. Ledyard had been cold and had complained of it. At the remembrance her disgust with Bert was increased. Though his chief job in winter was to keep the furnace stoked from six at night till nine in the morning, he had, as usual, banked it up when he went to bed and had not been down to touch it since.

Promising Mrs. Ledyard more warmth for her apartment, Lilia went out in the hall where Katie, the swarthy, flat-faced Indian girl, was lazily polishing the banister. Katie looked at her with brown, completely uninterested eyes and said, "Mist' Green he say tell you he gone downtown."

Lilia muttered angrily to herself, "If that's not just like him! And on Monday morning, too!" Bert knew she had two cases coming up in court at ten o'clock and had to be there punctually. Yet he had gone out, leaving the building to her care entirely. It was now after nine and she hadn't finished dressing; she had promised to run up and see Kirk, but she no longer had time for anything except to get ready for court.

In spite of her hurry she dressed with leisure and care. She had intended to see Kirk, but he would be there after lunch, too. He was always sitting in his room, writing letters or saddle-soaping his boots while he waited for her to come. Poor Kirk, she thought; he had had a lonely time of it since September when he had arrived to start legal proceedings against a wife who had deserted but would not divorce him. He had looked so restless and unhappy in Reno that she had felt pity for him from the beginning. But their intimacy had begun on the day Bert stopped mowing the lawn because of a crick in his back. For Kirk, to have something to do, had taken up the machine where her husband had left it and had laboriously continued until all the yard was neatly clipped. She had gone out to thank him, had stayed to talk. Some people, they had decided, were energetic—like themselves. Others were shiftless, they had agreed—it was implied but obvious on whom each based the conclusion. They parted with mutual esteem. She admired his strength and his dependability and was sorry for his loneliness in Reno. He grew emotionally absorbed in the pluckiness she had shown by setting up an apartment house after her husband had failed in business and successfully carrying it on without his assistance. Each time they met it was with keener feelings for each other until now it seemed as if the only possible life for either of them was with each other.

Lilia finished dressing for court. When she reappeared in the hall it was as if she had clothed herself for a holiday. Her nails were glistening with liquid polish, her lips were red and smiling. She wore a smart black hat and a black coat with a large fur collar. It was a costume as carefully considered as that of the leading woman in a Broadway play. Lilia smiled at herself with approval. Though she was only to appear as witness that two of her tenants had lived in Reno for fully three months—which entitled them to the benefit of Nevada's favorable divorce laws—and though it was a regular weekly occurrence, Mondays in court to her were more important than a holiday.

From the Green Apartments it was a short walk to the Washoe County Court House on South Virginia Street, but Lilia, as usual, traveled the distance in her sedan. Parking before the square, white, pseudo-classic building, she got out and cheerily climbed to the second floor. Entering the bated, tensely expectant atmosphere of the court chambers, she received familiar but respectful nods and whispers from half a dozen lawyers, several divorce plaintiffs, the court reporter, and also the clerk. As she walked down between the front bench and the railed enclosure she had an agreeable suspicion that most of the strangers to the court were noticing her as a person of consequence.

It was ten o'clock, but the first case had not yet been called because Judge Lacey was in his private room finishing his cigar as Lilia, who knew his habits, could see through an opening in the doorway to the left of the judicial bench. Everyone else, however, was there. The lawyers were waiting casually with their brief cases, Attorney Will Sibley among them—but it was no time to speak to him now about making her complaint. The plaintiffs sat in positions too studiously careless, the onlookers exchanged hushed gossip among themselves. Joining one of her divorcée tenants, Lilia sat down and began to look around. Down at the farther end of the front bench beside one of the women for whom she had come to testify, she noticed old Mrs. Gowdy, who owned the Riverview Apartments, and behind her Tish Nagel of the Summit Ridge Apartments. Presently Judge Lacey, completely bald, with a narrow jaw and empty, round blue eyes, came in. The gavel rapped, the people stood, there was a shuffling of feet, the court sat, then silence.

Lilia watched attentively, but her interest in the scene was really centered on the part which she herself was to play. As Judge Lacey opened the heavy book on his desk and read, "Case number H-994632a! Are you ready?" Lilia observed old Mrs. Gowdy, with corseted hips, waddle forth beside a girl in a cheap red hat and rabbit-fur collar. Lilia surveyed them critically. Why didn't old Mrs. Gowdy take more pride in her appearance on a day like this? And why did she always fumble and mumble over taking the oath? Sitting awkwardly in her chair beneath the judge's desk, her knees apart, and the toes of her unpolished shoes turned out, she replied to the lawyer's questions as if she had never been to court before in her life. A disgrace to Reno, Lilia thought impatiently.

Case number H-994632a was begun at 10:10. At exactly 10:18 the attorney for the girl in the cheap red hat and rabbit-fur collar was mechanically congratulating her at the doorway while Judge Lacey arose and called out, "Case number H-994633a!"

That was Lilia's cue. And when Attorney Will Sibley nodded to her she turned to the pale, rather nervous looking woman beside her and whispered reassuringly, "You'll be all right, dearie; all you have to do is to keep saying 'Yes.'"

With the assurance of the expert Lilia stepped briskly through the railed enclosure, took the oath from the bored looking clerk at the desk, and crossed over to the chair beneath the judge's

bench, where she sat with one knee over the other and small head alertly tilted forward.

Attorney Will Sibley, with a sheaf of papers in his hand, looked at her and, after establishing the fact of her own residence before the court, asked in a businesslike tone, "Are you acquainted with the plaintiff, Mrs. Green?"

Lilia answered promptly, "I am."

"How long have you known her?"

"Since September first," replied Lilia briefly.

"You have seen the plaintiff every day since September first?"

"Every day," affirmed Lilia.

Judge Lacey nodded from the bench, Will Sibley bowed and smiled. "Thank you, Mrs. Green. That is all."

Satisfied that she had made her usual good impression, Lilia went through the court and down the hall into Judge Tanner's chambers where she repeated the same formality for Mrs. Bingham, her other tenant who was being divorced that day. She always enjoyed the informal solemnity of a private hearing, an extra attention for which her more affluent clients were glad to pay. And this morning in particular, after Judge Tanner had said, "Well, you're looking pretty smart to-day, aren't you, Mrs. Green?" she felt as if her place in Reno, even with Bert as a husband, was a distinguished and satisfactory one.

But when she returned home that morning and, going through the hall in which the noise of the incessant radio from number three could be heard, found Bert comfortably smoking a cigar in the sunlight of the big bay window of the apartment, her discontent flared again into lively activity. She said accusingly, as she stood in the doorway, the big fur collar of her coat thrown back, "Well, Bert Green! Where have you been?"

Bert was sleek and nearly forty, with eyes drawn in from life, and a jaw that slid back and forth when he talked. "I've been downtown. Where do you think I've been?" He looked at her with sleepy insolence over the end of his cigar.

"Yes," said Lilia tapping her foot, "and what about the furnace this morning? What about the garbage that's still in the hall upstairs?"

Bert tilted his head on one side and delicately crooked the little finger of the hand in which he held his cigar. "Well, what about the garbage? It's been emptied, ain't it?" He had collected it after he had come back from the hotel. "I guess you better take another look."

"A fine time to take care of it," said Lilia sarcastically. The glowing self-appreciation she had felt in the court room had been thoroughly dissipated by the inadequacy of Bert, and in its place lay her usual dull resentment. Hanging her new coat in the closet she went out to the kitchenette and set the kettle on the electric range. But as she slowly slipped her rubber apron over her foulard dress her dark eyes grew stubborn and angry. Why should she cook for a man who sat about the house all day and did nothing? Why should she continue to live with a husband like that when, up on the third floor, Kirk was waiting, offering the love, the sympathy and admiration which she needed and which she had only to lift her hand to possess? With a sudden spurt of fury she banged the saucepan against the sink, jerked off her apron, and marched into the living room where she turned on the radio.

Bert asked casually over his cigar, "Havin' a tantrum, Lil? '

She was furious, but the thought of the escape Kirk offered made her smile at him with scorn.

Bert turned again toward the sunlight, the unclouded blue sky, and the tawny, irregular ridge of the ribbed Sierras. Half an hour passed in silence, save for the incongruous sound of jazz from the radio. Finally Bert looked around. "Lil," he said, "ain't it pretty near time for dinner?"

She waited till he had repeated his

question. Then, with her eyes on the Sunday feature section of the newspaper, she answered disinterestedly, "If you want lunch you can get it yourself."

"All right, by God," he announced decisively, "I *will!*" Jerking his feet down from the radiator, he stalked into the kitchen and began rattling pots and pans.

Bitterly amused, Lilia waited. Even before the apartment was filled with the smell of burning rice she knew what the outcome of Bert's activity would be. "Just what I thought would happen," she taunted as he came angrily into the room.

Bert glared at her and went to the closet for his hat. "You know a hell of a lot," he said sarcastically.

She knew where he was going: down to the hotel for lunch—which he would pay for with her money. "I wish I did know a *hell* of a lot," she mimicked him furiously, "because then maybe I'd know why in heaven's name I ever married you!"

"Yeh?" He swung round toward her. "Lemme tell you something, Lil. You didn't do any wonderin' when you were back of the hardware counter in Woolworth's, and I was dickerin' to set up in business for myself! You made so big a grab for me that everybody in town could see it!"

"You!" she advanced upon him with hot scorn in her voice. "You! Well, thank heavens I don't have to *stay* married to you!"

He was close and menacing. "Is that a fact? Well, now just lemme tell you something else. You watch your step—see!"

She stood her ground, demanding fiercely, "What do you mean? How dare you threaten me!"

"Listen!"—it was Bert's turn to be scornful—"what's that guy up in number twelve staying on here for when he's had his decree for the last three weeks?"

It was a startling question, but Lilia thought it no more than a lucky guess; Bert had never seen her and Kirk together. With a cold smile that admitted nothing but her distaste for her husband she answered, "He swore in court he came out here to make Nevada his permanent home, didn't he? Maybe that's the reason he's staying."

"Don't hand me none of that old stuff. Everybody has to swear to that because it's the law and they wouldn't get their divorces if they didn't." Bert put on his hat and went to the door. With his hand on the knob he said again, "You watch your step, Lil. If I catch you and that big hulk together I'll go after you. I'll go after you so hard you'll both wish you were never born." He went out, jerking the door shut behind him.

Lilia's expression of defiance needed no strengthening by words. Bert's threat, she knew, was meant to warn her no less than to frighten her. He had a dog-in-the-corner streak in his character which might easily provoke him to insane violence if it were aroused. But she was not afraid. Standing there after he had gone out, feeling the pulse of anger throbbing in her temples, she thought of Kirk and would have rushed to his room at once, except for the trivial fact that he had probably not returned from lunch.

Above the music from the still insistent radio the buzzer whirred. Probably, Lilia thought, it was one of her tenants wanting something done that Bert had left undone. Assuming her customary solicitous smile, she went to answer it.

"Oh, Mrs. Green!" It was young Mrs. Jaffrey, the pale, nervous looking woman for whom Lilia had testified in court that morning. But Mrs. Jaffrey was not pale and nervous looking now, for she had received her decree of absolute divorce, also several hundred dollars a month alimony, and she had already begun to celebrate with highballs before lunch. "Oh, Mrs. Green, you've been so sweet to me—couldn't you just step up and have a cocktail with us to-night? It's my graduating party, you know."

Lilia was pleased but hesitant. "Why I'd love to—" She was thinking of Kirk, for she had intended to be with him that evening.

Mrs. Jaffrey noticed her uncertainty, but ascribed a different cause to it. "And Mr. Green too, of course—if he wants to come." It was plain she hoped he wouldn't.

"Oh, no, no," said Lilia hastily. "It's his lodge night. He never misses Monday."

Mrs. Jaffrey was relieved. Impulsively she enlarged her invitation. "I'm having just a few friends in, but later we might all go out to the Buckaroo. And perhaps I could ask Mr. Howland, that man on the third floor, to go along."

Lilia's eyes shone at this lucky shaping of events. "I'm sure he'd—I mean, I think it would be wonderful," she said excitedly; and when Mrs. Jaffrey turned to go a moment later, Lilia followed her down to the end of the hall and went upstairs to see if Kirk had come back from lunch.

At his door she tapped lightly and, still smiling, stood leaning forward eagerly as she heard his heavy, awkward steps come toward her. Kirk was rawboned and over six feet tall. Holding a sponge and a brown leather boot in his hand, he opened the door. His light, quizzical eyes regarded her with frowning intentness and he asked abruptly, dropping the boot and taking hold of her arms, "Lilia, darling, did you see that lawyer this morning?"

"No," in her exuberance over Mrs. Jaffrey's unexpected invitation she answered and hastily plunged ahead with what she had come to tell him, "but I've got the most marvelous news! I've just been talking to Mrs. Jaffrey, you know that girl in number seven. She's giving a graduating party and she's asking us—cocktails in her apartment and probably dinner out at the Buckaroo! Isn't that great?"

Kirk looked at her dubiously. "I don't like that Buckaroo, Lilia. They put glycerin in the corn whisky, and I'll swear they've got their gin scented just like perfume. It's all right for these high-steppin' divorcées with lots of money to throw away on that roulette wheel of theirs, but I don't favor it myself." He stopped and looked at her earnestly. "Can't we just go somewhere by ourselves?"

Lilia frowned disappointedly and answered with native pride, "It's as good a night club as there is in North Carolina, isn't it?"

Kirk laughed. "Honey, it's got to be. Because I've never seen a night club from one end of the state to the other. But if you want to go out there, we'll go."

She looked up at him. "Kirk, you're a darling, you know it?"

His cheek against hers, Kirk grinned joyously. "I must be if you say so. And when I get you back to North Carolina, Lilia—"

She stiffened a little. "Kirk, I've got to tell you something. Bert knows about us and he's threatened I don't know what if he finds us together!"

Kirk instead of showing consternation looked toward the hall door with an expression of steadfast pleasure. "That's all right, Lilia. If a woman's not worth fightin' for she's not worth havin'. I'll just go down and hold a little talk with him." He moved as if to go at once.

Lilia stood in front of him. "No, I won't let you do that. I can take care of myself and I don't want to be fought over."

Kirk stopped, puzzled. "You sure that's the reason you won't let me go down?"

"Why, of course it is," said Lilia decidedly.

But Kirk was not yet reassured. "Maybe you've got a hankerin' after that husband of yours and don't know it?" He looked worriedly at her.

"Bert?" Lilia laughed—it was so ridiculous—"Kirk, that's the craziest thing you ever said."

"All right." Kirk stopped obediently.

"But once you've got your decree I won't stand for threats from anybody. And look here," he broke off suddenly and grasped her shoulders, "we're not going to stay here any longer, either. I've already been in this town nearly four whole months and I want to get back to God's own country with you. I've had enough of purgatory."

Lilia demanded, "What do you mean, 'purgatory'?" It was not a question, but a defensive challenge.

"That's what it is," said Kirk. "Plain purgatory. And we can't wait around any longer. I'm tired of sitting here with nothing to do but saddle-soap my boots or going for a walk out in the sagebrush with the rattlesnakes."

Lilia met his earnestly demanding eyes. Kirk was hurt because she had not yet had Will Sibley file her complaint. But whenever she had seen the attorney he had been in court, and then both their minds had been concentrated on their jobs in Reno's leading industry. "I'll do it, Kirk. Honest, I will."

"When?" he insisted. On his tobacco farm in the Piedmont there were drying sheds and cabins that needed repairs, markets to be looked after, and old ground to be fertilized.

"Soon," she promised. "The first thing to-morrow morning."

Kirk's lengthened face widened beatifically. "Gosh, Lilia! I hope that makes you as happy as it does me!"

He caught her up exultantly, and for a moment the world Kirk offered her became so real in her mind that she could almost smell the pine trees and see the broad, white-columned house about which he was always telling her. Then the thought of the party at the Buckaroo and of all she had to do before evening made her pull away. With a hurried "Got to run now—see you to-night" she was gone.

Past the rows of apartments with their rented radios turned on and their glass doors which only half concealed the movements of their restless, disillusioned tenants, Lilia went hurriedly. Kirk loved her, adored her, and she knew it. Not even the burnt rice in the saucepan which Bert had left and which Katie, the lazy Indian girl, had failed to empty, could disturb her lightheartedness. Bert was nothing, no more in her life than a chance puddle on a sidewalk which might deflect her course by a few steps only. But Kirk was everything; Kirk was love and admiration and dependability.

Early that evening she began to dress. Bert came in as she was finishing. He looked moodily at her from beneath his eyebrows. "What's the idea of getting all dolled up like that?"

Lilia, smoothing her red-satin dress over her hips before the long mirror in the closet door, slowly turned her head, and answered imperturbably, "What business is that of yours?"

Bert glared at her. "If you're steppin' out with that big hulk in number twelve—" he began.

Ignoring him, Lilia patted a wave in the side of her hair. "I'm going out with Mrs. Jaffrey," she said; "please get out of my way."

Bert stepped aside, and she went through the hall to Mrs. Jaffrey's apartment.

It was still early, but everybody who had been asked was there when she arrived. Usually the women outnumbered the men by a ratio of three to one, but to-night there were enough of the less represented sex to go around. Otherwise it was a typical Reno gathering. On the linen-covered sofa sat Jed Grey, a fifty-year-old lawyer whose interest in divorcées was not restricted to their legal troubles; Gigolo Johnston, dark, slick, and pale, who had never disproved the charge of having "borrowed" five thousand dollars from a middle-aged, gullible woman who had come to Reno for a divorce; Ethel Powers, a shrewd looking thirty-year-old blonde, and a younger, softer-faced girl who had recently arrived from Long Island. Kirk, bored and lonely, was standing in a corner, talking to Mr. Disney, who

worked for a local borax mine. And Mrs. Jaffrey, in high-heeled slippers and a flimsy chiffon dress, was at the telephone calling her bootlegger for more corn whisky and gin. Meanwhile the radio was going in the living room, a portable phonograph was playing in the kitchenette, and everybody was holding a cocktail glass and talking between drinks.

Lilia slipped into the slightly hysterical gaiety as if she had been born to that hectic atmosphere. She smiled, gave her hand, accepted a cocktail, took a lighted cigarette and a caviar biscuit with the ease of a practiced debutante. Over the rim of the frosted green glass her eyes encountered Kirk and she went toward him quickly, but Jed Grey, the lawyer, called from the sofa, "I expect you've got a couple of vacancies now, Mrs. Green. I saw two or three of your girls in court this morning."

Lilia laughed. "Only one just now. Mrs. Bingham got Judge Tanner to hurry her case through so she could take the Overland Limited."

Mrs. Jaffrey came up. "You'll have another one to-morrow, because I'm taking the same train in the morning."

Jed Grey boomed, "Well, good luck to you and don't forget you had a grand time out here, little lady!" He got up heavily and, smiling at his own obesity, walked toward Lilia. "I've got a couple of clients coming in on the eleven o'clock from the East. They're highly recommended. I'll send them up to you."

"Thanks," Lilia said gratefully. Kirk, she was aware, had become acutely interested in her answer, and she looked at him, imploringly apologetic, as if to say that her reply to Jed Grey meant nothing.

Mrs. Jaffrey took Kirk's arm. "Come and help me mix up another shaker of cocktails; we've got time for just one more round before we go out to the Buckaroo."

Kirk nodded politely and, with an anxious, regretful look at Lilia, gloomily followed his hostess into the kitchenette.

"Well," breathed Mrs. Jaffrey as Kirk hurriedly cracked a chunk of ice, "one more night and then thank heavens!" Her eyes were bright and her face seemed set with determined excitement.

Kirk grinned a little. He too, he thought, could give the same pious thanks very soon. Speaking as though he had gravely pondered his opinion he said, "The mountains are all right, the sunshine's fine, and you couldn't ask for better air; but they ought to replant the sagebrush and give the whole damned town back to the Indians!" He dried the beaded cocktail shaker and carried it after Mrs. Jaffrey into the hilarious-sounding living room.

Lilia was standing with Gigolo Johnston. Kirk interrupted them and urgently drew her aside. "Let's stick together, we're leaving as soon as this shaker's emptied."

Her eyes glistening, Lilia laid her hand caressingly on the lapel of his coat. "I wouldn't ride out there with anybody but you, not if they dragged me!"

Mrs. Jaffrey was putting on her evening wrap. Jed Grey was buttoning his light checked overcoat. Outside, the cars stood waiting at the curb, the hostess' long, curtained roadster which, according to Reno custom, she had bought on the installment plan and was now unable to dispose of except at the loss of her equity; Gigolo Johnston's dented, dusty touring car, and the lawyer's shining sedan.

With his arm around Lilia in the rumble seat of Mrs. Jaffrey's roadster, Kirk crowded his long legs into a space meant for a much shorter man and pulled the robe up around Lilia's chin. It was what he had been waiting for all evening; at last he felt comfortable and secure. Soon, Lilia and he would be like that forever, facing life with the same inner warmth and coziness which now made them defy the icy wind from the mountains as the car sped over the prairie road. "Happy, Lilia?" he asked, his lips against her ear. She gave a contented wriggle and drew closer.

At the end of twelve miles over the rolling sagebrush country, with the pale moon round and high above the mountains, the swift procession of cars turned in at the Buckaroo and stopped in the gravel parking space. Mr. Disney, the first to the door, pushed the electric button and stood waiting for the tight-mouthed proprietor to scrutinize the party through the peephole before letting them in. Jed Grey bustled up and nodded familiarly at the eye. "It's all right," he said and the door swung open.

Over soft, thick carpets, beneath pastel shaded lights they passed the coat-room, glimpsing the brass-railed mahogany bar on their way through the dance hall to the dining room. As they sat down at the large round table which Mrs. Jaffrey had reserved, the orchestra began an amorous braying of the "Spanish Love Song," while a dark young man with curly hair and romantic eyes moaned the accompanying words through a megaphone.

Lilia beamed ecstatically. She was not often invited to the Buckaroo, and the place was as delightful to her as fairyland to a child. At a table in the corner which she faced, Attorney Will Sibley, his law partner, and their wives were sitting at dinner, while the waiter bobbed over their shoulders with a bottle of iced champagne. Sipping a dry Martini which had just been brought, she pressed her knee against Kirk's and murmured, "Isn't it grand? Don't you just love it?"

"They've got a good cook," admitted Kirk in an undertone, "but it'd be hell if you weren't here." He looked about the room. There were three parties of celebrating divorcées, a few others whose cases had not yet come up, and a number of townspeople with their wives. The orchestra, the fashionable evening wraps, the wine, the cocktails, and the bizarre furnishings in the midst of the sagebrush desert gave the place a macabre gaiety that made him sad and restless. He wanted to get out and hurry Lilia to North Carolina.

Between the soup and the rainbow trout they danced. Reassembling at the table, Lilia turned excitedly to Mrs. Jaffrey. "And to think Kirk called Reno purgatory!" she exclaimed.

Across the table Mrs. Jaffrey smiled understandingly at Kirk. "Why, that's a marvelous description," she said. "Getting out of hell and looking for heaven—is that what you mean?"

Kirk nodded. "It's exactly what I mean." To Lilia he added in an undertone, "But I've got my heaven; right here."

"But you found it in Reno, didn't you?" Lilia parried gaily.

The next foxtrot started, and Attorney Will Sibley came over to Mrs. Jaffrey's table. Jingling a pocketful of silver dollars, he said, "Well, Mrs. Green, I'm delighted to see you out here. Like to try a little dance?"

Lilia stood up elatedly and with a smile at Kirk went off with him. The floor was already crowded. Most of the women were in evening dress, but there were half a dozen men in sack suits and a lone aviator in a blue jacket, whipcord breeches, and polished boots with spurs. With the orchestra playing, the colored lights flashing, the waiters passing silently over the soft carpet in the next room, it was like a motion picture scene with hastily assembled supers, but to Lilia it was the gay and infrequently glimpsed sequels to her Monday mornings in the divorce court.

Jogging her about among the crowd, Will Sibley asked with friendly interest, "Well, what are you doing out here to-night?"

"Oh," Lilia answered brightly, "I came with one of my girls. It's marvelous, isn't it?"

"Can't beat it even in San Francisco," agreed Will Sibley with profound conviction. "You ought to come out here oftener."

"Gosh, I wish I could," Lilia said eagerly.

They danced on. Shuffling through the dancers for the third time around

the floor, Will Sibley spoke to her again. "That's a fine place you keep there at the Green Apartments. When I recommend it to a client of mine I'm always sure she'll be satisfied."

Lilia looked up at him with pride. "It's awfully nice of you to say that."

The foxtrot ended, but the orchestra played an encore which they were dancing when Kirk cut in and with long legs shambling rhythmically whirled Lilia around the floor.

Lilia looked up at him, her face flushed with excitement. "You didn't mind because I danced with Will Sibley, did you, Kirk?"

Kirk smiled admiringly. "You looked mighty pretty—what I could see of you. But I'd have cut in long ago, only I thought maybe you'd have a chance to talk to him." His voice was questioning.

Lilia was startled. "Heavens! I forgot all about it, Kirk. Anyway," she explained, "it's better to see him in his office."

Kirk moodily agreed, "I suppose so—" A bony hand tapped his shoulder and Mr. Disney cut in sprily. There was no chance for talking, no time for anything but enjoyment of the Buckaroo's diversions. With Jed Grey, Mr. Disney, Gigolo Johnston, and several other men who intruded into Mrs. Jaffrey's party, all eager to dance, Lilia was in a continuous whirl.

Not till after midnight was she in Kirk's arms again. He was wearily suggesting that they take a taxi and go home when unexpectedly the trap drum and saxophone, the piano and violin woke to a new and lively vigor. The engrossed dancers started, looked suddenly around and there, up in the middle of the waxed floor, Colonel Bowes, a leading banker of Nevada, came skipping with his arm around the waist of a pretty, dark divorcée. His black toupee gleaming, his old cheeks flushed, and the coat tails flapping from his ancient full-dress suit, he cleaved a path among the people who stood delightedly aside to watch Financial Dignity at play.

Lilia applauded loudly. Perhaps, she thought, Colonel Bowes would notice her in the crowd and speak. But he was too intent upon his fancy steps and the exhilarating closeness of the young divorcée. And when Kirk, a moment later, led Lilia through the carpeted hall past the bar to the gambling room, she went with a backward turning of regretful eyes, like a child being taken from a circus.

But almost immediately she brightened. In the gaudily colored gambling room Mrs. H. J. Bowes, the Colonel's sister-in-law, was leaning over the roulette table, scattering red chips on the numbers as the sharp-eyed croupier spun the wheel and sped the little ball against it. Mrs. Bowes was over fifty but had rouged cheeks like Lilia's. In a high, urgent voice she called, "Come on, girls, it's our lucky night," and drew bored and distracted women to buy chips and play beside her.

Kirk had hoped that if he found Mrs. Jaffrey the party might break up. She was there, but already trying her luck at the table. Ethel Powers, the shrewd-faced blonde, sat in the group before the Blackjack dealer, betting with the money which Mr. Disney was plentifully supplying. Over at the crap table Attorney Will Sibley was throwing dice for a roll of bills against a stack of silver dollars. As Lilia and the reluctant Kirk came up beside him he said, "Here you are, Mrs. Green," and handed her the dice. "Throw 'em out for me and give me luck."

Lilia played and won, lost, won again. Raking in a pile of silver dollars, Will Sibley called over his shoulder to Mrs. Bowes, "If you're having a bad run to-night, Opal, I'll lend you my little mascot. She's a wonder."

Mrs. Bowes looked over at Lilia with a preoccupied smile, but said enthusiastically, "I certainly will take you up on that. You come right over here and stand beside me, Lilia Green!"

Pulling Kirk with her, Lilia went exultantly. At last she had got to the

Buckaroo; Attorney Will Sibley had asked her to dance, and now she was actually going to play beside Mrs. H. J. Bowes—sister-in-law of the Colonel himself! Lilia giddily enumerated her triumphs.

To Kirk it seemed as if the game continued for hours. Twice the croupier struck a gong and ordered free drinks for the gamblers. Finally Mrs. Jaffrey lost her last chip. As she turned from the table Mrs. Bowes asked regretfully, "You're not going, dearie?"

Mrs. Jaffrey inspected her beaded evening bag. "Just enough for a last drink," she explained. "Come on, Mrs. Green, I want another look at the Red Room before we leave."

The Red Room was across the hall. It had crimson hangings, but they appeared nearly black as there was only one light. Suspended above the piano, it illuminated the broad face of Clyde, the entertainer, who sat improvising nonsense about local people as his fat fingers struck the same chords over and over again.

"Lady, I kiss your little shoulder,
But when I grow a little bolder—"

Through the darkened room ran a ring of hysterical giggles and a few men guffawed. Everybody was waiting for Clyde to attach a name to the verse. Gigolo Johnston preened self-consciously. "Look out I don't sue you for libel, Clyde!" he called.

Kirk bought a round of drinks and sat with his hands thrust deep in his pockets. From somewhere a whisper started. It was carried along toward the piano. "Mrs. Green?" Clyde nodded. "Sure, I'll make a song about her."

Lilia grasped Kirk's rigid arm and waited eagerly.

"I kiss your little hand, Mrs. Green,
Reno's apartment house queen—"

On it went for several couplets which were neither better nor worse than the first. Kirk muttered resentfully, "Damned impertinence. Let's get out of here."

Lilia flushed and hoped nobody had heard Kirk's incomprehensible opinion. From the corner the black toupee of Colonel Bowes gleamed suddenly as he stood up and with his glass aloft announced, "To Lady Lilia Green, the best little testifier in the biggest little city in the world!"

Laughter and half-tipsy applause greeted the judicial toast. Only Kirk remained sullen and unmoved. But not even his disapproving attitude could check the high, bright flame of Lilia's triumph.

Mrs. Jaffrey took Lilia's arm. "We couldn't have had a better exit if we'd planned it." Drawing her wrap about her shoulders, she arose.

Outside the sun's bright rays were tilted up from the Sierras east of town. Drowsy even in the chill atmosphere, they drove silently back to the Green Apartments and left the car at the curb for the garage man to pick up.

"Six o'clock," yawned Mrs. Jaffrey as they went inside, "and the Overland Limited goes through at eleven."

Lilia's eyes were wide and bright. "I'll wake you up," she offered.

"Thank you, my dear, but if you'd just lend me your alarm clock—"

Lilia turned to get it. "Well," Kirk began awkwardly. He had hoped for a chance to say good-night to Lilia alone, but he couldn't outstay Mrs. Jaffrey in the hall. "Good-night, Mrs. Jaffrey. Good-night, Lilia." He went slowly upstairs.

It was eleven o'clock, and Bert had gone downtown when Lilia awoke to another day. She had just finished dressing as the door buzzer sounded and hurrying out she saw two women waiting in the hall with a pile of suitcases. They were the Mrs. Clement and her daughter from New York who had been sent to her by Jed Grey. Entering automatically into her efficient and sympathetic role, she soon had them installed in Mrs. Bingham's apartment. Standing in the open doorway, Lilia

was saying encouragingly, "Sure, Mrs. Clement. Of course. There's no need to worry. And when your three months are up I'll be right there in court to testify for you—"

There were steps on the stairs. Lilia paused to look around. It was Kirk. He must have heard what she said, for there was a hurt and bitter expression in his eyes and he turned hurriedly back.

As soon as she could escape from the Clements' questioning Lilia ran up to his room. He was already packing when she opened the door. "Kirk," she asked breathlessly, "you're not mad, are you?"

He looked up from his open traveling bag. "No, I'm not mad, Lilia. But I know now what I should have known a long time ago." He went on packing.

Lilia stepped toward him anxiously. "What do you mean, Kirk?"

His light, quizzical eyes regarded her steadily. "Why, just that you never had any idea of getting a divorce. I guess you kind of played around with the notion for a while because you were sick of Bert; but all divorce really means to you is business."

She started to protest, but Kirk continued in a tone of dull finality, "I began to open my eyes last night at the Buckaroo. You're a resident of purgatory, that's what you are. And God knows why, but you seem to like it."

HALF-WISDOM

BY FREDERIC PROKOSCH

NEVER again shall I cry to the clear white stars,
Never again sing my sorrows; suddenly
I have grown wise, suddenly I have learned
Only the sea

Must weep always, always, only the hills
Must hide their aches through all eternity,
Only the stars must watch and wait forever
Relentlessly.

What are my sorrows next to these great sorrows?
I have buried them deep, I have grown brave and strong.
Only how long will my great joys now last me,
How long?

SENATE INQUISITORS AND PRIVATE RIGHTS

BY JOHN T. FLYNN

ONCE upon a time there was a gentleman named Hallet Kilbourn, and one day he was handed a bit of paper by the sergeant-at-arms of Congress commanding him to appear before a committee of that august body, with all his books and papers, and answer certain questions which the members would propound to him. The great banking firm of Jay Cooke & Co. had failed, and Congress, a by no means virtuous body at the time, was profoundly exercised over this national scandal and all the innocent patriots carried down in the failure. Mr. Kilbourn was supposed to know a good deal about a certain mysterious "real estate pool" in Washington in which Jay Cooke was supposed to be interested. And the committee wanted to know what Mr. Kilbourn knew.

Mr. Kilbourn buttoned up his Prince Albert coat, put on his shining topper, and went to the committee room in the Capitol. But he failed to bring his books and papers. And when the committee proceeded to ask him some questions about the mystery he refused to answer. Whereupon the members went into a tremendous lather, shook their fingers in his face, and threatened him with the jail house. But all this budged Mr. Kilbourn not a whit, he being a man of large kidney and very pronounced opinions about his constitutional rights. So the Committee cited him for contempt of the House of Representatives and, to make the story short, sent him to jail for forty-five days.

But there is another and an interesting paragraph to the tale. When Mr. Kilbourn came out he filed suit for damages against the members of the committee and the sergeant-at-arms who had arrested him. As it turned out, the court held the Congressmen to be immune though wrong; but a jury of Mr. Kilbourn's peers heard the whole story and awarded a verdict of damages for sixty thousand dollars against the sergeant-at-arms. That amazed gentleman got a new trial on some legal ground. And a second jury increased the verdict to seventy thousand dollars. After which the Supreme Court affirmed the verdict.

In a later case Justice Field referred to this celebrated decision and said:

> It is well to remember that few if any of the rights of the people guarded by fundamental law are of greater importance to their happiness and safety than their right to be exempt from all unauthorized, arbitrary and unreasonable inquiries and disclosures in respect to their personal and private affairs.

And to this the justice added the following comment on the Kilbourn case:

> This case will stand for all time as a bulwark against the invasion of the right of the citizen to protection in his private affairs against the unlimited scrutiny of investigations by a congressional committee.

Apparently something has happened to the bulwark. For we have been witnessing a committee of the Senate for nearly a year haling citizens before it by the score, entering their offices, seizing their papers—the most private, rooting through the documents with glee, putting the witnesses on the rack, exploring by means of unrestrained and merciless cross-examination their personal opin-

ions and their confidential affairs, harrying them, insulting them, degrading them, violating not only all the sacred guarantees laid down in the Constitution but trampling under foot every principle of good manners which ought to control civilized gentlemen in their dealings with one another.

The episode, I hope, has made sufficient impression on the reader to enable him to recognize, as the subject of these sentences, our famous Senate lobby committee, on which Senator Caraway of Arkansas has been the Lord High Executioner.

I cannot be accused of bias when I criticize this committee. In the first place, I was in wholehearted sympathy with its original aims—the investigation of the lobby. In the next place I have the highest regard for two of its distinguished members, Senator Thomas Walsh of Montana and Senator William Borah of Idaho. To this must be added the fact that it has been harrying some of my pet aversions in public life, the Cannons and Grundys and a whole array of pestiferous Capitol parasites. I freely confess that I have witnessed the discomfiture of some of the victims of this inquisition—Bishop Cannon, for instance—with a kind of unholy glee, an utterly unconstitutional joy, such delight as a fifteenth century recalcitrant might have felt at the spectacle of Torquemada on the rack. But I hold that this is a form of amusement to which I am not entitled under the law and to which, by the same token, I think the distinguished tormentors have no title either.

It happens that I do not like the good Bishop, but I am free to admit that he has revealed himself in the catastrophe as a useful public servant, after all. Upon the principle that the best foe of one poison is another, it has been an excellent thing to see the folly and arrogance of the lobby committee drenched in the sterilizing impudence of the great Methodist churchman. In the end their victim proved too tough for the wheel. He has wrecked the rack that sought to rend him.

II

There are two tendencies at work in our public life which I cannot contemplate without grave misgivings. One of these is the tendency of every man invested with a uniform or clothed with any sort of authority to enlarge his powers without any reference to the law. The other is the growing tendency to hide from view great sections of our life which may be properly considered as public, at the same time that we keep the spotlights playing on the most personal and intimate affairs of anybody whose private life contains any elements of entertainment.

I have been watching with a good deal of amusement the development of a doorman outside a large apartment hotel near my office. The man went to work just two months ago without a solitary asset save a very large body housing a very small mind. As soon as the tailor could get done with the job he was arrayed in a uniform of impressive proportions. At first he was just a doorman spinning the revolving door for arriving and departing guests. Soon he added an umbrella to his equipment to shelter guests in the rain. Of course, he had to hail taxis and to do this he added a whistle to his tools. It chanced to be one precisely like those which the traffic police use. The possession of this bauble produced the most extraordinary effect upon the doorman's ego. He started in to keep the space along the curb in front of the hotel clear and ended by ordering automobilists from anywhere in front of the building—a blast of his whistle and an imperious wave of his arm was all that was required. Pretty soon when traffic became a bit thick he assumed command of the situation and now, instead of managing his door, he could be found in the middle of the street, his whistle screeching, his arms waving, in complete command of traffic. From my office I can hear the whistle squealing all through the day, and every

blast, I know, adds another ounce of air to this already over-inflated functionary.

The illustration may be a trivial one. But in essence it includes all the elements of the process by which tyrants grow. The steps by which this humble doorman took over by easy stages dominion over half a city block are the same by which one man sets up his lawless despotism over a city and another over a nation.

We have had a kind of epidemic of it in recent years. Our own Grover Whalen, made police commissioner, set himself up as a rate-making commission for public conveyances and as haberdashery dictator for chauffeurs, and finally proclaimed a code of laws for pedestrians. Our prohibition enforcement agents repeal the fourth and fifth amendments to the Constitution and other fundamental guarantees without so much as notice to the citizens. Our district attorneys calmly issue decretals declaring what laws they will enforce and what laws they will ignore. Our federal courts, by means of the consent decree, set themselves up as trade-regulatory commissions while our judges, by merely pressing a little the process of contempt, silence public discussion of their conduct. Our legislative and congressional committees have long exercised the most extraordinary powers—powers, as Justice Holmes characterized them, "unparalleled in their vague extent"—without the slightest regard to the rights of individuals haled before them.

The body which has attained a kind of dubious fame as the Caraway Committee of the Senate was authorized to investigate the activities of the well-known lobby which is supposed to exercise such a mysterious and pernicious influence over legislation on Capitol Hill. In pursuit of that study the committee investigated Grundy's opinion of Heflin and other Senators from the darkest West and South. It probed the stock-market crash, the American relations of the German I. G., prohibition, the tariff, campaign expenses, gambling, and the Federal Reserve System; even the trip of Queen Marie of Roumania to this country occupied several hours of the committee's time.

When the stock market broke, all of us had our opinions of the causes which had produced it. Some of them were wise enough and others quite silly. One with which I heartily disagree was expressed by Mr. Fred I. Kent, a vice-president of the Bankers Trust Company, to a gathering of business men. He said the Senate's delay in dealing with the tariff bill had produced the business uncertainty which had resulted in the crash. Whether it was right or wrong, it was nothing more than Mr. Kent's personal opinion. And I should like to know when a man's personal opinion about the causes of a stock-market decline has become a crime. It was certainly no business of the lobby committee. Yet Mr. Kent was haled before these inquisitors and mercilessly grilled for three hours about market gambling, fifteen-day borrowing at the Federal Reserve Bank, Charles E. Mitchell's actions during the crash, the tariff, the capital gain tax, and a host of other extraneous subjects.

Captain William Slayton, an estimable citizen, president of the Association Against the Prohibition Amendment, was called. When he took the stand he was confronted with a batch of his personal letters. One was to Mr. Charles S. Wood, a personal friend in Philadelphia. In it Mr. Slayton had said he believed President Hoover was getting ready to change his views on prohibition. It was such a letter as any man might have written to a friend. But it had been seized by the committee's unconstitutional raiders, and Captain Slayton was grilled for several hours about it.

No regard whatever was observed for the feelings of witnesses who were shouted at, browbeaten, sneered at, and insulted in the most shameful manner. I do not know that there is anything in the Constitution about good manners or whether our protection must rest wholly

upon the ordinances of Emily Post. But it seems to me that there ought to be some shelter for the citizen, called from his pursuits to give information to a legislature, from the bad manners of over-heated inquisitors. When J. H. Kirby was on the stand Senator Blaine accused him of not being candid. Kirby said he resented that insinuation. And Blaine announced that he didn't care anything about Kirby's resentment.

Old Uncle Joe Grundy had referred to certain Senators as the representatives of "too vocal backward states." Caraway demanded that he produce a list of these Senators. Grundy replied that he had appeared to discuss economic questions and had no desire to be drawn into a controversy involving personalities. Then Caraway began to read the Senate roll-call:

"Alabama," he said, "is represented by Senator Heflin. Do you approve of him as a Senator?"

Grundy didn't want to express an opinion about Heflin or any other Senator. Caraway then accused him of "welching." Grundy objected to the word "welch," whereupon Caraway, after a few more thrusts, gave up the examination and exclaimed:

"I just wanted to see if, at the last moment, when you were brought to the test, *you would prove to be yellow.*" Grundy also objected to the word "yellow," upon which the amiable Senator from Arkansas graciously permitted the word to be expunged.

On another occasion J. E. Pierce, a newspaper editor, objected to an insinuation in the testimony of Senator Black that he had changed his position on the Muscle Shoals question after he had received a check from a Colonel Worthington of the Tennessee River Improvement Association. Pierce characterized that as a contemptible lie. Senator Black answered: "We can settle that outside. Everybody knows you are by nature a liar and a coward."

"If that's the way you feel about it we will go right outside now," cried Pierce.

"Oh, no!" replied Black. "That question can wait for settlement."

"Then you admit you are a coward," Pierce retorted.

"No," replied Black. "I admit that you are."

A sample of the manner in which the examination was conducted will be seen from the following account of the questioning of Henry H. Curran. Mr. Curran is the director of the Association Against the Prohibition Amendment. It ought to be explained for the benefit of those who do not know that Mr. Curran is a very highly esteemed citizen of New York City. He is a man of the highest integrity, universally recognized as such. Moreover, he is a gentleman—the kind who inspires good manners in those who address him. He has been a judge of the Special Sessions Court in New York, President of the Borough of Manhattan, and once candidate of the Republican party for Mayor of New York.

Senator Robinson of Indiana was questioning him about including in his pamphlets reports of cases in which dry agents had shown up well.

"Don't you know, as a matter of fact, that you don't report such cases?" asked Robinson.

Curran said he would consult the pamphlet.

Then Caraway put a question before he could reply further.

Curran said: "If I could sit here uninterrupted by questions from the committee I might get somewhere."

"I think it is enlightening for the people to know how little you know about what you do," Caraway remarked sarcastically.

"I know how little the prohibition officers are doing," answered Curran.

"You seem to know as much about that as about what you are doing yourself," Caraway retorted.

Curran replied he knew what he was doing.

"Then answer the question," Caraway shouted and advanced around the

committee table to shake his finger in the witness's face.

"Does that pamphlet contain a statement of the number of prohibition officers killed by bootleggers?" demanded Caraway.

"I was just going to look it up," said Curran.

"If you will explain one fact and answer one question without quibbling, we will get over that," said Caraway. "If you don't know it, say you don't; if you do, answer the question." He turned on his heel and muttered something about "*a man may be a damn' fool in public.*"

It is within the power of examiners thus to insult and harry, upon the witness stand, men whose only offense is that they disagree with the examiners. I have attended many legislative and congressional investigations in my time and I have stood aghast at times at the cruelty with which a committeeman, armed with his brief authority, his immunity, and the safety of his position has violated every consideration of decency in dealing with a helpless witness. One day, some years ago, I watched a distinguished investigator subject the president of a large bank to the most savage and merciless examination I have ever witnessed. The witness was so completely humiliated that he almost wept. Later in the day I commented to the investigator on the savagery of his attack. And I added that I was particularly puzzled at it since the man seemed to have no information whatever about the subject investigated. The great inquisitor smiled sardonically.

"You thought it savage," he said amused. "Well, that man's father once kicked me out of his bank twenty-five years ago."

This weakness for insulting a witness seems to run through our whole system. The freedom with which lawyers are permitted to insult witnesses—utterly disinterested persons, drawn against their will to testify about other people's troubles—is nothing short of a disgrace to our courts. I have seen murder trials in which the lawyers have cast sneering aspersions upon the honesty and decency of everybody in the court room except the gentleman on trial.

There was one witness on the stand at the lobby hearing who proved a little trying for the inquisitors. She was Mrs. Gladys Moore Jones, a publicity agent of the American Sugar Association. I may have my own opinion about the publicity agents for such associations, but they are citizens and they have constitutional rights. Mrs. Jones complained bitterly that her private file had been rifled by agents of the committee. While she was on the stand Senator Caraway loomed up before her with a batch of her personal letters in his hand. He produced one of them and asked her if she had written it.

"Yes, I wrote it," answered Mrs. Jones, "but I want to ask you what right you have to have it?"

"Well," smiled the Senator, "we seem to have it."

"How did you get it?" demanded Mrs. Jones. "By what right have you my personal letter in your hands?"

"We will argue that some other time," said Senator Caraway.

The files of Mr. Curran, of Mrs. Jones, and of others were taken in the most high-handed manner and, to conclude the comedy, the committee commandeered the files of a New York bucket shop to get at the private operations of Bishop Cannon. All of his letters tracing his dealings with the bucket shop, his hectic transactions prior to the stock-market break, revealing losses by the pious Methodist Shepherd of nearly eighty thousand dollars, were raked through. We may all have our views about the fitness of the representative of that same Jesus who whipped the money changers from the Temple playing the stock market on margin in a bucket shop, but what has this to do with the lobby investigation? And what right have the members of this committee to investigate it? In the end

the committee had to confess itself helpless to deal with its latest witness. The Cannon it got hold of went off in its hands and wrecked the committee.

III

Apparently the curtain has been rung down on the many-act comedy of the lobby committee. And now we see that, while the committee did achieve some important results, it proceeded in many of its activities as a furious and lawless bluff. I do not want to decry the practice of Congressional investigations. Many important and far-reaching reforms have been achieved through them. Congress could hardly function intelligently without the use of the inquiry. But after all Congress is a creature of the law. And this is an organized society in which we live. Organized society means proceeding under the sanction of the law. Its servants, unlike the hirelings of a dictator, owe their powers to definite statutes, and they have no right to exceed them however laudable their aim may be.

The constitutional guarantees which provide that the citizen shall be secure from unreasonable search and seizure are a fundamental part of our law. There are indeed times when they get in the way of the prosecutor and investigator. But they are there and he ought to be compelled to respect them. One of the dangers of disregarding these guarantees is that we can feel no assurance that the machine we erect to attack our enemies will not fall into other hands to-morrow and be turned against ourselves. The most extensive defiance of the guarantees in the Constitution practiced by any large body of officers in recent years has proceeded from the prohibition enforcement service and its Anti-Saloon League supporters who have stood by and applauded its high-handed and lawless methods even when it went so far as shooting down innocent persons. And now Bishop Cannon, one of the leaders of that organization, finds himself in the clutches of men who are willing to be as lawless as his organization. It is indeed interesting to hear a leader of the Anti-Saloon League making the discovery that there are other sections of the Constitution besides the Eighteenth Amendment.

There is no doubt about the right of Congress to make inquiries in aid of legislation. It would be impossible for Congress to legislate intelligently unless it possessed the power to secure the information necessary for informed action. Moreover, there are abuses which creep into government and into society which no other instrument of government is able to reach. Special investigating committees of Congress have on innumerable occasions brought to light important facts which could have been secured in no other way.

But the power to halt the citizen at his business, to hale him from his affairs and oblige him to repair to Washington, however distant, to compel him to produce his papers and effects and answer questions which may subject him to loss, to embarrassment, and perhaps to public contempt, is a power which the Supreme Court itself has warned "should be watched with vigilance." Congress possesses the power to summon and question witnesses and, on their refusal to answer, to punish them for contempt. But it is by no means an unlimited power.

In the opening paragraph of this article I referred to the famous Kilbourn case. Justice Miller, in deciding that case, said: "There is no express power in that instrument (the Constitution) conferred upon either House of Congress to punish for contempts." After explaining that the power, if it existed in Congress at all, arose by implication, the learned justice added:

> We are sure that no person can be punished for contumacy as a witness before either House, unless his testimony is required in the matter into which that House has jurisdiction to inquire, and we feel equally sure that neither of these bodies possesses the *general*

power to make inquiry into the private affairs of citizens.

It ought not to be necessary for a court to pronounce such a judgment, for the Fourth Amendment to the Constitution declares that "the right of the people to be secure in their persons, houses, papers, and effects against unreasonable searches and seizures, shall not be violated." This means secure against Congress as well as against every other force. Mr. Justice Field said in a case involving these issues (*In re* Pacific Railway Commission, 32 Federal Reporter, page 241):

> Congress may inquire into the extent of the productions of the country, etc. But in its inquiries it is controlled by the same guards against the invasion of private rights which limit the investigation of private parties into similar matters. In the pursuit of knowledge it cannot compel the production of private books and papers of the citizens for its inspection, except in the progress of judicial proceedings, or in suits instituted for that purpose, and in both cases only upon averments that its rights are in some way dependent for enforcement upon the evidence those books and papers contain. Of all the rights of the citizen few are of greater importance or more essential to his peace and happiness than the right of personal security, and that involves not merely the protection of his person from assault, but exemption of his private affairs, books and papers from the inspection and scrutiny of others. Without the enjoyment of this right all others would lose half their value.

In one form or another this fundamental limitation upon Congress has been expressed over and over by the courts.

Yet we behold a witness facing the lobby inquisitors and perceiving with amazement that Senator Caraway has in his hands a batch of her private letters. We see Mr. Curran of New York in the witness chair and before him the committee members thumbing through his private files, running over his personal letters and actually questioning him about mere private opinions expressed in them, even nosing into miscellaneous memoranda about what was served at dinner. We see the Committee with the personal correspondence of Bishop Cannon to his brokers and actually handing these letters out to the newspapers after it had closed its sittings.

If all this is lawful, one wonders what has become of the legal opinions of the highest Federal Courts, which I have quoted, and of the following clear statement from no less a jurist than Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes:

> Anyone who respects the spirit as well as the letter of the Fourth Amendment would be loath to believe that Congress intended to authorize one of its subordinate agencies to sweep all our traditions into the fire, and to direct fishing expeditions into private papers on the possibility that they may disclose evidence of crime. . . . It is contrary to all principles of justice to allow a search through all respondent's records, relevant or irrelevant, in the hope that something will turn up.

The committee fished up one document out of Mr. Curran's files—a list of Congressmen who vote dry and drink wet. But it refrained from making that public, as it did Bishop Cannon's letters, because—praised be the god of consistency!—the list would tend to embarrass members of Congress.

There is still another limitation to the authority of a committee of the House or Senate. It must confine its inquiries to the subject which it has been authorized to investigate. The Senate once investigated charges of bribery of its members by the sugar interests to procure a tariff schedule. A witness told the committee that a member of Congress had told him that a wire manufacturer had told him that he had overheard a conversation in the sugar trust headquarters and that from that conversation the wire manufacturer concluded that the Wilson tariff bill would pass the Senate. He was asked the name of the wire manufacturer and the Congressman and he declined to give them, whereupon he was indicted for contempt of the Senate. Mr. Justice Bradley, delivering the opinion of the Supreme Court, said:

It was evidently the purpose of Congress . . . to limit the responsibility of witnesses called to testify in an investigation of charges, to answering such questions only as would elicit facts that would tend to prove or disprove the charges. If a Congressional Committee sees fit to roam in the realm of collateral, irrelevant, immaterial, impertinent matters, *the witnesses who refuse to accompany it will not be amenable to the penalties of the statute.*—U. S. *v.* Shriver, Wash. Law Reporter, vol. 25, p. 414.

Now I do not pretend to lay down the law here. I am not a lawyer and I have limited myself merely to repeating the words of distinguished justices of the Supreme Court of the United States. The cases are simple enough, may be read by any citizen, and are well within the reach of the layman. The law would seem to be, therefore, that the citizen may refuse to answer a Congressional committee when it seeks to pry into his private affairs or questions him about matters not relevant to the subject of investigation.

This is all very well. But when the witness is on the stand, confronted by an irate and warlike investigator, surrounded by a hostile committee, with all the power of its official position behind it, he is in no very favorable position to assert his rights. Even a forceful man may be overawed under these circumstances. All of us are not endowed with the brass of Bishop Cannon or the formidable tongue of Mrs. Jones.

But to the most powerful witness, the only remedy he possesses is to protest that his rights are being invaded. His inquisitor is the committee. If he asserts a constitutional right the question is then submitted for judgment to that same committee. And when the decision is made against him he must elect there and then whether he will defy the committee or not. He is thus compelled to make a choice which is fraught with the most serious consequences if he makes a mistake. If he is mistaken there looms before him prosecution and the jail. In a court of law when counsel proposes a questionable query there is the disinterested judge to decide it. The committee is both prosecutor and judge. The result is that the citizen's so-called constitutional right becomes in effect little more than a right to a feeble protest. After this, unless he be an exceptional man, he will yield rather than incur the risk of an error.

What is the remedy for this? There seems to be but one. When a witness asserts that his constitutional rights are invaded and the committee rules against him, the matter ought then to be referred to a court of law for summary decision. If the witness has made a mistake and the court rules against him, he must now answer the questions or produce the papers. If he does not it will then be time to hold him for contempt of the committee.

There is something within the reach of Congress itself which may be done to cure this abuse. A committee, when engaged in a hunt, its temperature up with the fury of the chase, can hardly be expected to furnish a collection of wise and temperate precedents from which rules of procedure can be formed. But Congress itself, when its judgment is calm and not disturbed by some present and irritating inquisition, ought to prepare and enact a collection of rules governing congressional investigations.

The congressional investigation ought to be preserved. It is not merely an important aid to intelligent legislation; it is also an important instrument for the protection of the rights and liberties of the people. Any such investigation will be far more effective when it has behind it the moral support of an aroused public opinion. Its value will always be reduced when the public opinion stimulated by its revelations is diluted by a sense of outrage over its methods. The lobby committee's history is an admirable illustration of this. Now as it dissolves in helplessness its useful achievements are forgotten and from those most pleased with its aims and its more substantial work, comes a storm of criticism.

THE REAL TRAGEDY OF THE FARMER

BY MARK VAN DOREN

THE American farmer is badly off. No one who has looked into the matter seems to doubt that fact, though there are millions of people who have not looked into it, and among those who have there are many who do not care. He is badly off. And the worst of his plights is not the economic one.

That is the one we hear about from Congress and the newspapers, and to be sure it is sorry enough. It is of course a tragedy that so many farms should be worth just half as much as they were worth in 1920—would be sold at half price, that is, if they could be sold at all, which in too many cases they cannot. It is a matter for something deeper than regret that the average American who makes his living off the land now makes about five hundred and forty dollars a year. It is painful to learn that he gets less than he used to get for what he raises and spends more; that his markets both abroad and at home have been altered beyond accommodation by the opening up of new fields in Russia and South America, and by changes in our own notions of what we want to eat and wear; that too many American acres are under cultivation in view of the scope of the American market, the consequence being the larger the crop the lower the price. It is disturbing to hear how many farmers, particularly in the Middle West, the farmer kingdom, are suffering nightmares as an interest date approaches; how they have long ago given up the hope of paying off the principal on their mortgages; and how the agricultural banks break regularly, week by week, throughout the year. All this is sad, certainly. But there is a failure more fundamental yet.

That is the failure of the American farmer to remain, so to speak, on top of his world, and perhaps of ours; to maintain his peculiar and age-old culture in the face of new conditions; to preserve the virtues for which he used to be respected and envied. Time was when we had a very pretty picture, which did not change from generation to generation, of a man who lived at a pleasurable remoteness from cities and cultivated a life there which, taking everything into consideration, was *the* life. Enumerate as we might the "advantages" which he lacked—bright lights at night, conversation at all times with all kinds of people, the newest books to read and the newest ideas to toy with, vehicles to take him away from his work, instruments of communication to keep him in touch with the world, good clothes, rare foods, and a fashionable hair-cut—there was still the reservation that he was at any rate stalwartly free, and so to be envied. His was the life that had first been lived by men, and it was the life to which men might ultimately return. Meanwhile it would not have changed; the land would be there once more to receive its wandering sons, and of these sons the faithful farmer would be king. It was not merely that he would have possession of the land, and of all the arts whereby it feeds mankind directly, as the grass grows towards the sun. It was not merely that the farmer, by theory at least, was the only member of society who could subsist at home, comfortably and forever, without respect to the

operation of complicated economic laws elsewhere applying. There was also the feeling that he had the best state of mind after all, the solidest ideas, the longest wearing morals. Sophisticated as we might be for the moment, and fascinated by the turns our cleverness was taking, there might well come a time when all that would fall off us like an ill-fitting cloak; and then we should thank the stars that they had kept on shining over this original man of the land, the man to whom we now must go back.

The rustic virtues were laughed at, but the laughter was affectionate, and always there was the implication that they were the real virtues. The rube who tramped on to the stage in a nineteenth-century melodrama was comic enough with his whiskers, his cotton umbrella, his greased boots, and his nasal voice; but he usually triumphed over the city fellow in the end, or if he did not quite do that he at any rate was respectable for his perfect integrity of tone. He had come a long distance to the city. If we should take the train home with him, and then the horse and buggy, and then the final path across the fields, we should find ourselves in a little kingdom quite as romantic as any of those which later on were given such wonderful names as Graustark and Pilsen. Here our host was prophet and monarch combined; he was ignorant of many things, but he was wise about the few things that were important, and we might safely place our future in his rough though kindly hands. Some mysticism concerning Nature was operating here, needless to say; yet many who talked thus spoke quite simply about the blessing of a life lived under the sun and rain, in step with the seasons, and in league with the mother of all life, earth.

II

Unless I am greatly mistaken, this attitude towards the farmer is dead. I do not seem to hear such talk any more. Indeed, I don't even find that the farmer is a current jest, affectionate or otherwise. He simply isn't mentioned. He does not count in the spiritual economy of the metropolitan and industrial world about us. That world has its own problems to discuss, and its own nervous way of discussing them; it does not dream for a moment that the farmer would have anything to say to it. And indeed he does have nothing to say. For he has abandoned his original character, whatever it was, in an attempt to become a portion of the new world. For the most part he has failed in the attempt; but even where he has succeeded he has enjoyed a relatively feeble success, and so can have nothing to say which would come with the force of a contribution. His only chance of holding his own was to remain what he was. To remain just that would have meant being out of the running. But he could have gone on at his slow pace with honor. Now he has not even honor. He no longer enjoys the distinction of being laughed at for refusing to be what he should not be. He is merely ignored for refusing to be what he should be.

William Allen White says that what the American farmer has refused to be is a peasant; and it is the right word if we make the necessary effort to give it an American meaning, not a European one. It does not need, that is, to be a term of derogation or an occasion for condescension. Its meaning would be substantially the equivalent of what I have been trying to say so far about the early American farmer. An American peasant would be an American farmer who subsisted cheerfully at home, ignored the life of cities, went his remote way at leisure, and was indifferent to the charge of being a rube, a hayseed, or a hick. His first and last quality would be independence—not merely economic independence, but moral independence in an even greater degree. He would have a world, in other words, that was quite his own; and if we did not envy him the world he had we might at least envy him the having one.

The American farmer, however, has tried to be a business man and an industrialist. He has tried to become part of a business and industrial civilization, and he has learned to love the fruits of that civilization. I am not denying that this may have been inevitable, nor am I denying that the act calls for admiration. I am not blaming the farmer for his desire to be like other men. I am only saying that there are obvious penalties, and that he has suffered them. The joke may turn out to be not at all a joke on him, who perhaps could never have avoided making the choice he made; the joke may be on the world which left it impossible for him to survive. I am not concerned with all that. I am concerned with what seems to have happened. And secretly I am very much concerned with the passing of an attractive human figure.

The American peasant would have been armed against financial depression. Whatever happened to the markets, he would have been capable of the equanimity which we attribute to the elements he works with. He would have drawn in and kept his peace, and been none the less happy. The American farmer has not so behaved, nor could he if conditions became even worse than they are. Stuart Chase, realist that he is, believes he could. Glancing at the farmer with his accountant's eye, and finding the balance-sheet a most pitiful page, Mr. Chase still can say of the farmer himself: "He is carrying on a job far older than the money and credit system. He is handicapped seriously by its rules, but in a pinch he can still defy them. No penalty of sudden extermination hangs over him. If his books do not balance, if his debits exceed his credits, he can throw his books out of the window and go out and pick a mess of peas, or milk the cow. He has a roof over his head, food in his fields, fuel in the wood lot. He can stand a financial siege if he must. Farming is a career, not a business. Its roots are very ancient and run profoundly deep. In the face of plowed earth, flowing stream, hillside, meadow, orchard, woodland, all the figures which I have spread upon the record suddenly grow dim. What are index numbers and profit and loss accounts when the mighty Isak, that barge of a man, heaves his crowbar under a boulder in *Growth of the Soil?*"

But Isak was a Norwegian peasant in a novel. He was not, and is not, John Smith the American farmer. John Smith is in fact very much worried about his debits and his credits. And I cannot believe that he finds any comfort in the thought that his is a career, not a business, or that he lives in the midst of things with such fine pastoral names as plowed earth, flowing stream, meadow, and woodland. Those things have not his love. What he has wanted, and what he still wants, is to live like other men. When he was prosperous a generation ago, a decade ago, he bought a car; he voted for hard roads (very expensive); he ordered a Victrola (it has since become a radio); he began to eat canned fruits and vegetables; he wore a pathway to the movies in the nearest good-sized town, and he sent his sons to the State agricultural college where, ironically enough, they learned how to make their father's land produce more than it was already producing, which now appears to have been too much—so much as almost to bankrupt him. He reached out after all these things, and mortgaged his land, whose value was at the moment inflated, in order to grasp them. Now that the mortgage is about to be foreclosed I cannot see that he is indifferent to the fate that is foreclosing it. I have not heard of his selling his car, his radio, or his tickets to the movies in order to keep himself solvent. Just as he would not have admitted ten years ago that the price of his land was an inflated price, so he will never admit that he has not as much right to mechanical amusements as the city fellow has. He denies this passionately, as Henry Ford, who by indirection put the hard road in front

of his place, and as Theodore Roosevelt, who saw to it that he got his mail every day, with parcels to boot, have taught him to deny it. And he denies it, not laconically, chewing a long straw which thrusts itself out of a lanky, whiskered face, but nervously, climbing as he talks into a car which will take him into town where he can confront the banker once more with a worried eye. He is a small business man, a small manufacturer of edible goods, and his anxieties are of such an order; they issue, as with the other men of his class, out of a consciousness that much of the business he engages in has its foundations in the air, that many of its profits are on paper only. He is part of an intricate structure which is national in its scope, and subject like other men to panic, depression, and reversal. He is no Isak at all. Picture him alone with his peas and his cows! He would be as helpless there as a cigarette salesman in the middle of a tobacco field. The materials of his existence are not raw materials.

The contented farmer is a person of an already remote past. Even his farm does not look the part. Consider the difference between a Currier and Ives print and a modern rural magazine cover. Currier and Ives idealized the rustic scene a century ago, but so do the farm magazines idealize our scene; I am interested mainly in the contrast of ideals. The old print disclosed a graceful dwelling with sloping roofs nestled among great round-topped trees, or trees which drooped negligently over the gables as wisps of hay drooped out of the half-open barn doors, and as nicely dressed children drooped their indolent arms out of the parlor windows. A path wound lazily up to the front porch, where if you stood with the happy farmer and leaned as he did against the weatherboarding, you could see, meandering parallel with the gentle, rather aimless river in the distance, a gentle, rather aimless road down which a buggy came slowly, spoke by spoke. Perhaps the buggy brought a visitor; if so, he would be welcomed in such a fashion as to make him think—so other old prints imply—that the whole business of the homestead was hospitality. One of the boys would go running after a fowl; his older brothers and sisters would leave their pleasant tasks to greet the newcomer; and pa and ma would place kind armchairs for him to sit in and rest himself. Then the feast, and after that the long talk, then the peaceful sleep under the eaves, and after that the dawn of a new day when everyone strolled forth to the pastures for a casual stint of wholesome labor.

Now the rural magazine cover of today has forgotten all that. We see instead a compact group of barns, rather too straight and high to be picturesque, and much too neat to be homesick for if one has gone away. Each of the barns is crowned with an efficient galvanized iron ventilator, perhaps with a contraption whirling inside of it, and certainly ugly in the hot sun. Somewhere there is a silo with a concrete foundation, and with more galvanized iron—though it may be corrugated iron this time—coming to a peak to make a roof. The fence around the barn lot is an almost mathematically thin line of metal posts strung with woven wire. A similar gate leads into the yard—and there stands the house (not sits, not lies) in perfect bareness, with tight copper screens at all the windows, with concrete foundations inserting a naked strip of white between the green of the empty lawn and the glaring yellow of the stucco walls. There stands the house, and it looks for all the world as if it were the residence of the superintendent of those factory barns out there; as indeed it may be.

Both pictures, as I have said, are ideal. The old farmer was probably not so happy as the artist showed him; he was more pressed for time, he was capable of worry, he knew something of mortgages at first hand, he was hardly one of Homer's men. The new farmer is probably less of a mechanical toy

than he seems here to be; his buildings, though they may start like this, soon take on a considerable degree of tarnish, lean over, rust, and grow into grace with the help of a few tall weeds. Yet the difference between the ideals is significant enough, and the significance is chiefly this: that the new farmer is assumed to be producing an article undistinguishable in most ways from any other article produced by our manufacturing system. Until recently the assumption was otherwise. The farmer was engaged in caressing the earth—an element which only he had any intimacy with—and bringing up out of it a series of lovely if homely growths which just in themselves were valuable, and with respect to man had all the sacredness of symbols. In the older agricultural world the farmer was a kind of king, perpetually uncrowned, but deserving of reverence; he had his peculiar ritual of which the rest of us were ignorant, and in his own good time, schooled in the patience of nature, he surrounded himself each year with magnificent emblems of fruitfulness. Our only part in the play was that we participated in the eating of the fruits. But we were a minority, a town-dwelling race of secondary importance who only begged from time to time that the original man, our neighbor out on the farm, should keep us alive, however little worth keeping alive we might be, however parasitic we might consider ourselves.

Nowadays the farmer is the minority man. Not only have the cities grown; they have spread and touched one another in more subtle ways than those of population and paved streets. Pavements, indeed, do run from town to town; so runs the news with lightning speed, and so runs the organization of a megalopolitan society, an organization which expresses itself by the multiplying and interweaving of industrial processes. There are only six million farmers in the United States, with somewhere between thirty and forty millions of people living in farmhouses—this against a total population of one hundred and twenty millions. But their situation is worse than it would appear to be numerically. The country has been transformed from the agricultural state which it once was —transformed not over night, either, but slowly and inexorably from a time well before the Civil War. And the farmer, overwhelmed, has been forced, how much against his conscious will it is difficult to say, into the position of being one, a minor one, of many producers whose output is annually juggled in cold-blooded figures by those whose delight it is to describe our life that way. He has been forced, as I have said, to be a business man and an industrialist.

That he has been inadequate in his double role might have been predicted. To be a farmer at all one probably must lack a certain share of the shrewdness which the industrialist possesses. The American farmer, for all of his haste to be something else, is still too much the farmer to bargain well and lay his plans cleverly in advance. Indeed, the conditions of his task—weather, weevil, and worm—prevent foreknowledge somewhat as changes in fashion make it difficult for a clothier to be all-wise. Even there, however, the raiser of corn and wheat is at a disadvantage; the year is slow, the misfortune cannot be remedied, and the product is cumbersome. Add to this that he is no mechanical genius, even though he may like to tinker with an old binder; that he is astonishingly, but it would seem incorrigibly, negligent of his machinery, which he leaves out in the rain and snow for perhaps eleven months of the year; that he has still some of the patience, mingled with some of the carelessness, of the elements in his nature, and you have no picture of the perfect industrialist. Add then the fact that he lacks the first requisite of a successful business man—a certain knowingness with respect to the habits and prospects of his competitors, his colleagues, the controllers of his policy—and you have the best of reasons for doubting that he will thrive in his

new incarnation. Co-operation for control of supply and price is of course the thing he needs to learn; but so far it seems difficult for him to learn it, and perhaps it is impossible. Here again we have the spectacle of a man trying to live a life for which he is not fitted, even by inclination, and finding in consequence that all life is hard.

III

The future of the farmer is the most interesting subject I can think about. There are so many possibilities. Will he continue as he is now, suspended between two worlds, one old and one new? Will he disappear completely, or at any rate become a mere cog in the great food-raising machinery which some day may roll from one end of our great countryside to the other—machinery owned and operated for profit by half a dozen Henry Fords, and using a race of skilled mechanics, along with another race not so skilled, and a locust-cloud of bookkeepers? Will he have gone under to such an extent that he will be no longer Farmer Brown of Libertyville, Ohio, but No. 2,496, Section 3, United States Farms, Inc.? Or will he revive in some fashion which I cannot imagine and restore to our civilization the figure that once was so picturesque to contemplate? I hope so, though no movement now on foot encourages me to believe it. In one of the Southern States, where the problem of agricultural survival is especially acute to-day, there is a group of intellectuals—poets, professors, philosophers, and journalists—who call upon the world to remember the peace, the dignity, and the order of that agrarian culture which the Civil War, with other things in its train, put quietly to death. I am attentive to the call, but I do not note that the country is, or that it even understands what is being said. Quite likely the whole world, following our lead, is within the next century to tighten itself into the shape of a vast and more or less perfect machine for the production of commodities with which to keep itself going, food being only one of these commodities. While the machine runs, the farmer, it is safe to say, will be somewhere out of sight beneath it. When it ceases to function, as it very well may, he will emerge again. For all I know he may never in the meantime have lost his original character. At any rate I hope not. I hope that our great-great-grandchildren will know what our grandfathers were talking about when they said that of all men the farmer was the luckiest because he lived his own life in his own good and reasonable time.

The Lion's Mouth

THE TWO GHOSTS

BY STELLA BENSON

"THIS is the seventeenth wet day," said Myra, wondering what the rainy window had in common with her husband's face that both were so unendurably tiresome. "How miserable it all is . . ."

"That's the history of our married life, Myra my gal," said William brightly, throwing a golf ball accurately to the ceiling again and again. "Being miserable all over the world. Sometimes it seems to me that I don't know what you'd look like if you smiled. D'you remember the first place we lived in after we were married? Ta-ming, in South China. I remember you cried there for a whole week without stopping. I remember you saying that if you could live somewhere where there was a cool summer, fresh greens, sober friends, electric light, and a hot-water system, you'd have nothing left to wish for. Here in England we have all those things. But are you downhearted? Yes. Up the rebels. Ha-ha!" William was afflicted with irrelevant interjections—really, perhaps, hiccoughs in a semi-articulate form.

Myra had all those things now—green salads, electric light, neighbors who were neither Seventh Day Adventists nor incipient dipsomaniacs; she had the most satisfactory geyser in that suburb; she had a chilly wet English garden with a blackbird shrieking in idiot panic all over it; she had a trim dripping English view, now blurred by rain but still identifiable as a bald hill like an elephant's back, with a spine of gray-slate-roofed cottages. All this desired England she could see through the window over the tweed shoulder of her William—a William enlarged in girth but shrunken in dignity since his China youth, his brass-yellow hair faded to a lifeless heather-mixture, suggestive of cotton waste, a William changed from the arrogant and active Treaty-port Taipan to the indolent suburban churchwarden, retaining of his China manner only the tireless ejaculatory brightness which once kept the South China bars in a roar. There was no bar in Ta-ming, their first port, though, Myra remembered, no club, no neighbors, only a garden full of syringas and frangipani, and a wide slow river, speckled with gaily painted junks and sampans, a river seen through heat-dazzle, shivering and flecked, like a faulty cinematograph projection. Rice fields in the early spring, she remembered, were of an almost *primrose* green, and kingfishers sat on posts in the rice fields looking like glasses of crème-de-menthe, with their sequin-bright reflections flaring below them in the water. Kingfishers, Myra remembered, always wore the self-conscious expression of one cunningly concealed; nobody, it seems, has ever dared to tell them that they can be seen for miles, by friends and enemies alike. But perhaps a kingfisher has no enemies. Perhaps his is the only crowned head that lies easy. Remembering that dry blue-and-golden freedom—South China—from within this cage of rain, was like remembering a feathery sponge cake when your mouth is full of lumpy gruel.

"Oh, *do* put that golf ball away, William," said Myra. "You're quite wrong about Ta-ming, anyway. It was you who used to grumble there because there was no club to get drunk in and tell dirty stories in. *I* was very happy there, whatever you may say. I remember sitting in that *t'ai* in the garden, looking over the river, at sunset, and the frogs yaw-yaw-yawing from the rice fields. If you don't put that golf ball down I shall scream."

"Yes, I remember that *t'ai* in the garden, too," said William, his glance springing to follow the leaping of the golf ball. 'I remember coming in hot and thirsty after a ride and having a cool drink in the *t'ai* with that chap—what was his name?"

"What chap?" asked Myra sharply. "We had no neighbors at Ta-ming except that woman who used to be with us so much—that woman—*you* know who I mean, William. Who was it, now?"

"It was a man, not a woman," said William. "There was only one European besides ourselves at Ta-ming, and he was a man. Give me time. I'll get the name in half a tick. . . . Time, gentlemen, time, as-Goethe-said-on-his-deathbed. . . . Who *was* that feller?"

"I'm perfectly certain it was a woman," began Myra. "But anyway, it's of no importance. . . . Yes—it *is* of importance," she interrupted herself abruptly. "We *must* get that name. I shan't be happy till we've remembered it. If you'd only put that golf ball down, I could think so much better. At present my mind's a blank. I can just see a woman-shaped blank, sitting in the *t'ai*. I have the impression that it was a woman I didn't like very much and—oh, yes, William, I'm beginning to remember details—she was a tremendous wag. I seem to remember that you screamed with laughter whenever she opened her mouth. . . . Aha—I've got another clue. Don't you remember that two-day trip from Ta-ming when we put up for the night in that temple in the banyan grove? The coolies had brought champagne by mistake, instead of cider, and we all got a little merry—don't you remember? Those paintings on the wall—surely you remember those—goddesses sitting on crimped clouds waving something that looked like sausages—and all the rather vulgar jokes this woman who was with us insisted on making—Yearly Outing of the Young Buddhist Goddesses' Association; Hot Dogs made from Prime Gadarene Pork. Oh, William, you *must* remember—you laughed till you cried."

"Of course I remember that night in the temple," said William, "though I can't call to mind all those merry jokes; on the contrary, I remember that evening as a pleasant but rather sober occasion, in spite of the fizz. You're absolutely off the track about the third person. Not only is the blank in my mind a man without a shadow of doubt—no-possible-probable-shadow-of, but also he wasn't at all a Little Sunbeam in our home—on the contrary, I have quite definitely the feeling that he was a highbrow, quoted Tennyson and Omar Whats-is-name and Shakespeare and suchlike bigwigs—all-the-winners, six-o'clock-speshul—and that evening at the temple he went out (surely you haven't forgotten that) and kicked a noisy coolie because he said he was 'outshouting the moon.' Them was *his* sentiments. Call that ladylike? No-no-my-lady-fair. A man it was. Tootle-oo. Pip-pip."

"Oh, William, *don't* be such an ass. Really, you'll make me lose my temper. For the seventeenth time, *do* put that golf ball down. You're simply making up all that about the highbrow man and the moon—just to annoy me. It's inconceeeeevable that you shouldn't really remember a woman who was so constantly with us—a favorite of yours, too. Just the kind of woman you like, a noisy, cheerful, vulgar woman . . ."

"Rats to your cheerful woman," said William suddenly sitting up and pulling his lazy, creased face straight. The golf

ball rose and fell with a more agitated rhythm. "Your imagination's running away with you, my dear Myra—you and your cheerful woman. Cheerful fiddlesticks. I can remember everything about the feller except his name and what he looked like. You'll be telling me next that it was a Merry Widow, and that you were jealous."

"I *was* jealous," said Myra. "I remember quite well seeing you blatantly showing off before her—that alone proves it was a woman—besides I *know* it was. Oh, *do* be careful with that golf ball. You'll break something. You'll drive me mad if you don't put it down. I remember quite distinctly being jealous of this woman. I shall remember her name in a minute; it's on the tip of my tongue. And what's more, William, I'm jealous of her *now*, since you think it worth while to tell such elaborate lies about her. I presume this idotic lying must mean that you're deliberately hiding something—trying to put me off the scent for reasons of your own."

William almost burst with outraged righteousness. His shoulders swelled. The golf ball fell like a stone to rise no more. "My good Myra," he spluttered, with the portentous incoherence peculiar to the naturally facetious man overcome by feelings too deep for jokes. "That's right—go on—call me a liar, *do*. Anything else you'd like to. . . . Well, I'm damned. What about yesself and this feller—I've got just as much right to ask what you're concealing about him—pretending you don't even remember his existence."

"Oh, don't be such a fool," cried Myra is a voice of extreme unkindness. "And since we are talking of fools—what an *utter* fool you'll feel in a minute, when I remember the name of this woman you so obviously want me not to remember."

"I'm going out," said William, getting up and dropping the golf ball—an outworn symbol of defiance—into the workbasket, like a cuckoo laying its egg anywhere—anyhow. . . . "I shall go to that vestry meeting after all. I'm not going to stay here and be called a liar."

The discovery by Myra of an actual unsuspected Merry Widow in his life would not have annoyed him much. On the contrary. The disclosure of a highbrow secret admirer in Myra's past would only have been a little less enlivening. But the senselessness of this determined petticoatization of a memory that seemed to him so indubitably trousered, irritated him beyond endurance. He would go out in the rain; he would go to the vestry meeting; the freshness of the rain and the wholesome boomings of the vicar would help to ventilate this accidentally sealed cell in his memory—this vacuum abhorrent to a rightly constituted nature.

As soon as William was gone Myra began to cry. She was forty-one years old, but she cried like a spoilt child; for it was not only her seventeenth day of rain, but also her seventeenth year of William. William appeared now on the surface of her life like a boil that had taken seventeen years to grow and had come to a head within the last seventeen minutes. For seventeen years she had been constantly right and William constantly wrong, she thought, but until to-day skilful dialectics on her part had always obliged him to admit that he was wrong. To-day his character seemed to have suddenly changed—or rather, his tiresomeness had suddenly taken a new and inflexible form. Certainly this extraordinary disingenuous attitude of his must mean that he was concealing something; accidentally, it was clear, she had stumbled upon some old deception that was still living enough in his mind to be worth defending—some sin that did not make him sorry, only obstinate. As a rule, she rather liked William to sin, since sin had always eventually obliged him to be sorry. To wrench reluctant penitence from William had always been for Myra one of the major compensations of marriage. Now, if she was losing control, if William was going to begin sinning without being sorry, if that last luxurious power of hers, the power to

make her husband feel small, was gone—all that made William worth while as a husband was gone too. She would leave him. Let him go back to that Ta-ming woman, whoever she was. He would find that he had lost his Myra by his contumacy. To-morrow, when he had business that would take him into Reading, she would leave him. She would go and live in that little cottage in Chelsea that her godmother left her. He would find a little note from her when he got back from Reading. She might begin writing a draft of the little note now. It would be rather fun, she thought, as tears dripped from her chin. She sat down at her desk. And as she took up her pen, she saw in the shelf above the top pigeonholes a row of refined-looking books bound in rose-pink leather. "My diaries," thought Myra. "Gracious! Why didn't I think of them before? Let me see—our marriage . . . Ta-ming. . . . 1909 or 1910. . . ."

William, home again, wet and serene, two hours later, hissed cheerfully as he peeled off his streaming mackintosh and his muddy shoes on the front door mat.

"William," called Myra, "there was nobody."

"Nobody where—when—why?" asked William, who was now interested in the question of moving the font and putting in a few extra pews.

"There was nobody at Ta-ming except you and me."

At once William knew that he could not dispute this, that it was true, and that it was somehow much more important than the position of the font. The odd numb spot in his past was pricked to life.

"We were alone together in that temple," said Myra. "We were alone all along, at Ta-ming. Nobody ever came, from first to last. It's all down here in my diary—even the jokes I perhaps never made. The joke about Gadarene Pork is down here; nothing about outshouting the moon, though, or kicking the coolie. You must have thought that up. But William—did we ever do anything more than *think* of those things? I'll tell you what I think; we've been remembering a ghost—two ghosts—the ghosts of the people we tried to be, William, when it still seemed worth while to us to try to please each other."

William, though he wished to be kind, and dimly understood that the raptures of first love were under discussion, could not bring himself to be anything but implacably bright. "Aha, aha, said-the-blind-man, you've had a brain wave and looked at your diary, have you? Couple of idiots we were not to do that before, instead of losing our hair like that over nothing. *Outshouted the moon*—that was mine, you say. Not ser dusty that, for poor old William, eh, Myra? Funny, I had the feeling that it was rather a moldy, trying-to-be-superior sort of feller said that. . . . I must say I don't remember your jokes, Myra old girl. I don't connect you with that Mad Merry stuff, though we've had our good times, haven't we? . . . Let's have a squint at this diary of yours."

William drew up a chair with a bump against Myra's chair. "Now, where are we? What tiddy-iddy little writing! I can hardly . . . don't fidget with that golf ball, Mimms old lady; it distracts my eye. . . . Ah, yes, there's that bit about sitting on the *t'ai* looking across the river at the sunset. . . ."

Together they read, blowing their noses tenderly from time to time, what Myra had written about their life during the first year of their marriage.

"No, half a sec, my dear old horse," murmured William presently with a delicious sigh. "Don't turn over. I haven't finished that bit about the temple. . . . Time, gentlemen, time, as-whats-is-name-said-on-his . . ." His voice died away in another happy sigh as he read on.

The golf ball in Myra's hot hand found itself doubly enclosed, as though in a thermos.

TOO LATE, LADY!

BY ROBERT P. UTTER

ANTHROPOLOGISTS tell us that much of the hocus-pocus of our church weddings is a hangover from the time when man feared woman because of the incomprehensible life-principle which she seemed to him to represent and at the same time needed her in his business, what there was of it. It was a hard choice; she was full of devils, and he couldn't do anything with her, but he couldn't do anything without her.

I find a later parallel to this situation in the dilemma of the smoker in Victorian times. At intervals he just had to have a hairpin to clear his pipe. If he married to ensure a supply for this periodic need, his wife would compel him to stop smoking. If he had no wife from which to pluck hairpins, he would have to stop smoking anyway. Some took to cigars; some got married.

In the course of time the greed of the manufacturers brought them to the rescue of the smokers. They began to make hairpins that fell out as fast as they were put in, and there was a sharp slump in the marriage market. By the time the twentieth century was ten years old sidewalks were ankle deep in hairpins and burnt matches. Why marry when you could pick up a hairpin as easily as—as—anything, any minute you happened to want one? And no woman attached to it either—unless that was what you happened to want.

After considering the problem briefly for five years, woman countered by bobbing her hair with the intention of putting both manufacturers and smokers out of business. It was a hasty and ill-considered move. Man retorted with the wire paper clip, a move of such subtle and far-reaching effect that, though it has been undermining her position for two decades, woman shows not the slightest apprehension of the stunning fact. She is beaten, and she does not so much as suspect it. She will never grasp it, never, never. I fear not to proclaim the truth. Perhaps it was she who dashed the cup from my lips, but she can never dislodge the pipe from between my teeth because she can never understand the paper clip. To her it must remain incomprehensible to the end of time because though it looks like a safety pin it does not act like one.

The paper clip is to the pipe what the bale wire was to the automobile in the Early Ford Period. I once calculated that the horse would have evolved into the Ford in the second quarter of the Fourteenth Century if only men had learned in the third quarter of the Thirteenth Century to bale hay with wire. If the horse had refused to eat baled hay he might still be holding his job. If woman had stuck to hairpins while the sticking was good her place would still be in the home. I do not go so far as to say that the paper clip saved the pipe from extinction. We must remember that we did smoke pipes, imperfectly, to be sure, and not without the aid of hairpins, before the advent of the paper clip. But really the paper clip was almost inevitable. You never could carry hairpins in your pocket, a fact which made the hairpin about as exasperating to the smoker as it made the husband exasperating to the woman. The invention of a pocket hairpin might have solved the Victorian dilemma by a sort of Victorian compromise. The invention of the paper clip gives all the advantage to the smoker. The paper clip cannot cause damage in the pocket, or take up any appreciable space there. It requires no forethought to have a supply in every pocket; they find their way there as it were by nature from the edges of documents which are uniformly better off without them. Almost a single motion

of thumb and finger will straighten one bend of the wire and make a better pipe cleaner than ever hairpin attained, for the clean cut cross section has a cutting edge that would make a hairpin unendurable for its original use.

A fellow-smoker in whom I detect traits that savor of the puritan takes pains to remind me that women are learning to smoke, and that they are invading offices to learn the use of the paper clip. I retort that they began to learn to smoke at the same time the men did, and if they make no better progress with the pipe in the next three centuries than they have in the last three my generation has nothing to fear. They began on the paper clips in the office when the men did, too, and have never learned to do anything with them but to make them into long, futile chains in the vain hope that they will turn into safety pins, and to put them on the edges of papers where they serve only to work over the edges of other papers in the file, so that you can never find anything on *Political Economy* because it has got hooked up either with *Pneumonia* on the one hand or *Portugal* on the other. There are heights and depths beyond the mind of man in which woman is quite at home, but she will never understand the paper clip.

If she did she would never have one with her, because she has never grasped the psychological and political importance of pockets. No, reducing the number of garments isn't to the same effect. Not even if she gets down to three will she regain her position unless she has five pockets in each of them. Until she takes up the white man's burden of fifteen pockets she will still be fumbling in vagrant appendices, or groping vaguely towards the nearest male for pencil, carfare, even handkerchief. That applies to pockets of the mind too. Woman's so-called intuition is nothing but a mind without pockets. A fine thing it is, I grant you, within its limits. What's the use of having one pocket with money in it, another with keys, and so on to the fifteenth power, if you can keep a tame man at your elbow to do it all for you? But can you if he doesn't need hairpins? The system has its limits. So have the pockets. A man's mind sometimes spends so much of itself in its filing system that it has none left for business. A woman's does what business it can without a filing system and calls it intuition. Either way has its disadvantages.

Possibly they have just perception enough to see that there is something wrong. I have read in certain gossipy columns that they are letting their hair grow again. It is not perceptible at the level of the eye, but it is indubitably the fact that hairpins are reappearing on the sidewalk. I tread on them. I spurn them. I finger the paper clips in the right side pocket of my coat. It is too late, lady, too late. Hairpins, forsooth! How little we knew of hygiene in those days!

Editor's Easy Chair

REGULATION, GOOD AND BAD

BY EDWARD S. MARTIN

THIS world does move, and even science does not stand still. When science discovers something that is valuable, even though it was well known to lots of people long before, it helps to have its existence acknowledged by science; for when science admits that something important is true, it is because it has scientific reasons for thinking so—reasons which are based on the evidence of the senses in one way or another. It may be in this manner, by scientific certification of familiar facts and stories, that science is going to assist religion.

There are thousands of people, millions maybe, to whom it will not be news that the human mind may possibly act upon matter and that perhaps the thoughts of man are the most important things in the world. Nevertheless, it is important that Prof. Arthur H. Compton, physicist of the University of Chicago and Nobel prize winner of 1927, working in co-operation with Professor Heisenberg, of Leipzig, has got as far as that. He reports signs "of an effective intelligence behind the phenomena of nature." The mechanists have thought that propinquity and necessity and opportunity could account for everything that has happened; but Doctor Compton begins to see design behind occurrences and even to suspect that life on earth is for the training of minds to fit them to go on elsewhere. These suggestions, it seems, have come to him as the result of "fifteen years of studies in X-ray defraction." To the physicist, he says, "it has become clear that the chances are infinitesimal that a universe filled with atoms having random properties would develop into a world with the different variety that we find about us." In this he finds the suggestion "that the evolutionary process is not a chance one but is directed towards some definite end, perhaps to the production of intelligent minds." That leads him to the idea that intelligent minds produced by such long processes and so much pains are too valuable to lose and are able to avoid that waste by continuing to exist and function after their bodies disappear.

On the relation between body and mind he says (we quote from a newspaper report):

> In some reflex actions and habitual acts we may behave as automata, but where deliberation occurs we feel that we choose our own course. In fact, a certain freedom of choice may, it seems to me, be considered as an experimental fact with which we must reconcile our theories.
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> If freedom of choice is admitted, it follows by the same line of reasoning that one's thoughts are not the result of molecular reactions obeying fixed physical laws. For if they were, his thoughts would be fixed by the physical conditions and his choice would be made for him. Thus, if there is freedom, there must be at least some thinking possible quite independently of any corresponding cerebral process.
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> On such a view it is no longer impossible that consciousness may persist after the brain is destroyed. An examination of the

evidence seems to support the view that there is no very close correspondence between brain activity and consciousness. It seems that our thinking is partially divorced from our brain, a conclusion which suggests, though of course does not prove, the possibility of consciousness after death.

What the biologists will make of this Heisenberg-Compton theory (so Professor Compton calls it) remains to be seen. Probably some of them will develop emotions of dissent; but knowledge is not inseparably joined to the conclusions of biologists, nor will they all think alike even about what we call "immortality."

IF an event is more than a piece of news, then it was an event when Mr. Morrow, running for Senator in New Jersey, came out for repeal of the 18th Amendment. That meant that discussion of contemporary Prohibition had reached a new point, the point, namely, where it was to be openly discussed to discover what can be done about it. Mr. Morrow would take it out of the Constitution, substitute for it a new amendment assisting the States that wish to be Dry to protect their aridity, and for the rest leave it to the States to work out their own liquor problems. It is true that Mr. Wadsworth when running for Senator in New York came out against Prohibition and made that his main issue. He was beaten, and more was the pity; but for several reasons his stand was less epochal than Mr. Morrow's, particularly because he was an outspoken Wet, whereas Mr. Morrow, so far as appears and so far as he has said, is neither Wet nor Dry, but wants to take out of the Constitution a law that has no business there, and wants to provide a better solution of the liquor problem than the attempt now operating.

We have come to the point where discussion has really begun whether Prohibition as we have had it will do, or must be changed. The relation of various forms of stimulant to the inside of men and women, girls and boys, is less discussed than heretofore; and the effect of the present law on public morals and public order is more discussed. To this condition we have been helped by the *Literary Digest's* poll. It has been followed with lively interest and has made an impression. It indicates a remarkable change of attitude and a change all in the direction which Mr. Morrow has illustrated by his remarks in New Jersey.

All this is good. The idea that the amendment could never be repealed and that there was no use of talking about it, and that all that could be done was to tinker with the Volstead act—that idea is passing. The votes for repeal in the *Literary Digest's* poll were surprising but they were right. The whole problem needs to be thrown open to discussion and experiment. The *Herald Tribune* has published a series of papers from Dry leaders, men and women. To our mind they are the strongest Anti-Dry documents that have appeared, chiefly because of the fanatical state of mind they display. The women contributors in particular, mixing up reminiscences of oldtime saloons with fervent cries for law enforcement, seem really to have no idea what is going on in the public mind, nor what is the reason or the purpose of the change of attitude of hundreds of thousands of former supporters of Prohibition. These people do not want the saloons back; almost nobody wants the saloons back. They want order restored, rum-running and bootlegging stopped, crime diminished, prison populations reduced. They want better laws, not worse ones; and they will get them. How long it will take is uncertain. Change may come much faster than we expect if only out of desire to change the subject; for nowadays all signs betoken a swelling tide of voters who are coming to suspect that, as Bainbridge Colby said of American isolation, Prohibition "is not a Policy! It is a Predicament!"

IT would be grateful indeed to be relieved, or even partly relieved, of one form of regulation, of one set of spies

and snoopers, of one vast basis for graft. We are much encumbered nowadays by regulations and regulators. Besides the Prohibition enforcers, we have the income tax collectors, armies of traffic regulators and officers to regulate our use of vehicles, immigration officers and spies, over-zealous persons who have power to test the patriotism of applicants for citizenship, book censors, play censors, movie censors, radio censors, all manner of boards and commissions with power to call witnesses. Many of these afflictions are inevitable. If we are going to undertake wars, as sometimes we must, we must expect income taxes. If we flood the earth with motor cars traffic must be regulated. In spite of all regulations thirty-three thousand people were killed in the United States last year and about a million injured in traffic accidents! We must have most of these regulations and we cannot reasonably expect to have in all cases competent and courteous officers to enforce them. But all these ordinances are accepted more or less dutifully by the people concerned except Prohibition. These other things are obviously necessary. They can be improved but they can hardly be abolished. Nobody rebels or approves rebellion against them, however much and just complaint there may be about the way they are enforced.

For enforcement of laws calls for intelligence, for consideration, for justice; and too many of these regulations fail much too often to find that sort of enforcement. It is hard to hire considerate and intelligent men for dirty jobs, and some of these enforcement jobs are dirty. One would say too—subject to correction—that enforcement by federal officers is apt to be worse than enforcement by state officers. Probably there is no sure rule about that; but on state-enforcement officers there is a local influence and a local control, whereas federal officers operating all over the country are often in conflict with the sentiments of the localities in which they work, and are necessarily unrestrained by that sentiment.

In the June number of this magazine there was Mr. Leslie Roberts' article about the treatment of Canadians by the United States. What he talked most about was outrages of American enforcement officers in fighting Canadian bootleggers and English rum-runners and abominable harshness in enforcing the immigration laws against unlucky British subjects, including Canadians. The immigration laws are warrantable, but out of their enforcement often results cruel hardships. The stories Mr. Roberts tells can easily be duplicated by anyone who knows what happens to persons even of excellent character and record who fall into the power of enforcers of our immigration laws.

One person who knows is Miss Jane Addams who, in an address in Boston on June 10th before the National Conference of Social Workers, denounced certain details of operation of the Immigrant Exclusion Act as "a dead hand laid upon the future." Miss Addams told how wives or husbands who come to visit their families and overstay their permits are deported, so that families can never be reunited in this country; how students who change the school they go to for one not on the list of the Department of Labor are rejected and can never come back. "There is anguish in the family groups where such experiences take place," she said, adding that "to make an old mistake indelible, to lay a dead hand upon the future, is always of doubtful value."

Nowadays American law and American justice seem to give little consideration to the minds of foreigners or the impression they make on them. We seem to be somewhat over-supplied with legislative statesmen who think it is not necessary to the United States to have any friends in this world or cultivate any friendships. They seem to think they own the goose which lays the golden eggs and that the really important object in politi-

cal life is to prevent any other country or combination of countries from getting it away from them. So they practice to pile the tariff wall higher; they shy at world courts, dislike naval agreements, and disparage everything that favors the appearance of the United States as a member of the family of nations.

There are of course those in this country—many of them important in power, place, and character—who know better than that and are well aware that prosperity in the United States cannot be sustained by narrow selfishness, but must rest on its importance as a factor in the prosperity of all the world. The tariff fight has developed a new idea about business: that mass production in the United States needs outlets, that the whole condition of the country in that respect has changed in recent years; and so we find powerful and important producers fighting the new tariff with appeals and warnings. This is a new phase in the attitude of American industrialists to the tariff, and an enlightened self-interest may accomplish an urbanity in our relations with the rest of mankind that mere benevolence might easily fail to produce.

Meanwhile take notice, everybody, to avoid by all means getting into the power of the government and its officials. Government, especially the Federal government, goes by rule, has very limited powers of discrimination, and no bowels of compassion. Redress, if obtainable at all from government decisions, usually costs more than would-be plaintiffs can afford. Let us all take care of ourselves as much as we can and of other people according to our ability, and lean no more on government than we can possibly help. If we get into jail we may burn up, or be shot dead by mistake.

AT HOME and abroad, all over the world, the times continue to be quite remarkably instructive. Indeed it is embarrassing to have so many important lessons running at the same time. The most urgent of them all for us is the lesson of Prohibition, teaching what should and what should not be in the Constitution, what is practicable and what is not practicable to do by legislation with the wills and habits of men. Mr. Wickersham deposes that Prohibition cannot be enforced by increasing penalties and suggests a return to education. But there can be no real education about drinking while the 18th Amendment and the Volstead act continue to operate. Education involves freedom of choice for the person educated. It is a training of the mind and will for the better shaping of conduct, but if you are going to shape conduct beforehand by legislation why play at training and making character.

As for the tariff, was business ever so scared by a threatened tariff before? Stocks at this writing bump along downstairs apparently at the thought of it, while all the trading world remonstrates. Possibly the time has really come for a new point of view about the tariff in the United States.

Personal and Otherwise

SINCE ***James Truslow Adams*** last appeared in the Magazine (with "Diminishing Returns in Modern Life," in the April issue), he has brought out another historical volume to add to *The Founding of New England* and his other previous works. This new book is *The Adams Family*. (Incidentally, Mr. Adams is not related to the particular family with which it deals.) It may be well to add—in view of the financial observations in his present article—that before he turned historian, he was for some years a member of a New York Stock Exchange firm. Mr. Adams is now in New York, but during the past few years he has spent most of his time in London.

From the imaginative quality of ***Lord Dunsany's*** plays (and of "The Electric King," for that matter) some readers might be led to imagine him to be a dreamer living remote from the hurly-burly of the world. On the contrary, he is a soldier and a big-game hunter as well as a man of letters. He served in both the South African and European wars; in the latter he was a captain in the Royal Iniskilling Fusiliers. He is the eighteenth holder of an Irish baronetcy created in 1439.

One is less surprised at versatility in an Irishman than in a native of this supposedly standardized country. Nobody, however, has succeeded in standardizing ***John Erskine.*** He is not only professor of English at Columbia (on leave of absence at this writing) but head of the Juilliard Foundation, an excellent concert pianist, a poet, an opera librettist, and a successful novelist (author of *The Private Life of Helen of Troy, Galahad, Adam and Eve,* and *Uncle Sam*). His article on the modernity of Vergil—the two thousandth anniversary of whose birth is approaching—brings Professor Erskine into the list of HARPER contributors for the first time in several years.

As a roving correspondent for the North American Newspaper Alliance, ***Vincent Sheean*** has been present at many an international conference such as he so engagingly describes in "Violette." Mr. Sheean is the author of *The Anatomy of Virtue, The New Persia,* and *An American Among the Riffi.* He has had one previous story in HARPER'S—"Florentine Diana" (February, 1929).

We have published a number of articles on sport by ***John R. Tunis,*** tennis critic of the New York *Evening Post.* Mr. Tunis is now in Europe, having gone there to report the tennis tournaments of the season, including the finals of the competition with whose overgrown condition he deals in this issue.

Esse Hamot is a new contributor; she lives in Pasadena, California.

If anybody knows the technic of giving away money wisely, it should be ***Edwin R. Embree,*** for he is president of the Julius Rosenwald Fund.

Charles Macomb Flandrau writes all too seldom nowadays. But his *Harvard Episodes* and *The Diary of a Freshman* are recalled with delight by thousands of college graduates, and his *Viva Mexico!* has for over twenty years been acknowledged to be one of the finest books in its field. It is a pleasure to give space to Mr. Flandrau's evocation of the days when he was a boy in St. Paul and newspapers were put to very special uses.

Last month ***Stuart Chase,*** president of the Labor Bureau, Inc., wrote for us on "The Nemesis of American Business"—the unemployment problem. Now he speaks his mind on a matter not unrelated to that problem: the effect of the job, and of the fear of losing it, on the personal integrity of men and women in this highly organized modern world. Mr. Chase's books include *Your Money's Worth* (written in collaboration with F. J. Schlink), *Men and Machines,* and *Prosperity: Fact or Myth?* Among his recent articles in HARPER'S, aside from "The

Nemesis of American Business," have been "Laid Off at Forty," "Slaves of the Machine?" and "The Mad Hatter's Dirty Teacup" (an arraignment of our national disorderliness).

Although ***Thomas Boyd's*** *Through the Wheat* was published in 1923, before the present vogue for war novels, it remains one of the best American portrayals of the War. Mr. Boyd has written several other novels and many short stories, but this is his first appearance in our pages.

Few Americans can have failed to be shocked at the Senate Lobby Committee's treatment of some of the witnesses who appeared before it during the past year. What are the rights of such committees, and how is public opinion to deal with their impertinence? ***John T. Flynn,*** who answers these questions, used to be managing editor of the New York *Globe* and more recently has been writing on business for the U. P. C. Syndicate. He has contributed several articles to HARPER'S, mostly on business problems.

Mark Van Doren, who sets forth "The Real Tragedy of the Farmer" without discussing the price of wheat or the cost of farm implements, but writes none the less truly for this reason, is literary editor of the *Nation*, assistant professor of English at Columbia, and editor of the recent *Anthology of World Poetry*. Carl Van Doren is his elder brother.

The poets of the month are ***Mary Brent Whiteside,*** an occasional contributor who is one of the leading members of the Atlanta group of writers; ***Frederic Prokosch,*** a newcomer to HARPER'S who sends his verse from New Haven; and ***Conrad Aiken,*** well known to all lovers of poetry.

The pages of the Lion's Mouth are shared by ***Stella Benson,*** the English novelist, whose most recent story in HARPER'S ("The Desert Islander," in the June issue) dealt with the Chinese adventures of an Englishman with an eccentric deserting *légionnaire* named Constantine; and ***Robert Palfrey Utter,*** another frequent contributor, who is professor of English at the University of California.

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Ernest D. Roth's etchings of foreign scenes are well known to lovers of fine prints. Mr. Roth was born in Germany in 1879, but was brought to New York at the age of five and received his artistic education in this country. His work is represented in many of the best collections of the day. We reproduce as the frontispiece of this issue a characteristic Spanish subject.

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Though it is several months since we published "The Barren Twig Protests," we must make space for what is perhaps the most unusual human document brought to us by that article:

One often hears of wives who are unhappy because of husbands' insistence upon marital rights, but seldom of wives whose husbands love them but do not care to live with them as husbands. One does not talk about such a situation to one's friends nor read about it except occasionally where the author provides a happy ending. But neither for Susan's husband nor for me will there be the happy ending. Mine is the case of a wife in name only, a wife whose husband loves her in his way, but who not only does not want children but does not care to have emotional intimacy with her.

Lest you jump at once to false conclusions, let me say that for the fifteen years of our marriage we have lived together on perfectly friendly terms, agreeing pretty much about everything except the one thing which makes marriage different from any ordinary friendly relation between men and women. Dee has apparently all the qualifications to make a good husband—he has good looks, courtesy, thoughtfulness, and he is a good provider. He has several degrees from splendid American universities, is a member of Phi Beta Kappa and a professor at a state university. He has always been interested in athletics, having received medals, college letters, and trophies for football and tennis. He is quiet and unassuming, well-groomed, and easy to live with. He likes women and they like him, though he has never shown other than friendly interest in any woman since our marriage. That would tend to indicate that it is not merely that I alone as a woman do not attract him. He finds in me a good friend and a splendid companion, but not a mate. Our marriage has been a perfect friendship, full of happiness and companionship, but sexually I have had little more from my marriage than if I had remained single.

We bear among our friends the reputation of being devoted to each other, and I know he is happy with me. I feel sure, too, that he does not feel that I am really being deprived of anything. I think he would be ashamed of me if he really knew how I feel. I esteem him highly, value his good qualities, and yet feel more and more dissatisfied. Many times I have tried to tell him about

how I feel, but when I try to talk to him about matters of sex, he immediately turns the subject to a discussion of automobiles, baseball, or what not. After I had tried for years to obtain from him an opinion about such a situation, he dismissed it with the mere comment that very real affection could exist between husbands and wives when no sexual attraction existed, and that since we are both middle-aged, the condition is perfectly normal and that he personally is well satisfied. I am thirty-five and he is nearly forty.

I have been thinking about the matter for a long time. Perhaps I should have been more honest with him and with myself years ago. I realize I am partly to blame. But I was always shy and sixteen years ago no one told me it was a wife's privilege to make overtures of love. Instead they told me that a wife should be modest and submissive. Never in the first ten years of our marriage did I take the initiative in such matters, and when I discovered that it was my privilege, the knowledge came too late. . . .

Perhaps I stress the physical side of marriage too much. I realize that the physical side is only one side. Sometimes when I am down-hearted I think, what am I getting in marriage that I could not get out of it? True, my rent is paid, my clothes are bought, my expenses are all met. All the money I earn (I am a teacher too) is my own. For the first years of our marriage I paid my share of the household expenses, but as soon as we got on our feet my money was not needed nor wanted. I often, however, pay half on rather luxurious purchases such as a new yearly car, a new radio to replace the old, or some Oriental rugs. But in return for what is spent on me, I seem in a financial way to be getting too much and giving too little.

I have told Dee over and over that he is not getting value received. He insists he is satisfied. What can I say? Can I say that I am not, when I know that he does not wish to give me what I want? I should want more than a mere acquiescence on his part, more than the physical contact, for I have known men who have liked me well enough to have given me that and more. I have known men, too, that I could have liked.

Why do I not divorce him? For the same reasons that the author of "The Barren Twig Protests" does not divorce Susan. I do not want a child by him, nor by anyone. Nor is there anyone else whom I want to marry or who wants to marry me. Frankly, even if there were, I should be afraid, for I should fear that I could not now make a satisfactory marriage adjustment, for no one would believe the truth, and I could not be at ease with one so worldly wise as to be amused by my pitiful, though honest, endeavors to achieve my desire.

Often in the silence of the night I lie thinking how wonderful it would be to be awakened by an arm reaching out to draw me into an embrace. So thinking, I lie and listen to the regular breathing which comes as it has come for years through the opened door of the next room.

There is another reason why I do not think of divorce. I believe there is something in marriage besides the physical. I must believe that. I have had many hours of wonderful companionship. We have faced poverty, sickness, and death together. Remembering the richness of what I have had, and comparing it with what others have had, I am thankful. So I try to force myself to look ahead to ten or perhaps fifteen years when the problem will solve itself. By that time I shall have atrophied. I shall have settled down, content with books and music and memories of my journeys. But in the meantime, every so often, I flare into a mad flash of love and for what is denied me. How shall I bear the next decade? My only wish is to be desensitized. The main wish I have is not for happiness but only for peace of mind and contentment. And they, I think, come only through the cessation of desire. Then, and then only, shall I feel quiet in the way one is quiet after intense experience.

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From a sheaf of comments on Mr. Roberts's article ("Step-Uncle Sam") on the relations between the United States and Canada we select an editorial in the Ottawa *Journal:*

Under the above arresting title, Mr. Leslie Roberts, a Montreal newspaperman, contributes an article to the current number of HARPER'S MAGAZINE. Introducing the article to its readers, HARPER'S expresses the hope that "it might be read by every Senator and Representative in Washington and by every office-holder whose acts might in any way affect the relations between the United States and Canada." We, for our part, would like to have it studied by all those curious people among us who, through some strange species of reasoning, think that the only way to meet the aggressive, bullying tactics of Uncle Sam is by a policy of hush! hush! Mr. Roberts does not write in any spirit of spitefulness, much less of abuse. All that he does, and it is quite enough, is to marshal a long record of incidents illustrative of United States contempt for Canada's feelings, of Canadian acceptance of that contempt. It is an extraordinary story.

We are all of us familiar with the after-dinner orators who love to dwell on the "three thousand miles of undefended border." Pests as these peo-

ple are, they are not nearly as bad as another class, that class which loves to pose as "internationalists," as apostles of good will, who talk with vague, muddled sentimentality about being a "good neighbor to the United States."

Everybody, it may be assumed, wants Canada to be a good neighbor to the United States. But neighborliness, like everything else, must be adjusted to realities, must be shaped accordingly. To put the thing in its clearest possible outline, neighborliness cannot be lopsided, cannot exist unless it is mutual, involving mutual obligations, concessions, fair-play. It is not something that can be achieved by arrogance and aggression on the one side, platitudes of greasy piety on the other. There must be mutual honesty, understanding, self-respect.

That sort of neighborliness has not existed between Canada and the United States. If any of our readers doubt this, if they regard it as an overstatement, then let them read the record that has been put down in this article in HARPER'S MAGAZINE. And if they are not convinced by that, let them go to the Public or Parliamentary Library and study the fiscal relations of the two countries since, say, 1854.

The truth is that it is time for a little more plain speaking on the part of Canadian statesmen upon this problem of our position with the United States. Time for a little more rugged Canadianism; a little more rugged honesty. Real friendship, whether it be friendship between nations or individuals, cannot exist where there is contempt on one side, acceptance of contempt on the other. If Mr. Leslie Roberts's article serves no other purpose than to make at least a few influential Americans and Canadians awaken to the true facts of their respective positions, it will perform a great measure of good.

Miss Mary M. Roberts, Editor of the *American Journal of Nursing* (which is the official organ of the American Nurses' Association, the National League of Nursing Education, and twenty-seven state associations of nurses), writes to us concerning Mrs. Bromley's article in the July issue:

May I tell you that we are delighted to have some of the grave problems in nursing so ably presented in your pages? HARPER'S reaches just the type of people we are most eager to interest in the social implications.

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Two or three months ago we printed a letter from a clergyman who called the Magazine "offensive," "socially destructive," and "reeking with paganism, that paganism which will yet pervert American society and prepare us for the judgment of God which is hastening on." The following reply from another clergyman, the rector of an Episcopal church in California, makes a welcome contrast:

I have just come across the letter which the Reverend Earle V. Pierce sent to you.

Please bear in mind that my Reverend brother speaks for himself, not for the clergy of to-day; he should be living in the middle ages, not in the year 1930. . . . As an ordained clergyman of the Episcopal Church, I claim that I get more benefit from your Magazine than from three religious papers which I read monthly. Your Magazine states facts, and leaves the devil to shift for himself.

A. C. SILVERLIGHT.

Is the Robot Fooling YOU?

The Paris correspondent of "VARIETY" reports:

"The music-wise Continentals object violently to mechanical music (in the theatre)."

WHAT, then, if Europeans thus prove their "music-wisdom," are we North Americans supposed to be, that we are asked to accept mechanical music —and **mechanical music** only—in the theatre? Unmusical, perhaps?

Well, millions of theatre patrons have rejected that characterization by joining the Music Defense League. They mean that they want Real Music, not Canned Music exclusively, in the theatre.

If you value the Art of Music, you, too, should be numbered among the "music-wise." Just sign and mail the coupon at the left.

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Gentlemen: Without further obligation on my part, please enroll my name in the Music Defense League as one who is opposed to the elimination of Living Music from the Theatre.

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... *State* .....

The American Federation of Musicians

(Comprising 140,000 professional musicians in the United States and Canada)

JOSEPH N. WEBER, *President*, 1440 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

Mention of Harper's Magazine is the best introduction to our advertisers

Tourism Reaches Its Maturity

America, Largest Consumer of Hospitality, Now Sees Value of Tourist

BY DON E. MOWRY

THE Dyer Bill, to promote travel by foreigners in the United States, authorizing the Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce, of the Department of Commerce, to set up a travel division and advertise here and abroad, is an indication that the tourist question is going to be handled in a business-like fashion.

America is the world's largest consumer of hospitality. Large sums of money are spent each year on foreign travel by the people of the United States. For 1929, the figure has been estimated at $720,000,000. It is reported that 16,350,000 Americans visited Canada last year. This number is more than the entire population of Mexico and far more than the population of Canada itself.

Every effort has been made, abroad, to encourage the desire for travel, stimulated by the world war. People were restless. There was much interest aroused in visiting the scenes of the conflict. Thus we find a northern country cooperating with a southern country in stimulating travel along seasonal lanes. Italy works hand in hand with Norway. Tourism is one of the four leading industries in Canada. In Cuba, the tourist crop yields as much as the tobacco crop. It is a well known fact that Switzerland's chief source of income comes from the traveler.

In many countries customs formalities are waived. It is said that American tourists may now enter 29 countries without any payment of a visa fee, while in several other countries the visa charge is practically nil. Customs passes are provided for tourists' automobiles. Thirty countries have authorized the American Automobile Association to issue documents to American automobile tourists. France has created an undersecretaryship for tourism. Italy is most aggressive in its efforts to attract visitors. Germany is carrying on an effective campaign with most interesting literature. From Chili to Russia, from South Africa and New Zealand to Ireland, bureaus have been established.

The funds of these bureaus are spent in many ways. News releases are given out through official press bureaus. Magazines, and almost all other advertising mediums, are employed. Co-operation of private agencies takes many forms in governmental advertising. Resources are pooled by hotels, resorts, railways, steamship companies, touring organizations, municipalities, and other agencies.

In the United States we have recently become tour-conscious. We have come to see the value of the tourist through the efforts which our individual cities have put forth. Gradually, the work which the Department of the Interior has done to emphasize the value of our national parks is beginning to be felt. It would not surprise me to learn that President Herbert Hoover would visit one or more of our national parks this coming summer. Perhaps by the time this article is in print an announcement to that effect will have been made.

When the full effect of the Dyer Bill is understood, there should be increased efforts made in this country to organize our tourist advertising on a basis that will produce the most results. In Europe, there are tourist objectives. These must be developed with advertising all over the United States. If money is to be spent abroad to encourage foreigners to visit us, we, in turn, must prepare our individual community campaigns to harmonize with such advertising programs. Lanes of travel are most certainly to be developed, or at least indicated, when the Travel Division of the Department of Commerce starts to function. This Travel Division is empowered to co-operate with other branches of the government, with public and private tourist and transportation organizations and agencies, and with chambers of commerce and hotel associations in disseminating information to foreigners respecting travel facilities and attractions.

If our own government now proposes to give official recognition to foreign travel in the United States, it is important that many American communities begin at once to assert themselves and tell the people at home of the attractions within our own borders — if for no other reason than to prepare our people to talk intelligently about the places in America which are worth seeing.

Advertising the scenic wonders of this country is a step in the right direction.

IN THE FINANCIAL WORLD

The Possibilities of Natural Gas

By PAUL TOMLINSON

NATURAL gas has been produced and sold commercially in important volume for only a comparatively short period of time. Twenty-five years ago 388,800 millions of cubic feet of natural gas were consumed by 884,000 customers; in the year 1929 it is estimated that 4,800,000 customers consumed 1,900,000,000,000 feet of natural gas. In this quarter of a century consumption showed an increase of 388% and customers increased in number by 442%; the average annual increase in consumption was over 16%, and the average annual increase in customers 19%. While the population of this country has been increasing about 13% in the last eight or nine years, consumption of natural gas has increased by over 250%. It is apparent, therefore, that the largest development in this field has taken place within the past decade, and as we are told that this is scarcely more than a good start, it might prove interesting and profitable for investors to give thought to the securities of companies producing and selling this commodity.

NATURAL gas is produced in commercial quantities in twenty-four states, and by the residents of many of these states has been accepted as a matter of course for many years. It is only recently that the proven practicability of delivery to distant consumers through specially constructed pipe lines has focused the attention of the country as a whole upon this gas. Scarcely a day passes without some report in the newspapers of plans for new lines which are to carry natural gas from the wells where it is produced to far off centers of population and industry. Millions of dollars are being spent to open up new markets for this fuel, and the rosiest word pictures are being painted of the future in store for the companies having natural gas for sale.

NATURAL gas is usually found compressed in porous rocks, and oil is frequently present at the same time. The average rate of flow of gas wells is about one million cubic feet a day, although wells have been found which have produced as high as fifty million cubic

feet. For practical purposes, however, only from ten to twenty-five per cent of the open flow capacity of a gas well can be safely handled. The gas is transmitted from the well to the consumers by means of pipe lines similar to those employed in transmitting water and oil; the pipes used for this purpose range in size from about six inches in diameter up to twenty-four inches. The gas comes out of the wells with tremendous pressure behind it, sometimes as high as fifteen hundred pounds to the square inch, and this natural pressure is in itself sufficient to carry the gas very long distances. When the pressure from the well has spent itself, compressors acting like huge force pumps supply the power required to speed it on its way, and compressor stations for this purpose are located at intervals along the course of the lengthy pipe lines. The stations operating these compressors are very efficient nowadays, and it is their efficiency and the resulting improvements in the transportation of natural gas which have had so much to do with the rapid increase in its use.

NATURAL gas is efficient. The heat delivered by a cubic foot of natural gas is just about double the amount obtained from a foot of manufactured gas. It is also inexpensive. In the year 1929 consumers paid an average of 23.8 cents for the 1,900,000 million cubic feet of natural gas they used, while the cost to consumers of 535,000 million cubic feet of manufactured gas averaged $1.02 a thousand cubic feet. In other words, natural gas with twice the heat value of the manufactured product cost consumers last year less than one-fourth as much money per thousand feet. Rates, of course, vary in different localities, and the low

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average price of natural gas, it must be admitted, is due in large part to its sale at wholesale prices near its source. The fact remains, however, that it is cheaper and more efficient than its artificial rival, and its use is consistently and rapidly increasing month by month.

THE uses of gas are legion, both in the home and in industry. Countless housewives employ gas for cooking, and still more use it for the heating of water. Gas furnaces for house heating are constantly increasing in use and esteem. Gas refrigerators are a proven success, and are appearing in more and more homes. Gas incinerators are very popular. Portable gas heaters for houses and garages are in general use, and gas is used in many other household appliances. As natural gas becomes available to a widening circle of population, it is reasonable to suppose that because of its cheapness and efficiency its use will become even more general.

IN industry there are over twenty thousand processes in which gas plays an important role. It is available instantly when needed; it requires no storage space; it is simple to regulate; it permits of perfect temperature control; it produces no soot, no smoke, no ashes; and it is easy to figure its cost. In the year 1928 American industry used 1,247,102,000,000 feet of natural gas; the carbon black manufacturers, the petroleum refiners, the steel industry, the generators of electricity, the brick and tile manufacturers, the glass makers, the makers of cement, and the bakeries being some of the largest of the many consumers. The chemical industry uses natural gas in enormous volume.

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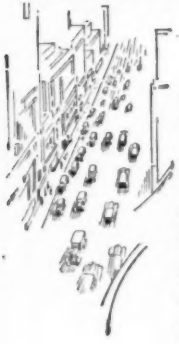

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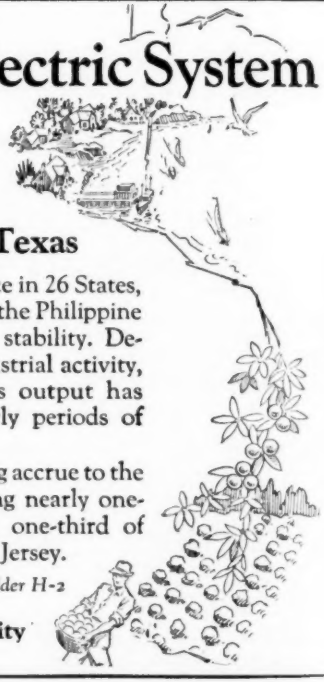

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MANY people do not realize that natural gas produces large quantities of gasoline. This product, formerly called natural gas gasoline, amounted, in the year 1928, to nearly two billion gallons valued at $139,000,000. And after the gas has been treated for gasoline it is returned to the pipe lines to be distributed for domestic and industrial consumption. There is little waste in the natural gas business nowadays. Before its potentialities were realized drillers for oil considered it a by-product of little or no value, and untold millions of feet were allowed to escape into the air, where they disappeared forever. Not so at the present time; in fact, there are strict laws in some of the gas producing states providing for the proper conservation of this most valuable property.

THE future of the natural gas industry obviously depends upon finding adequate markets, and the construction and operation of pipe lines is of course the answer to this question. At the present time it is estimated that the mileage of the country's natural gas pipe line system totals about forty thousand miles of trunk lines, and perhaps an equal amount of gathering lines which bring the gas to the main systems. This does not seem a very large total. The industry, however, is more or less in its infancy. Within the past month one company—and by no means one of the largest—has been reported to be planning two new pipe lines at a cost of $15,000,000 and $40,000,000, respectively. A pipe line is proposed from Kansas City to Chicago, a distance of five hundred miles. Lines are being laid from West Virginia to New Jersey, from western Pennsylvania to eastern New York. Lines run from Texas to northern Colorado, from Louisiana into Georgia. Oklahoma, Kansas, Ohio, Ar-

kansas, Pennsylvania, California, Kentucky, Virginia, Wyoming are riddled with pipe lines for the transmission of natural gas.

INDUSTRY, of course, will always consume the largest proportion of natural gas. In the chemical industry, for example, its long range transportation should prove a great boon to the manufacturers of chemicals, as well as to the natural gas producers. Gas for conversion into chemicals, coming through pipe lines, would reduce transportation costs to the consumers, and for the producer open up new markets and create a steady all-year-round demand. And the same thing applies in all the other industries where gas is used and can be used.

GAS is a natural fuel. It is clean and convenient, and even when it is more expensive than coal these qualities recommend its use and create a demand for it. If natural gas can be supplied at low prices undoubtedly it will replace coal in many places where coal is now the accepted fuel. In industry price is a more important factor than in home consumption, but there are certain manufacturing processes where absolute heat control is of prime importance, the kind of control made possible by the use of natural gas, and with prices anywhere near equal, gas will win.

IT is interesting to observe that while the production of natural gas is increasing rapidly, and the total mileage of natural gas pipe lines is steadily increasing, ownership and control of natural gas wells and of the pipe line systems are passing into fewer hands. By reason of purchase, and as a result of mergers, the companies which are already powerful in this field are acquiring more and more of

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the gas producing acreage and of the pipe line properties. Who knows but that the natural gas industry will develop and grow in the same measure that the electric light and power industry has grown in recent years? Owing to the close association of natural gas and oil, it is only logical that the future of the natural gas business should be in the hands of the oil companies. One of the Standard Oil group is said to have larger holdings of natural gas properties and pipe lines than any other single corporation.

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